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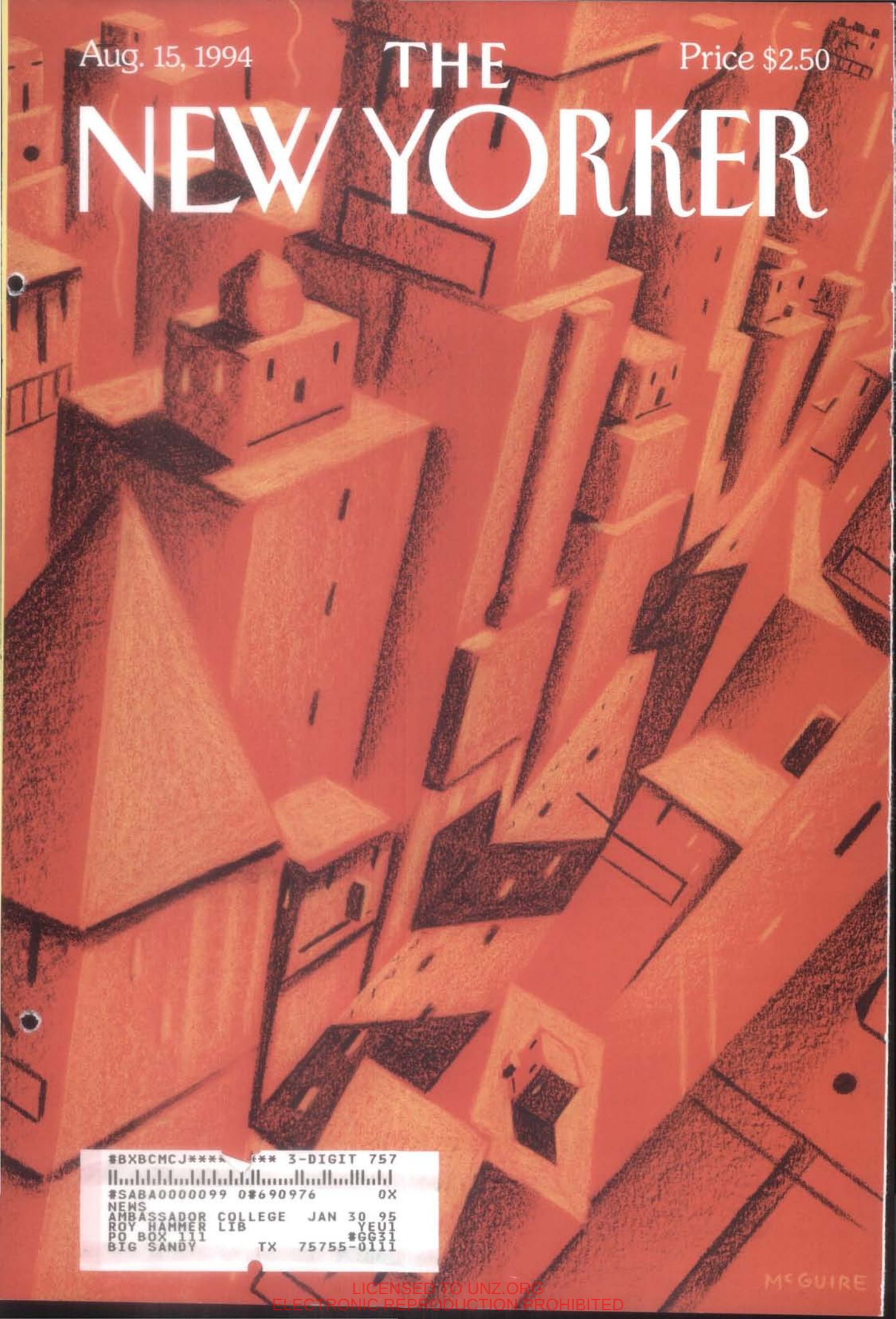

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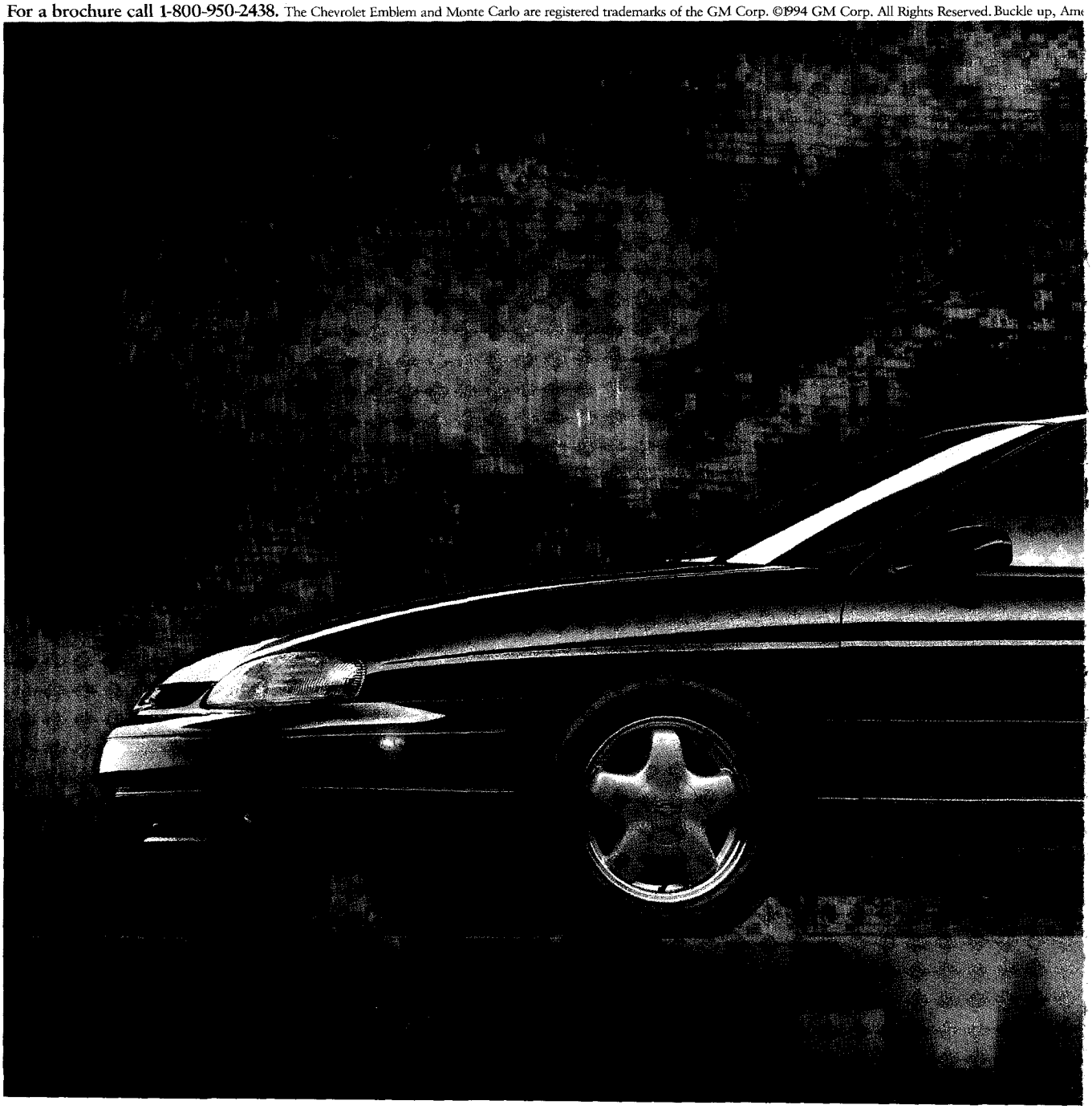

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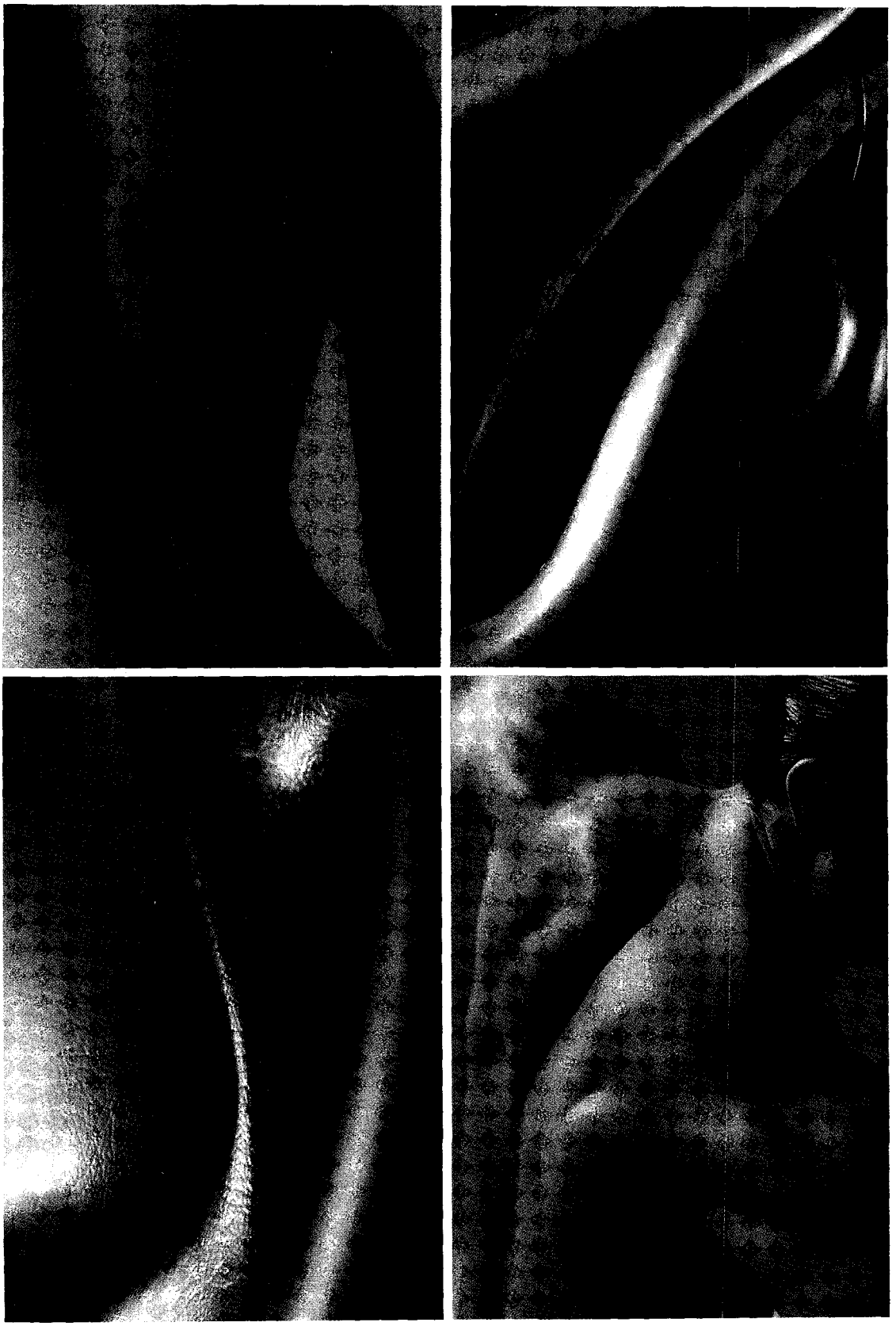

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AUGUST 15, 1994

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for three combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 25, August 15, 1994. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

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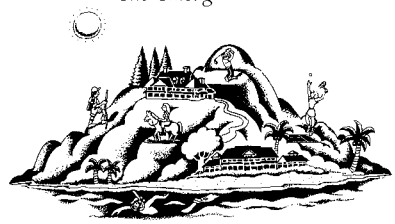
"The Island of Lana'i seems to be sleeping in an earlier era – a truly hidden Hawaii."
–*The Chicago Tribune*



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BAD CALL

One strike, no hits, lots of errors.

CARING about the issues in the approaching strike by the major-league baseball players, who, barring an unexpected late agreement, are scheduled to down bats and mitts this Friday, may be too much to ask of an adult, particularly one who retains a modicum of fanly interest in the old game. We've been here too often before—seven times, counting lockouts and some very brief cessations, since 1972—and in those years the parties to the disputes, once partners in a sentimental little mini-business, have flourished and fattened, particularly around the wallet. Big-time baseball, enriched by its merchandising branch (which, like its wintertime counterparts in the N.B.A. and the National Hockey League, is prepared to outfit each American family, from Grandma to Baby LaVern, in team caps, team sweats, team windbreakers, team wristbands, team socks, team doggy beds, and team teething rings), has boomed to a net worth of two and a half billion dollars, while attendance, boosted by new parks in Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland, and Arlington, Texas, and by eager hordes of new fans in the Miami and Denver expansion franchises, has been headed for something on the order of seventy million in an uninterrupted 1994 season. But a chronic imbalance in team revenues, brought about by the wildly different value of local television and cable rights held by the large-market franchises (the Yankees, Dodgers, Cubs, Red Sox, etc.) and by their small-market counterparts (the Pirates, Athletics, Brewers, Tigers, etc.), continues to divide the twenty-eight teams in a far more radical fashion than the awkward new three-division-league arrangements that started up this spring. Nineteen of those twenty-eight, if one accepts the owners' figures, have been operating in the red, with some possibly losing more than ten million dollars a year. (The hedging here arises from management's habitual coyness about its books.) The owners now propose to undertake some form of self-imposed revenue sharing, in the interest of competitive as well as fiscal balance, but only on condition that the players,

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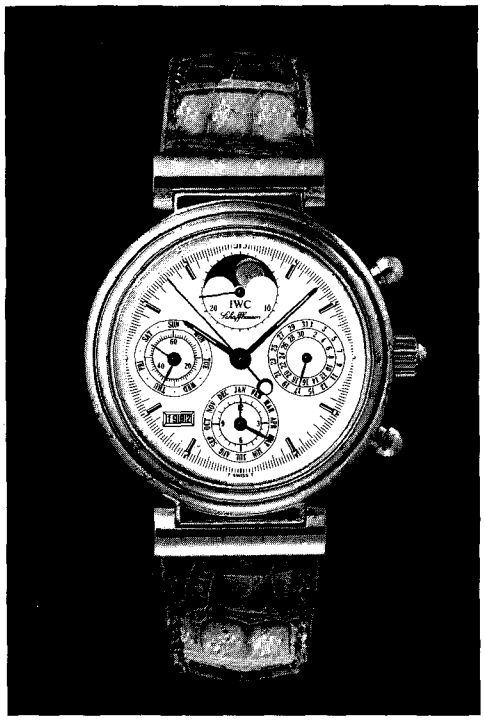

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"By your own admission, Bennett, you have twelve children. I'm afraid our insurance company defines that as a preëxisting condition."

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through their union, the Major League Baseball Players Association, agree to an imposed cap on their salaries, which currently consume more than fifty per cent of the average team's budget (or close to a billion dollars, all told), and have brought the average major-leaguer's pay to a million two hundred thousand dollars a year.

The players, for their part, see the spectre of a salary cap as a gigantic non sequitur: Why should *they* pay to redress the owners' selfish muddle over regional markets? They also suspect that the issue may be a secret excuse for the owners to launch a wholesale restructuring of the players' basic terms of employment, including their old, hard-won rights of free agency and salary arbitration, if the dispute should remain unresolved after the end of the current season.

This, in untidy nubbin, is the cause of the labor crisis, but it does not add up to an explanation that anyone seems ready to swallow. Certainly not the fans, who see the stoppage of play first of all as the amputation of a refreshing season of baseball, made vivid by the rise of some unexpected pennant contenders, like the Indians (the *Indians!*), the Expos, the Dodgers, and the reborn and downright likable Yankees; and by the emergence of a bright new generation of young superstars, like the Indians' Albert Belle, the Mariners' Ken Griffey, Jr., the White Sox' Frank Thomas, and the Astros' Jeff Bagwell. Three or four sluggers—Griffey, Thomas, Barry Bonds, Matt Williams—have an excellent chance of rapping fifty or more home runs by the end of a full schedule, and the game's premier hitter, Tony Gwynn, currently cruising at .391, would seem to possess the skill and the temperament to wind up with the first .400-plus season batting average since Ted Williams' near-mythical .406, in 1941.

The real damage of another baseball strike cuts deeper, of course, for it encourages something close to national cynicism about the game while seeming to confirm several lingering misapprehensions and delusions. For most fans, the owners are greedy nincompoops, always ready to raise ticket prices but rarely able to build for or bag a pennant, who patronize the customers with their deceitful maunderings about the beauty and sanctity of the pastime while continuing to conceal their own financial stake in it, and who shirk the responsibility of sharing with their business rivals the returns from a rich but necessarily coöperative form of capitalism. As for the players, most fans see them as posturing, overpaid children, who do not perform with the uncomplaining zeal of their forebears, and who, in spite of their unimaginable salaries, repeatedly fail—pop up, boot the grounder, strike out, give up the winning single, throw to the wrong damn base—in the clutch. The owners take a secret pleasure in this sour bleacherite view, even though it impugns their own stars and regulars and rookies—the very product that they themselves labor to boost in image and popularity, and to sell at the ticket windows and across the souvenir counters. Without realizing it, the clueless owners surely envision the players as their psychic sons: kids who play a game for a living, who have been handed far too much money for their own good (who could have done a thing like that?), and who get all the girls. All because they got lucky at this easy-looking but weirdly elusive sport—they could actually hit the ball now and then, which is something that their dads and the rest of us could never pull off.

One more dark thought. A popular press-box guess about the outcome of this strike has it that a compromise of some sort will surface a little before the end of the regular season, and that a settlement will be followed by a swift, short pennant scramble, the three-tier round of playoffs, and perhaps a grand and glorious World Series: a resumption and music-up finale that may encourage the fans, once again, to forget the ugly bickering and hurry home to the field of dreams. Well, maybe. A resumption of play on, let's say, September 19th would coincide exactly with the opening of the O. J. Simpson trial in Los Angeles—at which point we may all discover, in the ratings and in our lowdown hearts, just what the great American pastime actually turns out to be, here in the mid-nineties. Pennant-starved fans of the hard-luck Indians deserve a better ending than this.

—ROGER ANGELL

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IN THE MAIL

RIDE, SALLE, RIDE

In presenting all those preambles, Janet Malcolm ("Forty-one False Starts," July 11th) omitted the substance of the piece, leaving herself as the only remaining focus. I was rather ignorant about David Salle's life and career. I still am.

STEPHEN PERSING
Hebron, Conn.

Janet Malcolm reflects the spirit of David Salle's paintings. The nonlinear time and the circularity of the writing almost overwhelm the content. My love-hate relationship with Salle's paintings applies to these interviews and, by extension, to me, for reading with appetite yet another bit of art-world gossip. There is much to hate, to turn away from, in Salle's paintings, but, like this article, they are somehow haunting.

ELIZABETH CHANDLER
Benicia, Calif.

Bill Griffith's "Virtual Vegas" (July 11th) was a great tour de force. Now David Salle has something else to feel insecure about!

JON BULLER
Lyme, Conn.

DO AS I SAY

I agreed with your July 11th Comment, "Don't Mean Diddly," that sometimes we should not attempt to divine larger meaning from bizarre events. What I don't understand is why, after making this worthwhile point, you engaged in the very practice you had just condemned. Rather than accept the media discourse on O.J. for what it is—run-of-the-mill one-upmanship by people who are paid to one-up each other—you found a larger meaning. The Comment asserts that Americans "no longer believe in the integrity of events" and have come to adopt a "paranoid style of explanation." It might be tempting to draw some conclusions about how this demonstrates the media's lack of self-awareness, but, frankly, it seems like an unusual event, and let's leave it at that.

JEFFREY L. BLEICH
San Francisco, Calif.

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

Michael Kinsley ("Share the Health," July 11th) wrote, "A nice question is why we want to socialize health-care costs when we don't socialize anything else in our society." If by "socialize" he means taking collective financial responsibility for a social program that uses the government as the instrument of execution, I would suggest that he has overlooked a good many things, including the criminal-justice system, the National Weather Service, public education, the interstate-highway system, and NASA. The term "socialized medicine" was dreamed up years ago by opponents of universal health care. If the term is going to continue being used, then we should also speak of "socialized public libraries," "socialized national defense," and the "socialized street lights" in front of our houses.

DON RICE
Mount Vernon, Ohio

I am astonished to read that Michael Kinsley characterizes "community rating" as a "socialist principle applied to health care." Community rating consists of everyone putting "the same amount of

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money into the pot" and then withdrawing it "according to need." Nothing could be further from true socialist principles. Like the tax on cigarettes, community rating places the burden of health-insurance reform on the poor, for whom a fixed premium represents a larger percentage of income. If we are really going to socialize the insurance industry, let's use real socialist principles: not only should we "withdraw according to need" but we should contribute according to ability.

GEOFFREY WILSON
Buffalo, N.Y.

While Michael Kinsley provides some useful insights into the difficulties with incremental health-insurance reform, his suggestion that if the federal government finances part of health care we will have a socialized health-care system is simply preposterous. Even if Congress passed a single-payer system, the majority of hospitals would remain private, physicians would be self-employed or employed by private health plans, and many private health-maintenance organizations would still exist. In no sense would physicians or most other players in the health-care segment become employees of the government.

EZEKIEL J. EMANUEL, M.D., PH.D.
Dana-Farber Cancer Institute
Boston, Mass.

Michael Kinsley makes some excellent points about the potentially harmful effects of some widely considered health-care-reform measures, but he backs off from the obvious conclusion: the "solutions" are worse than the problem itself. We don't have to embrace the dubious proposition that there is no health-care problem to realize that perhaps the best thing the government can do is stay out of the way. Just because a problem exists doesn't mean there has to be a solution to it. Perhaps George Bush did the country a bigger favor than we realize by doing nothing on the health-care front.

JAY A. SHAFER
Fairfield, Conn.

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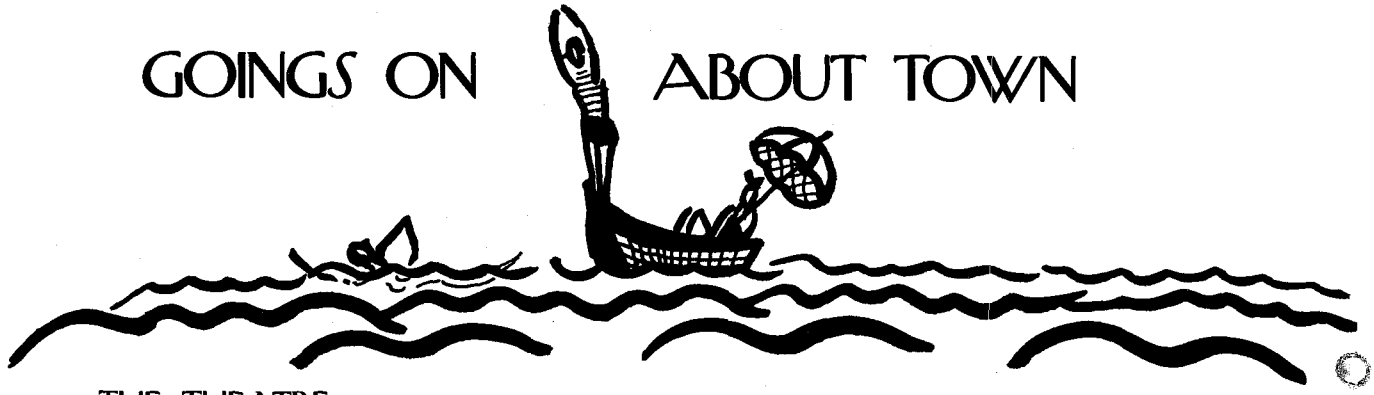
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

The Woman Who Came to Dinner

It has often been said that Bette Davis was her own best imitator. Why, then, should anyone go to see "Me and Jezebel," the two-person show by Elizabeth Fuller, now at the Ballroom, in which Randy Allen portrays the Warners star during one month late in her life? Well, for one thing, Mr. Allen, like his inspiration, is a real pro. As in his previous outing "P.S. Bette Davis," his performance is devoid of the shameless tics that turn most Davis clones into painfully camp specimens. For another, "Me and Jezebel" tells a story you won't hear about on any cable documentary: the story of the thirty-two days in 1985 that Miss Davis spent at the Connecticut home of Ms. Fuller and her family. A mutual friend had brought the actress over for dinner, and when a New York hotel strike left her without living quarters she asked to stay.

The evening, which Ms. Fuller performed solo before expanding it to include Mr. Allen, is teeming with incident, and asking the writer to single out any particular episode is like asking John Gielgud to name his favorite speech from Shakespeare. "It was an unforgettable few weeks," Ms. Fuller says, "but I wondered whether Miss Davis hadn't stayed long enough the day I heard my son Christopher"—then age four—"starting to pick up her mannerisms. The babysitter arrived, and Christopher greeted her at the door with the remark 'I hope you know how to play Candyland, for Chrissake.'"

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in an expanded version of a musical show about Jelly Roll Morton, recently seen at Michael's Pub. With Morten Gunnar Larsen on piano. In previews. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 777-7474.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Adrian Hall is the director of this New York Shakespeare Festival production of the Bard's comedy. The cast includes Joel De La Fuente, Robert Dorfman, Herb Foster, Peter Gerety, Malcolm Gets, and Lisa Gay Hamilton. In previews. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

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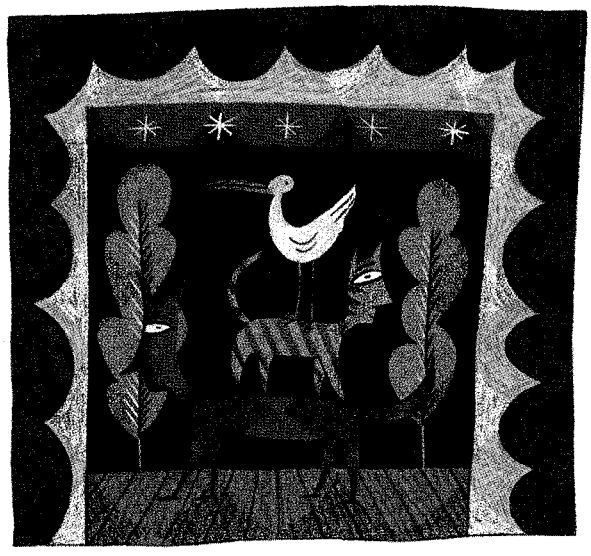
OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Birdbones—In his one-man show, Dudley Saunders tells the story of a poor Southern single woman and her two children. The characters are chronically abused and down on their luck, but Mr. Saunders' writing and his performance have power, humor, and grace. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Aug. 13.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Faith Journey—A gospel musical, set in the South during the civil-rights movement. Book and lyrics by Clarence Cuthbertson and George Broderick, who also wrote the music. (Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phoniness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." The set, a riot of Day-Glo colors, is by John Arnone, and the lighting and the witty costumes are by Howell Binkley and Willa Kim, respectively. Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by, and starring, Leslie Jordan. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. Directed by Carolyne Barry. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Me and Jezebel—Elizabeth Fuller's autobiographical play, performed by Ms. Fuller and Randy Allen. (Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Closes Aug. 21.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

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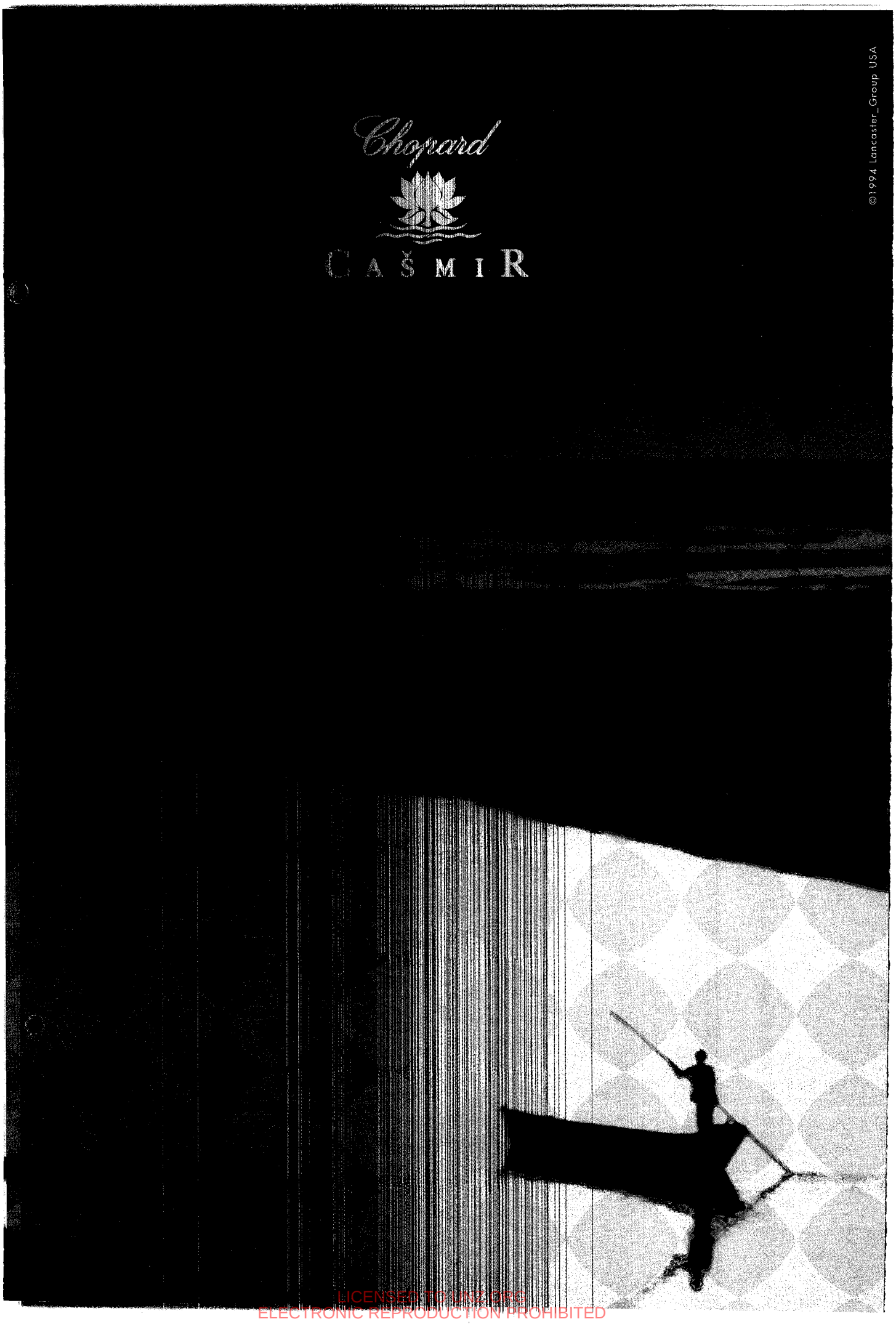

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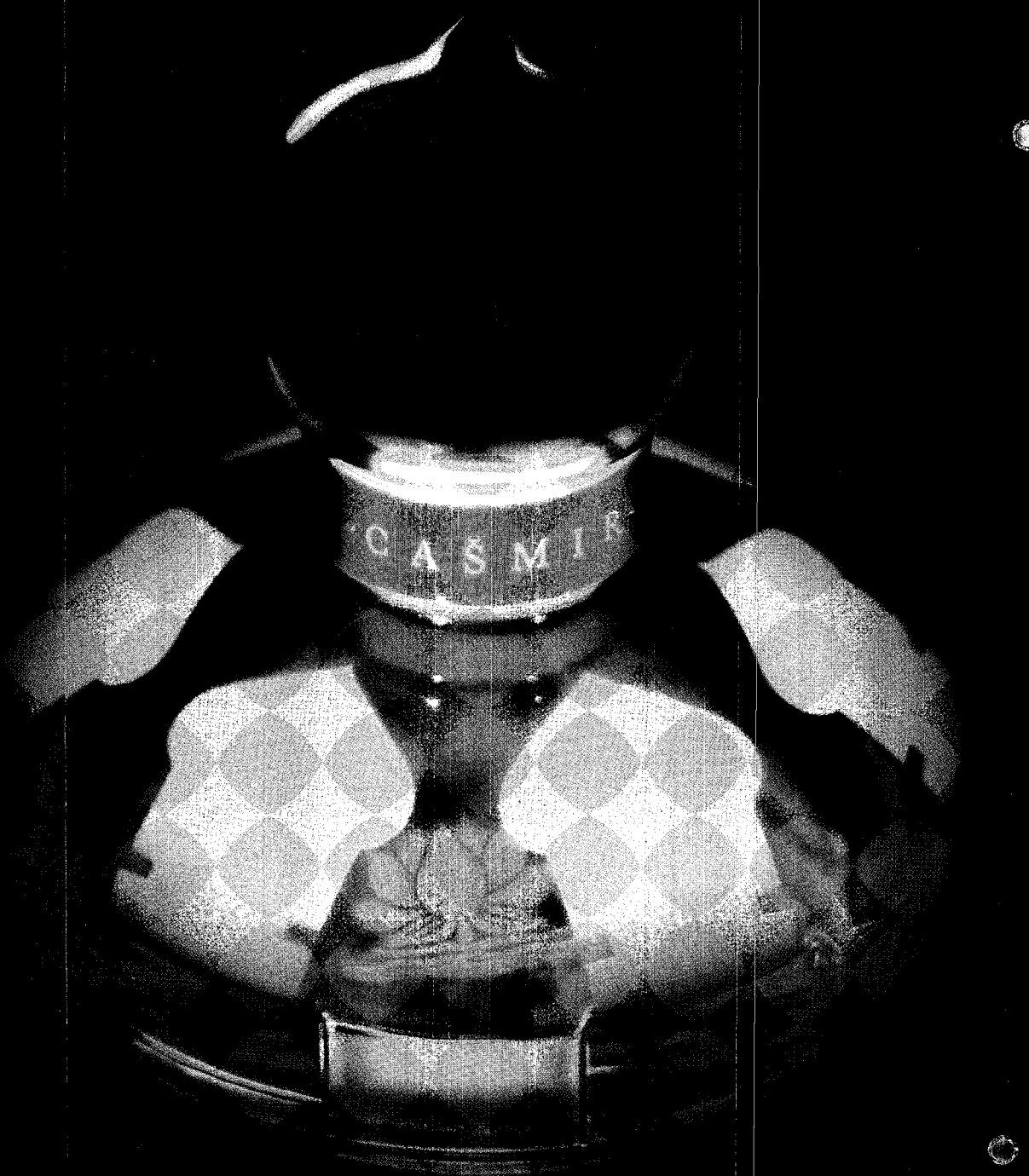
THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE MOMENT



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SANCTIFYING GRACE—It has been seventeen years since his last confession, and Colin Quinn, actor and standup comedian, is doing a humorous one-man excavation of his old Irish neighborhood in Brooklyn. At the wake of a friend ("That's where the party is"), with a coffin as centerpiece, Quinn offers up a brutally funny portrait of a block where alcohol, drugs, and regret are bountiful. Quinn co-wrote the piece with Lou DiMaggio. Robert Moresco directed. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes Aug. 28.)

SHANGO DE IMA—Choral singing, dancing, live percussion, and a colorful set inflect this Yoruban mystery play, creating a celebratory mood that aptly expresses its Afro-Cuban religious roots. Written by Pepe Carril. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167. Closes Aug. 28.)

STOMP—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

SUBURBIA—Eric Bogosian holds up a mirror to a group of angry and aimless twenty-somethings who hang out in the parking lot of a 7-Eleven, and asks, "What's wrong with kids today?" The answers, alas, are predictable and unilluminating. With Steve Zahn, Josh Hamilton, Wendy Hoopes, and Martha Plimpton. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 28.)

THAT'S LIFE!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. The songs deal with a girl trying to find her place in a patriarchal tradition, a woman embracing the born-to-shop stereotype, a father teaching his three-year-old son a Yiddish song, etc. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

THREE TALL WOMEN—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LAUGHTER ON THE 23RD FLOOR:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. (Closes Aug. 27.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

DAVID CALE—The British performance artist is presenting a work in progress. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Aug. 10-13 at 9. Through Aug. 27.)

DELUXE—"High-definition comedy" by Premium Bob, the performance-art duo formerly known as Bob & Bob. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. 647-0202. Aug. 12 at 10:30.)

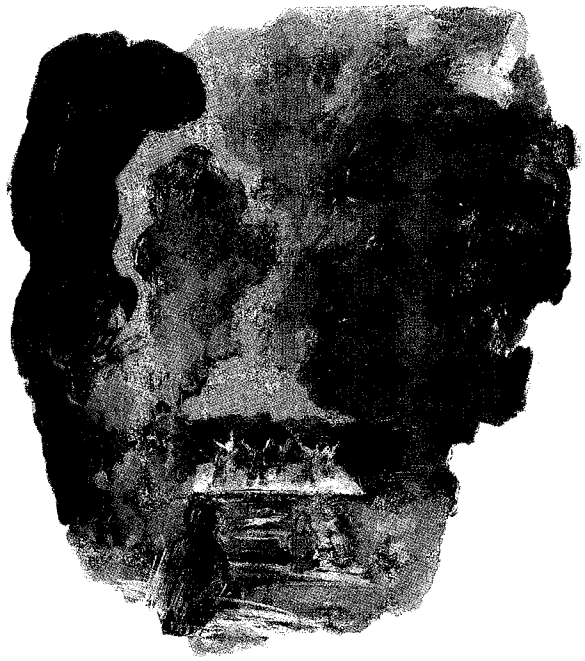
DANCE

FELD BALLETS/NY—Aug. 10-11, Aug. 13, and Aug. 15-16, all at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Gnossiennes," and "Aurora II." . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8 and Aug. 13 at 2: "Consort," "Kore," "Ogive," and "Wolfgang Strategies." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Aug. 20.)

PILAR RIOJA—The renowned flamenco dancer. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Aug. 10-13 and Aug. 16 at 8, and Aug. 14 at 3. Through Aug. 21.)

BALLET FLORIDA—Performing works by Latin-American choreographers. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. Aug. 13 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

POONGMUL-NORI COMPANY OF NEW YORK—Presenting traditional Korean drumming, dance, and acrobatics. (Central Park Band Shell, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 14 at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)



Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival.

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Route 20 in Western Massachusetts, once a stagecoach road, was dubbed Jacob's Ladder by the locals, because it zigzagged heavenward. At the crest of the Berkshire hill was a farm and a curiously shaped boulder, on which, legend had it, Jacob laid his head to sleep—Jacob's Pillow. In 1930, the farm was purchased by the modern-dance pioneer Ted Shawn, who transformed it into a summer dance theatre. The Pillow has been a cushion for dance ever since, now offering three comfortably rustic performance spaces. Aug. 10-11 at 8, Aug. 12 at 8:30, and Aug. 13 at 2 and 8:30: Martha Graham Dance Company, in a program including "The Incense" (1906), a solo originally choreographed and performed by Ruth St. Denis, who was Shawn's wife. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8, Aug. 13 at 5, and Aug. 14 at 7: Ron Brown / Evidence, in "Dirt Road/Morticia Supreme's Revue," an evening-length work. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8: Nederlands Dans Theater 3 presents "Evergreens," "Dammerung," "Nocturne," "Off White," and "No Sleep Till Dawn of Day." Through Aug. 20. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

Rollin' On

So you think you know Keith Richards. You've seen the lined, haggard face, heard the stories about fast and reckless living. "His public image is like some 'Saturday Night Live' parody of a drug burnout," says Don Was, who, with Richards and Mick Jagger, produced "Voodoo Lounge," the Rolling Stones' new album. Was is in a better position than most to speculate on whether the coolest guitarist alive is true to his rep. "In reality," Was reports, "Keith has one of the quickest minds I've ever encountered, and that's reflected in the way he plays. He just hears what the other guys in the band are doing and reacts to it instantly. He's like a finely trained tiger."

It was actually a phone call from Jagger that led to Was's involvement on "Lounge." Perhaps Jagger was impressed by the long list of artists, including the B-52's, Bonnie Raitt, and Bob Dylan, for whom Was so expertly manned the boards in recent years. Indeed, some critics have called "Lounge" the Stones' freshest-sounding effort since the early eighties. There have been naysayers, too, but Was is taking the pans in stride. "When you've been making records for thirty years," he says of the Stones, "there are people who have assigned memories of whole chunks of their lives to your music, and that leads to some very unreal expectations. If you were having sex in the dorm while listening to a song from 'Beggars Banquet,' you've already attached a sensory response to that song." When the Stones roll into Giants Stadium for four performances, on August 12, 14, 15, and 17, the atmosphere should once again prove conducive to sensory responses—developing new ones and, of course, reliving old ones.

CONCERTS

WOODSTOCK '94—Aerosmith, the Allman Brothers Band, Arrested Development, the Band, Johnny Cash, Jimmy Cliff, Joe Cocker, the Cranberries, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Cypress Hill, Bob Dylan, Melissa Etheridge, Peter Gabriel, Metallica, the Neville Brothers, Nine Inch Nails, Youssou N'Dour, Porno for Pyros, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, the Rollins Band, Salt-n-Pepa, Santana, the Spin Doctors, Traffic, and others. (Saugerties, N.Y. Aug. 12-14, starting at noon. For information about tickets, call 765-1994.)

BARRY MANILOW—There's something comforting about the continuing saga of Barry Manilow. He hasn't had a gargantuan smash, like "Copacabana" or "Can't Smile Without You," since the Carter Administration, but he still inspires the hysterical adulation that unnerves crowd-control experts. Live, Barry always delivers. Expect hit after hit after hit, with a brief descent into cocktail jazz and big-band swing. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Aug. 16 at 8.)

RITA HEALY

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The Rolling Stones at Giants Stadium.

CYRUS CHESTNUT—He has the impish presence and mischievous grin of an elf, but make no mistake: pianist Cyrus Chestnut is a monster. From his apprentice days with singer Betty Carter, it was obvious that Chestnut's smart and eminently funky playing portended something special, and now he's delivering on that promise. His grits-and-gravy style will suit this outdoor setting perfectly. (Frieda Schiff Warburg Memorial Sculpture Garden, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway and Washington Ave. 1-718 638-5000. Aug. 14 at 3.)

MICHAEL BOLTON—With Celine Dion. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 10 at 8.)

THE CRANBERRIES—In a benefit concert. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 11 at 7. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

SALSA CONCERT—The Salsa Legends (Johnny Pacheco, Ray Barretto, Larry Harlow, and Nestor Sanchez) and Cruz Control. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. Aug. 12 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

FLEETWOOD MAC—The roster for this tour consists of founding members Mick Fleetwood and John McVie, as well as Dave Mason, Billy Burnette, and Bekka Bramlett. Bad Company will open. (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Aug. 12 at 8.)

THE ROLLING STONES—With Counting Crows. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 12, Aug. 14-15, and Aug. 17 at 8.)

LYNYRD SKYNYRD / TED NUGENT—Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 13 at 8.

CLUBS

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club.

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—On Aug. 12: **JOHN NOLAN** and **BRIAN CONWAY** present an evening of button-accordion and fiddle music.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. Sensitive singer-songwriter **PETER HIMMELMAN** is here on Aug. 10. **SHARON SHANNON** arrives on Aug. 12. On Aug. 13-14, **WILLY DEVILLE** (a.k.a. Mink Deville) drops by for two nights of zoot suits and soul.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—On Aug. 12: **TOM CLARK**, who mixes rootsy originals with a sprinkling of cool country-rock covers. (Clark also tends bar at Sin-é's cousin and next-door neighbor, Anseo, and a Sin-é employee describes him as a "human jukebox.")

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. On Aug 12: check out **XANAX 25**. Aug. 13: The **BRAIN SURGEONS** operate.... ¶ Next door, at CB's Gallery, **MECCA BODEGA** appears on Aug. 12. Local folkie **BYRON ESTEP** is in on Aug. 13.

DON HILL'S, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little West Village bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The **LADY BUNNY** continues her extended run.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. On Aug. 13, check out **PROFESSOR & MARYANN**, a charming guitar-and-vocal duo in the spirit of Frente! The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

FLANNERY'S, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. On Aug. 11-12, catch **YOUSSOU N'DOUR**. N'dour's transcendent guest vocal on Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes," from "So" (1986), is all many people know of the great Senegalese singer, but for the past decade N'dour has distinguished himself as the premier African pop star. His powerful, otherworldy voice is full of heart-piercing joy. N'dour's new record, "The Guide," features contributions from Branford Marsalis and Neneh Cherry, along with N'dour's own band, the Super Étoile. On Aug. 13-14: experience the Woodstock Festival on closed-circut TV.... ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. **DOG EAT DOG** stops by on Aug. 16, with Beatnuts and Scorn. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Memphis blues diva **SANDRA WRIGHT** pays a visit on Aug. 10.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Guitar-wielding dB's alum **PETER HOLSAPPLE** offers some brisk pop on Aug. 10, with a little help from friends **SUE COWSILL** and former Bangle **VICKI PETERSON**. On Aug. 13, **VELVET CRUSH** and **SLOAN** hold forth.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Aug. 12 features two fine alternative acts: **LOVE SPIT LOVE** and the **VELDT**. On Aug. 14: catch a rare accoustic appearance by **MITCHELL FROOM**, who has produced hit records for Crowded House, among others. **MILLA** arrives on Aug. 15. At eighteen, Milla Jovovich is already a veteran model and movie actress—she was the hippie chick in "Dazed and Confused" and one of Robert Downey, Jr.,'s pubescent lovelies in "Chaplin"—and now she's a fledgling singer-songwriter as well. So while you're waiting for Naomi Campbell's ever-imminent recording début, take in the surprisingly graceful, confident tunes on Milla's first album, "The Divine Comedy," on which she evokes a coyer, more clipped version of Kate Bush. On tour, Milla will play guitar and violin, backed by a band that she reportedly discovered playing on the street in Paris.

NELL'S, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop.

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of brand-new releases we're curious to hear.

PRINCE, "Come" (Paisley Park).

NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE, "Sleeps with Angels" (Reprise).

THE AFGHAN WHIGS, "What Jail Is Like" (Elektra).

CARRERAS, DOMINGO, PAVAROTTI WITH MEHTA, "The Three Tenors in Concert 1994" (Atlantic).

BOOTSY'S NEW RUBBER BAND, "Blasters of the Universe" (Rykodisc).

DEEE-LITE, "Dewdrops in the Garden" (Elektra).

BUCKSHOT LEFONQUE, "Buckshot LeFonque" (Columbia).

JEFFREY GAINES, "Somewhat Slightly Dazed" (Chrysalis).

SOPHIE B. HAWKINS, "Whaler" (Columbia).

STEREOLAB, "Mars Audiac Quintet" (Elektra).

THE SONGCATCHERS, "Dreaming in Color" (A&M).

KILLING JOKE, "Pandemonium" (Zoo).

BOOZOO CHAVIS AND THE MAJIC SOUNDS, "Live at the Habibi Temple" (Rounder).

ABRAHAM BURTON, "Closest to the Sun" (Enja).

N. ASCENSIOS

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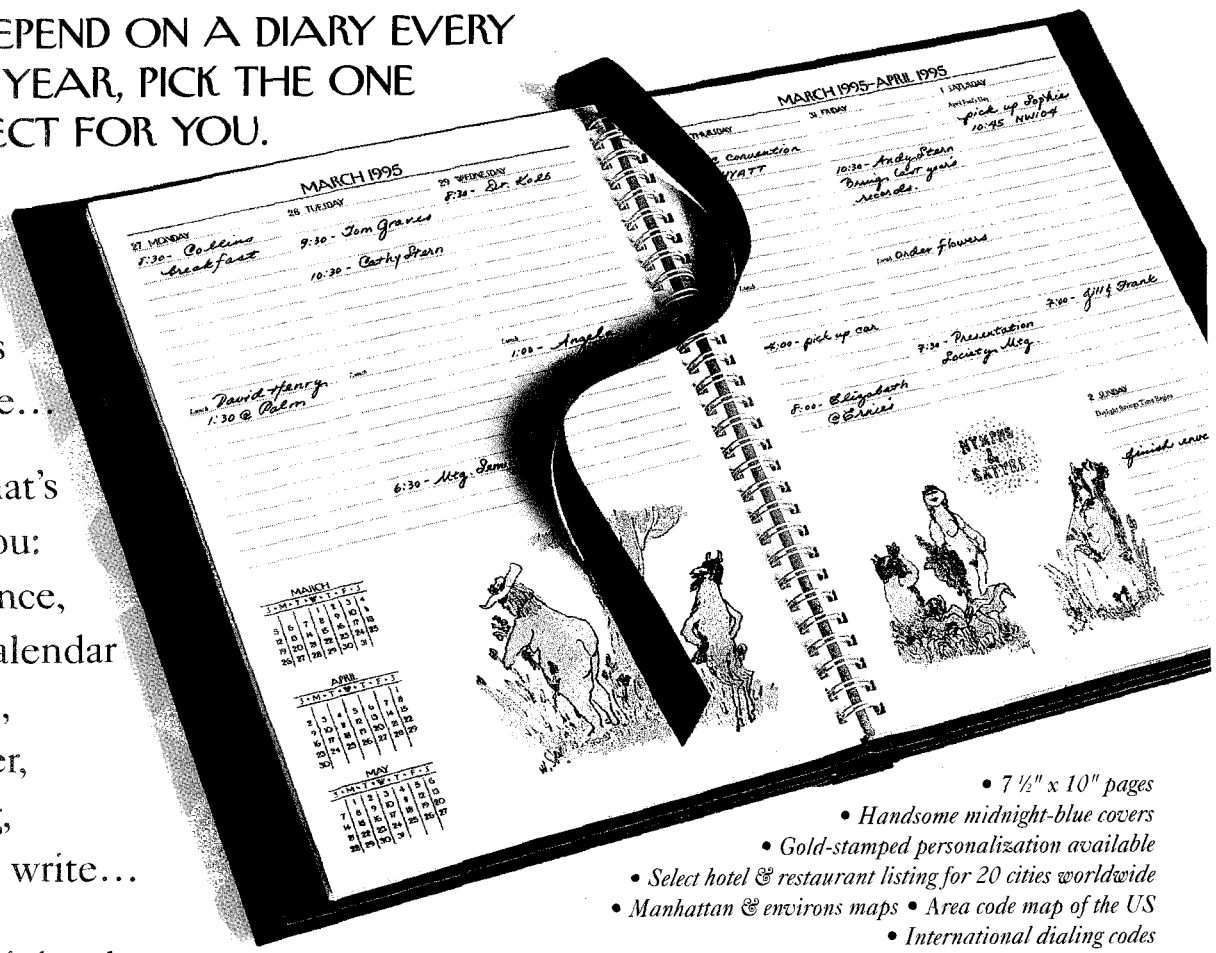

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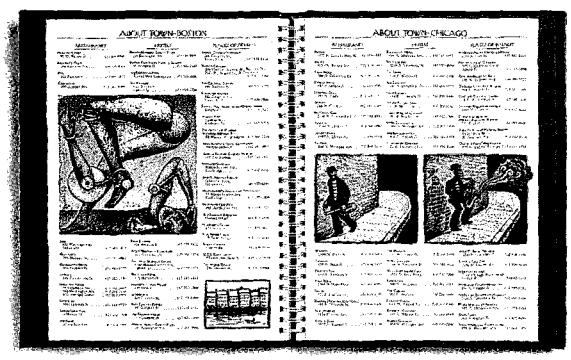

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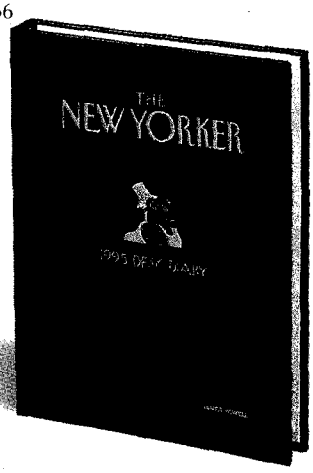

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—A new split-level club with a French name and Latin-American theme. The focus here is on salsa, mambo, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Aug. 10 belongs to **RAY SEPULVEDA.** On Aug. 12: **TITO NIEVES.**

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. Haiti's **TABOU COMBO** drops in on Aug. 12. **CACHAO & HIS ORCHESTRA** begin a three-night engagement on Aug. 15. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, a plush little nook with celestial wallpaper, far from the midtown racket. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. On Aug. 10, the **WEATHER GIRLS** roll in. Like Naomi and Wynonna Judd, this mother-daughter act always has people guessing who's who—in this case, because of the Girls' similarly humongous voices.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This broad, spacious, and agreeable club offers a consistent lineup of blues greats. On Aug. 13: the **BUSINESS, OXBLOOD,** and **STORMWATCH.** Monday nights, Tramps hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, and weekends to the Freddy Francis trio.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that also features a tapas bar—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. On Aug. 10-11 (at 6:30), singer **PHILLIP OFFICER** offers a cabaret-style salute to female lyricists.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. Sunday evenings belong to **PETE (LA ROCA) SIMS.** Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through Aug. 14: the **FREDDIE HUBBARD** quintet, and **BILL EVANS & PUSH.** The granite-lipped Hubbard practically wrote the book on modern modal/bop trumpet playing. Saxophonist Bill Evans helped perk up Miles Davis's first post-comeback band. Arriving on Aug. 16: the **BETTY CARTER** trio. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Having swung with Monk's band back in the sixties, drummer **BEN RILEY** now balances a gleaming conglomerate of younger players: vibist **STEVE NELSON,** pianist **MIKE LE DONNE,** and bassist **IRA COLEMAN;** they're here through Aug. 13. Dining.

Cajun, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

Cyrus Chestnut at the Brooklyn Museum and at the Village Vanguard.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland, with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer. Aug. 11: The alternative sounds of **KISS ARMY** and **LOVEMAKER.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. **MARC RIBOT'S SHREK** appears on Aug. 10, with Soul Coughing and Cibo Matto. Shrek, Ribot's new project, is an excellent showcase for the guitarist's unusual tastes. The din this band makes is not unlike something heard at a carnival in Eastern Europe: odd modes, hand drums, and hurdy-gurdies, along with a few modern touches, like Slavic surf and the occasional wall of feedback. On Aug. 16, the club presents "The Best of Sin-é," featuring two fine young singer-songwriters familiar to patrons of that East Village coffee bar: second-generation folk-rockers **JEFF BUCKLEY** and **KATELL KEINEG.**

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**KURT WIETING** presides at the piano in Bemelmans Bar.

Eighty Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—On Aug 14: singer **RALPH BRANDE** fronts a trio.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top jazz spots. Through Aug. 14: the **RICHIE COLE** quintet. The **CHARLIE BYRD** trio starts on Aug. 16. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DONALD W. JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. Aug. 11-12 belongs to a quartet featuring harmolodic bassist **JAMAALADEEN TACUMA.** Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. The **DON BRADON** quartet begins on Aug. 16.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**JUDY CARMICHAEL** and **MIKE HASHIM** team up through Aug. 13.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Aug. 12-13: Saxophonist **CHARLES GAYLE** appears. On Aug. 15, sample **TIM BERNE'S BLOOD COUNT.**

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. Pianist **JAKI BYARD'S** trio performs on Aug. 12-13. Byard was shuffling through the treasure chest of jazz tradition before most of today's historicentric neo-cons were born. Expect anything from this Charles Mingus alumnus: stride, bop, and tonal clusters are expertly interwoven in a tapestry of eclecticism. Monday nights, catch **CON-TRI-BUTION,** a reggae-tinged jazz collective.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. The rest of the week, conductor **LOREN SCHOENBERG** presents "Jazz Show Boat," a duded-up version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. Aug 10-14: The great trumpeter/fluegelhornist **ART FARMER** leads a quintet, with **JEROME RICHARDSON, GEOFF KEEZER,** and **KENNY DAVIS.** An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tatou, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—The beautiful people may be gone, but this gaudy room now plays host to fine music seven nights a week. The **NAT JONES** trio entertains every weekend. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—**JIMMY SCOTT** is here through Aug. 21. With good reason, Scott has dropped the "little" that used to front his name—there's nothing diminutive about his talent. He knows exactly what he's doing, even on songs you've heard dozens of times before. He makes you listen for the next lyric as if it were a password to love and happiness. Seize the opportunity to see a man who counts Ray Charles and Madonna among his admirers.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **LOU DONALDSON** quartet is here through Aug. 14. One of the few first-generation bop altoists left, Donaldson isn't averse to the idea of dipping his feet into R. & B. waters. Helping him to rough up the house will be **LONNIE SMITH,** on organ. Beginning Aug. 16: **CYRUS CHESTNUT** and his trio. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—On Aug. 12-13: saxophonist **ABRAHAM BURTON** and his quartet. There may be other trials in Burton's professional life, but, having put in time with drummer Art Taylor's bop academy, he's already weathered his toughest challenge. Burton's a robust stylist who combines Jackie McLean's verve with Pete Brown's bluesy rigor.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through Aug. 13: three gifted journeymen—pianists **JUNIOR MANCE** and **CALVIN HILL** and baritone saxophonist **JOE TEMPERLEY**—get together to prove there's strength in numbers. **JOHN BUNCH, JAY LEONHART,** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** start on Aug. 15.

RICHARD MERKIN

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ART

Haus Work

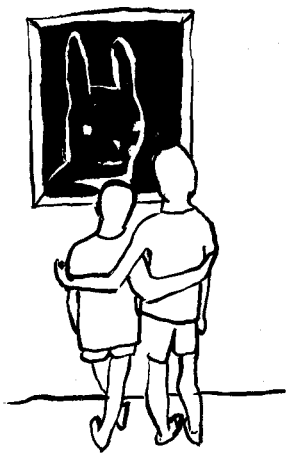
THE Bauhaus lingers in the imagination as one of the more successful products of the social revolution proposed by the ill-fated Weimar Republic. This citadel of modernist design evokes a range of congruent images: ascetic *Formmeister* Johannes Itten, got up in monastic drag, head shaved; the frosty steel-and-glass villas of Mies van der Rohe and Walter Gropius, the Bauhaus founder; and the abstract intersecting planes of Marcel Breuer's Wassily chair, nowadays a paragon of dentist-office chic. Such stereotypical images, however, offer an incomplete account of the Bauhaus. The American Craft Museum's small but instructive exhibit "Bauhaus Workshops: 1919-1933" (through October 9) helps to broaden the picture.

An area of activity that is documented in some detail by the Bauhaus show is the role of women. Though they were well represented among the faculty and students of the Bauhaus, women didn't exactly enjoy equal opportunity. In 1920, Gunta Stölzl started the "women's department," later to become the textile workshop, under the direction of Itten; the following year a memorandum to the school's Master Council suggested that all women be directed to the textile workshop. So while women were welcome at the Bauhaus, they were ushered into traditionally feminine areas of competence. Nonetheless, the innovative textile designs of Stölzl, Anni Albers, and others are among the highlights of this show, combining a rich craft aesthetic with the abstract concepts of the modernist utopia.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Pharaohs' Gifts: Stone Vessels from Ancient Egypt." . . . ¶ "Four Silk Kashan Rugs." . . . ¶ "Dali: The Early Years." It is fashionable to dismiss the Spanish Surrealist Salvador Dali (1904-89) as a purveyor of schlock, yet his brilliant, visionary early works are as original and influential as any produced by Surrealism. The show includes a video installation of scenes from "Un Chien Andalou," Dali's historic collaboration with Buñuel. . . . ¶ "Picasso and the Weeping Women: The Years of Marie-Thérèse Walter and Dora Maar." Some eighty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works includes paintings by Picasso and Renoir. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: Drawings, Prints, and Photographs" features material from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ "Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra." Seventy primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from a three-inch-square ritual book to puppets. . . . ¶ "Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes the waist as the defining element of the fashion silhouette, offering examples from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Aug. 21. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection: Manet to Picasso" includes Cézanne's "Still-Life with Fruit Dish" and Matisse's "Interior with Girl Reading." Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of movie stills, from films ranging from "Intolerance" (1916) to "Danton" (1983). . . . ¶ "Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties" includes seven contemporary women artists who engage aspects of minimalism in a way that recasts the movement's formal problems in terms of femininity and domesticity. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Modern British Drawings: Selections from the Collection." The portraits in this summer exhibition—Gaudier-Brzeska's charcoal of Wyndham Lewis, a pair of self-portraits by Lewis and William Roberts, Frank Auerbach's "Head of Catherine Lampert VI"—speak most forcefully. Gilbert and George offer a heavy-handed satire of the British sporting portrait featuring a lampoon of art-worshipping pomposity that reads "To Be with Art Is All We Ask." Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Lee Friedlander: Letters from the People." Friedlander's messages are black-and-white photographs of letters of the alphabet, numbers, commercial signs, and graffiti that he came across as he walked the streets. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Luc Courchesne's "Family Portrait" is an interactive video-and-computer installation that enables viewers to address questions to a group of eight people in Marseilles. Through Aug. 23. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)



KATE SHEPHERD

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Oskar Kokoschka, Works on Paper: The Early Years, 1897-1917." Ranging from a sophisticated, conventional *Naturstudie* to a looser, wilder study for a lithograph, "Soldiers Fighting Each Other with Crucifixes" (1917), this exhibit, covering a twenty-year span, shows the artist evolving into a full-blown Expressionist. Also included are color illustrations for a fairy tale Kokoschka wrote called "The Dreaming Boys." Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ "The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." An amble up the ramp begins with Abstract Expressionism and ends with minimalism. Detours out of the rotunda include a room devoted to Donald Judd (1928-94) and one to Joseph Beuys (1921-1986), both of whom are well represented in the permanent collection. Through Sept. 11. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest. Through Aug. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. . . . ¶ "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Paintings." Includes work by Nan Goldin, Sally Mann, Agnes Martin, and Ad Reinhardt. . . . ¶ "Edward Hopper and Jack Pierson: American Dreaming." Two devotees of forlorn, sad-sack Americana. For this installment of the Collection in Context series, the Whitney asked Pierson to curate a show of his own works and works by Hopper (1882-1967), drawing on the Museum's extensive Hopper holdings. Through Sept. 11. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru. The 1987 discovery of a series of undisturbed royal tombs dating to the fourth century A.D. established the Moche as one of the world's major ancient civilizations. Superb metalsmiths, they made massive gold and silver necklaces with beads in the form of peanuts, spiders, and feline gods. The ceramics on display are probably the finest art works in the exhibit, and Moche portrait heads speak as eloquently as Roman busts. A set of zoomorphic jugs brim with wit and charm. There's also a full-scale replica of the principal tomb. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Selected works of Leon Polk Smith, an American abstract painter. . . . ¶ An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Bauhaus Workshops: 1919-1933." Furniture, metalwork, glass, textiles, and ceramics made by disciples of the German school of architecture and design, including Mies van der Rohe, Josef Albers, and Marianne Brandt. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Xu Bing: Recent Work." Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Building the Collection: Recent Acquisitions and Selected Works from the Permanent Collection." Through Sept. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Angles of Repose: A Garden Exhibition of Central Park Benches." A selection of benches from the Park, dating back to 1858. . . . ¶ "Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." A trip down short-term-memory lane, documenting the rise of industrial designers, who became indispensable to the quenching of America's thirst for new products. The pink Formica kitchen display looks like a perky old magazine advertisement come to life. The docents should look like Stepford wives. Through Aug. 14. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, among others. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A Postcolonial Kinderhood." A bedroom installation by Elaine Reicheck, featuring twelve samplers embroidered with quotations about Jewish identity. Through Aug. 14. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Edward Burne-Jones's illustrations for "The Fairy Family," executed from 1854 to 1856, are the earliest known surviving drawings by this Pre-Raphaelite artist. The stories about

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ART–Cont'd

mermaids, pixies, and brownies, among other elfin folk, were written by Archibald MacLaren. Through Aug. 28.... ¶ "Treasures from the Permanent Collection" includes Mahler's manuscript of his Fifth Symphony; letters from Miró, Braque, and Giacometti; and an illuminated manuscript from Ethiopia. Through Aug. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—To celebrate its recent reopening and its twenty-fifth anniversary, the museum has organized a three-part show, "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." The first exhibit, "Reclaiming History," focusses on Latin-American history. Through Aug. 14. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton.... ¶ Thirty-two Old Master drawings, by, among others, Claude Lorrain and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo.... ¶ "The Artist's Eye: Wayne Thiebaud." The painter has selected more than fifty paintings from the Academy's collection. Fifteen of Thiebaud's own pictures are also on exhibit. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Becoming Visible: The Legacy of Stonewall." Photos, posters, and related material place the Stonewall rebellion in the larger context of gay history.... ¶ "New in the Berg Collection, 1991-1993." Manuscripts that the library acquired during this period include Nabokov's papers and several poems by Anne Sexton. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Revealing Roots: Uncovering Influences on the Contemporary American Puppet Theatre." Six stunning exhibits show how the puppetry traditions of Japan, Indonesia, Mexico, and Western Africa, among other places, have infused American puppet artistry with their mythos and technique. The puppets on display include Paul Zaloom's Punch and Judy avatars; several of Jim Henson's Muppets, who bear an interesting family resemblance to some puppets from Mali; and Julie Taymor's *wayang*-inspired players.... ¶ "The House I Live In: American Performance in the Era of Blacklisting" documents the effect of blacklisting on the entertainment industry. The exhibit includes such publications as "Red Channels: The Report of Communist Influence in Radio and Television." Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans.... ¶ Photographs of Nelson Mandela's June, 1990, visit to New York City. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City—"Bongo Park '94" includes work by Gunilla Bandolin, Mark di Suvero, and Nancy Rubins. (Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Hale Woodruff Memorial Exhibition–Curators' Choice." The third in a series, in which the work of little-known African-American artists is selected for exhibition by curators from around the United States.... ¶ Minimalist bronze sculptures by Helen Evans Ramsaran. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Frederick Mershimer—Technically flawless mezzotints recapture the Neverland of New York in the twenties and thirties. Nighttime cityscapes and Art Deco skyscrapers wrapped in clouds have the romance of Japanese wood-block prints. The skylines are more successful than the street scenes, in which Mershimer's figures have a comic-book flatness. Through Sept. 9. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Emiko Tokushige—One of the most beautiful exhibition spaces in New York has been given over to this artist's enigmatic sculptures. The gallery's light maple floor and cool Palladian details are perfect complements to the bulky polyurethane lumps, covered with stitched and stressed palm fibre and rope. At first, the sculptures seem vaguely threatening, even disgusting, like alien life-forms in a cheap science-fiction movie. But they shimmer in the space, and, given time, reveal their primitive wisdom. Through Sept. 10. (Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures representing phases in the career of the renowned Abstract Expressionist, from the late forties to the mid-eighties. There is one delicate yet large painting from the artist's last productive period, several drawings that show de Kooning at his very best, and some sculptures, like the ugly, lumpy "Clam Digger," from 1972, which demonstrate that even geniuses have bad days. Through Aug. 12. (C & M, 45 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorel Dobocan—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by a Romanian artist. Through Aug. 26. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Roberto Juarez—"Postcards," small paintings of oranges. Through Aug. 26. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Kainen—Forty abstract paintings, from 1934 to 1992. Through Oct. 1. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

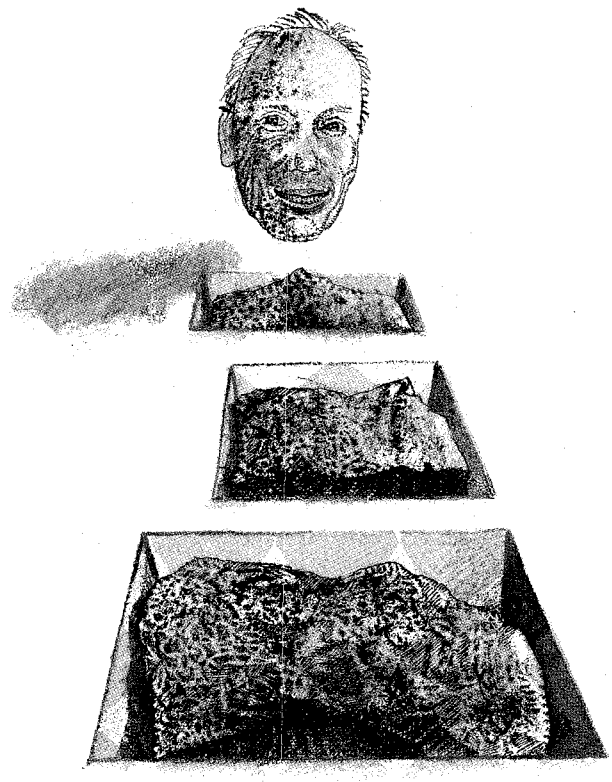
Anniversary—A centennial show in tribute to Otto Kallir (1894-1978), who founded the gallery. Included are paintings, drawings, and prints by Oskar Kokoschka, Morris Hirshfield, and Emil Nolde. Through Sept. 2. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Art en Route: M.T.A. Arts for Transit"—An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, drawings, and models, including a watercolor collage by Romare Bearden that was the prototype for a glass triptych at the Westchester Square station, in the Bronx, and a composition by Roy Lichtenstein for a porcelain mural in the Times Square station. Also included are photographs, tiles, decorative grilles, and other architectural elements, dating from the turn of the century. Through Sept. 23. (PaineWebber, Sixth Ave. at 51st St.)

"The 42nd Street Art Project"—A new edition of last year's event, in which twenty-five artists, architects, and designers attempt to bring culture to one of the seediest blocks in town, 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. The artists' earnest attempts at being weird and clever and cool come off as insipid in an environment where real life is unbearably intense. Through Aug. 31.

"Graffiti"—The French artist Georges Noël builds up a thick surface with a compound of silica and acrylic, then proceeds to scratch it away in deep striations that have an air of classical inevitability. His canvases are supplemented by photographs of real graffiti, by Brassaï, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Sept. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Graphic Design in Revolutionary Russia"—An exhibition of photographs, drawings, and posters by Gustav Klucis, Alexander Rodchenko, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)



Michael Heizer at Ace.

"Heads and Torsos"—Drawings by Georg Baselitz, Eugène Leroy, Markus Lüpertz, A. R. Penck, and Don Van Vliet. Through Sept. 10. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

"Rebels with a Cause: The American Modernists"—More than sixty paintings, works on paper, and sculptures by, among others, John Marin, Oscar Bluemner, and Joseph Stella. Through Sept. 2. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

"White Works"—Eighteen painters and sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, John Chamberlain, and Dan Flavin, examine the notion of white. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Who Needs a Bathing Suit Anyway?"—A group show featuring work by Milton Avery, Paul Cadmus, and Jared French. It explores nudity in American art. Through Aug. 17. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Rita Ackermann / "The Fall Collection"—Paintings of naughty nymphets, all of them dead ringers for this Hungarian-born artist, executed in a linear, cursive style. The girls—they can only be called girls—wear expressions of either bored anomie or bland contentment as they engage in a variety of illicit activities. / In the back room, "The

ALAN E. COBER

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Fall Collection," a set of albums and singles, documents the career of the Fall, the archetypal art-punk band from Britain. Through Aug. 12. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Christina Bothweel—An installation in the gallery windows of a chicken-wire cage for the artist's grotesque dog sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Art in General, 79 Walker St.)

Jef Bourgeau—In his first New York show Bourgeau combines homey antique objects with tiny video monitors that make absurdist commentaries on the vicissitudes of life. Through Aug. 26. (LedisFlam, 130 Prince St.)

Lloyd Gunther Dallet /Jackie Moore Watson—Wooden panels based on antique botanical prints. / Spanish landscape paintings. Through Sept. 20. (Roy, 46 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Along with fellow earthworks artists Robert Smithson, Walter de Maria, and Dennis Oppenheim, Heizer came to prominence in the late sixties, but his influential early work—isolated excavations in the desert—was known to the art world primarily in the form of documentary photographs; the sheer daunting scale of his art precluded substantial gallery representation. The gargantuan new Ace gallery has rectified that. Several stone sculptures hang from massive steel cables and rough-hewn boulders have been set into the walls and floor. Through Aug. 15. (Ace, 275 Hudson St., at Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—An exhibition that features "Reclining Connected Forms," one of Moore's last monumental sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

"Sanctuary"—Eight artists working in a variety of mediums, among them Robert Adams, Ron Athey, Cliff Benjamin, Susan Hornbeak-Ortiz, and Elyse Regehr. Through Aug. 26. (Tz'Art, 28 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

William Eggleston—A mini-retrospective titled "From Graceland to Wasteland," presenting Eggleston's colorful, often lurid vision of the South. Through Aug. 12. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Art Kane—Forty years of landscape and fashion photography. Through Aug. 12. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

W. Eugene Smith—Images by a photographer best known for his photo-essays in *Life*. Through Aug. 19. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

"Flowers"—A group show featuring work by William Abranowicz, Walker Evans, Graciela Iturbide, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

"1969: Context & Event"—Photographs of the Woodstock festival juxtaposed with photographs from the same period, taken by Diane Arbus, Lee Friedlander, and Garry Winogrand. Through Aug. 30. (Pace MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Photography in Germany (1913-35)"—A group show featuring work by Albert Renger-Patzsch, Werner Matz, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 53 E. 76th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Paradise Outlaws: Fifty Years of the Beat Generation." Photographs by Mellon Tytell. . . . ¶ "Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—German-born photographer Lotte Jacobi's black-and-white portraits of artists and intellectuals, including a wonderful shot of Albert Einstein in a leather jacket (1938) and a closeup of J. D. Salinger (1950). . . . ¶ Photographs of India and Europe by Ferenc Berko. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the New York Public Library, and the Schomburg Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Isn't It Romantic?

THE roster of Germanic composers active at the height of Romanticism—say, between 1820 and 1860—is dense with greatness: Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Brahms. While each of these epitomized specific aspects of the age, Robert Schumann embodied almost the whole spectrum of musical Romanticism all on his own. To understand Schumann is to understand a lot about the cultural impulses of his time, which is what the musicians and scholars who will gather in Annandale-on-Hudson for this year's Bard Music Festival hope to do.

No composer more consistently demonstrated Romanticism's dual inclinations toward exuberance and introspection. Schumann's exuberance could be unbridled, as in the surging cross-rhythms and majestic fanfares of the "Rhenish" Symphony (which will be performed on August 13), and he sometimes aspired to the largest musical forms, as in his opera turned oratorio "Das Paradies und die Peri" (based on Thomas Moore's poetic effusion, "Lalla Rookh," and slated to conclude the festival, on August 21). On the other hand, some of his songs and piano miniatures are unsurpassed in their intimacy. His life, too, was a textbook of Romanticism, its chapters touching on amorous obstacles, artistic struggles, and aesthetic crusading, and concluding with insanity. The folks at Bard are very big on "contextualization," so programs for the two weekends will include a good deal of music by Schumann's contemporaries. The humanities contingent will also be there in force, offering lectures and round-table discussions on such topics as Manic-Depression and the Creative Process (featuring four psychiatrists) and pondering whether this brilliant ultra-Romantic inspired a following or whether he was, as Grieg put it, "a comet without a tail."

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Leslie Dunner conducts free outdoor performances of Verdi's "Nabucco" Overture, Mozart's Symphony No. 36 (the "Linz"), and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, with fireworks following. (Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Westchester Community College, Valhalla. Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 13. Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

Mostly Mozart—At Avery Fisher Hall. Aug. 10: Hans Vonk conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 33 and Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Tricia Park), as well as Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with André Watts). . . . ¶ Aug. 11: The Orion String Quartet plays Mozart's Piano Quartet in E-Flat Major (with Anne-Marie McDermott) and Clarinet Quintet (with Richard Stoltzman), as well as Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, Ms. McDermott will play Bach's "English" Suite No. 2 and Haydn's Sonata No. 33. . . . ¶ Aug. 12-13: Mr. Vonk conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Mozart's "Lucio Silla" Overture and Violin Concerto No. 4 (with Pamela Frank), Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Horacio Gutiérrez), and Schubert's Symphony No. 3. . . . **NOTE:** In pre-concert recitals beginning both nights at 7 and open to ticket holders, pianist Sylvie Carbonel will play works by Scarlatti, Mozart, and Mussorgsky. . . . ¶ Aug. 15: Jeanne Lamon directs Tafelmusik, the Canadian period-instrument orchestra, in Purcell's "Dioclesian" Suite, Bach's First "Brandenburg" Concerto, Charles Avison's Concerto No. 2 (after Domenico Scarlatti), Telemann's G-Minor Overture, and Vivaldi's F-Major Concerto for Two Horns and Strings. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, members of the ensemble will play chamber works by J. S. and W. F. Bach. . . . ¶ Aug. 16-17: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Schubert's "Overture in the Italian Style" and Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Vladimir Feltsman), Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Christian Tetzlaff), and Symphony No. 41 (the "Jupiter"). . . . **NOTE:** In pre-concert recitals beginning both nights at 7 and open to ticket holders, Mr. Tetzlaff will play Bach's D-Minor Partita. (Evenings at 8. 875-5030.)

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—Kimbo Ishii-Eto conducts excerpts from Handel's "Water Music," Rossini's Variations for Clarinet and Orchestra (featuring Ted Cole), and Bach's Fourth "Brandenburg" Concerto. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Aug. 11 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Silks and Rags—Pianist Daniel Paget leads his ensemble in free concerts of Irving Berlin classics and turn-of-the-century ragtimes, with soprano Josephine Mongiardo. (Aug. 14 at 2. Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. . . . At 4: McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus. For information or directions, call 1-718 601-7399.)

RECITALS

Bargemusic—Presenting Beethoven's C-Minor Piano Trio (Op. 1, No. 3), Piston's Duo for Viola and Cello, and Schumann's Piano Quartet; with violinist Arturo Delmoni, violist Toby Hoffman, cellist Ronald Thomas, and pianist Randall Hodgkinson. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 11 at 7:30 and Aug. 14 at 4.)

Summergarden 1994—The Museum of Modern Art's summer survey of early-twentieth-century musical styles continues as violinist Kyu-Young Kim and pianist Charles Tauber perform sonatas by George Antheil (his Second), Bartók (his Second), and Ives (his Third); clarinettist David Gresham assists in Berg's Adagio for Violin, Clarinet, and Piano. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. Aug. 12-13 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Les Fleurs du Mal—Such is the ominous name of a period-instrument quartet that will perform vocal and instrumental chamber works by Handel, Jean-Marie Leclair, and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Aug. 14 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

David Saliamonas—Pianist, performing music by Chopin and Liszt. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Aug. 14 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—Aug. 10 at 8:30: Reinbert de Leeuw and Robert Spano conduct the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra in Davidovsky's "Shulamit's Dream," Oliver

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CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

Knussen's Symphony No. 3, Ives' Orchestral Set No. 2, Igor Mossolov's "The Iron Factory," Louis Andriessen's "De Snelheid," and a new work by Eric Zivian. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 8:30: The Vermeer String Quartet plays quartets by Dvořák and Berg, as well as short works by Gershwin, Puccini, Stravinsky, and György Kurtág. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8:30: Lorin Maazel conducts the Pittsburgh Symphony in Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 3, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Julian Rachlin), and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" and "Boléro." . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:30: Mr. Maazel conducts the Pittsburgh Symphony in Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 2, the Adagio from Mahler's Symphony No. 10, and Prokofiev's Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2:30: Dennis Russell Davies conducts the Boston Symphony in Khatchaturian's Violin Concerto (with Itzhak Perlman) and Brahms' Symphony No. 2. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1600.)

Caramoor Music Festival—Aug. 11 at 4:15: Pianist Andrew Armstrong performs sonatas by Scarlatti and Haydn, as well as works by Chopin and Liszt. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8:30: Jazz pianists Geri Allen and Kenny Barron. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:30: The New York Big Brass. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5:30: The Dichter, McDuffie, Kirshbaum Trio performs (in several configurations) Ravel's Sonata for Violin and Cello, Rachmaninoff's Cello Sonata, and Brahms' B-Major Trio. (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252. The festival ends Aug. 21.)

Glimmerglass Opera—"Ariadne auf Naxos." (Aug. 11 at 8 and Aug. 14 at 2.) . . . ¶ The final performance of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with soprano Dana Hanchard and countertenors David Daniels and Brian Asawa; directed by Jonathan Miller, and with Jane Glover conducting a period-instrument ensemble. (Aug. 12 at 8.) . . . ¶ "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." (Aug. 13 at 8.) . . . ¶ Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Aug. 15 at 2.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255. The season ends on Aug. 22.)

Bard Music Festival—This year's two-weekend-long gathering focusses the microscope on Robert Schumann. Aug. 12 at 8: Schumann's "Dichterliebe," Adagio and Allegro for Horn, and C-Minor Piano Quartet, as well as his violin-and-piano versions of Paganini's Caprices; with tenor John Aler, French hornist William Purvis, violinist Elmar Oliveira, violist Nardo Poy, cellist Peter Wyrick, and pianists Sarah Rothenberg, Todd Crow, and Diane Walsh. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 11 A.M.: Edmund Battersby and Diane Walsh perform virtuosic études of Schumann's time (by Chopin, Liszt, Hummel, Pixis, and others), on a replica of an 1839 Graf piano. . . . At 1:30: In a recital of piano works by Schumann and his contemporaries, Sarah Rothenberg plays Ludwig Schuncke's G-Minor Sonata, Edmund Battersby plays William Sterndale Bennett's Sonata (Op. 13, No. 1) and some of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," and Cynthia Raim plays Schumann's "Humoreske" (Op. 20). . . . At 4:30: Todd Crow plays Liszt's piano transcription of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." . . . At 8: Leon Botstein conducts the American Symphony Orchestra in Chopin's "Variations on Mozart's 'Là ci darem la mano,'" Ignaz Moscheles' "Marche d'Alexandre" (both featuring pianist Ian Hobson), and Schumann's Symphony No. 3 (the "Rhenish"). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2: Works Schumann composed for children to play, performed by young pianists. . . . At 5: Works by Clara and Robert Schumann, alone and together, including Clara's "Soirées Musicales" (played by Edmund Battersby), Robert's "Noveletten" (with Anton Nel) and Piano Quintet (with Sarah Rothenberg), and their collaborative "Liebesfrühling" songs (sung by soprano Christine Brewer and tenor John Aler). (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. For information about ancillary events, which include numerous lectures and round-table discussions, call 1-914 758-3226. Through Aug. 21.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—Aug. 12 at 8:30: Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Strauss's Serenade for Winds, and Martinů's "La Revue de Cuisine." . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:30: Peter Csaba conducts the Norfolk Chamber Orchestra in a chamber concerto by Vivaldi, Shostakovich's Concerto for Piano, Trumpet, and Strings, and Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364, for violin, viola, and orchestra). (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. 1-203 542-3000. The season ends on Aug. 20.)

Music Mountain—Aug. 13 at 8: The Big Easy Jazz Band plays classic New Orleans jazz. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 3: The Borromeo String Quartet plays Mozart's G-Major Quartet (K. 387), Beethoven's "Grosse Fuge," and Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet (with Peter Takács assisting). (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

Maverick Concerts—Solo and chamber music by J. S. Bach, C. P. E. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and William Schuman, performed by flutist Paula Robison, violinist Masuko Ushioda, and violist Scott Nickrenz. (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217. Aug. 14 at 3.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Schubert: Piano Music for Four Hands, Vol. 1; Yaara Tal and Andreas Groethuysen (Sony). Schubert wrote some three dozen works for piano four-hands between 1810 and his death, in 1828—many for his at-home Schubertiades—but most go unheard today. The exception is the F-Minor Fantasie (D. 940), a profound masterpiece of his final year, which Tal and Groethuysen deliver in a riveting interpretation. Their rendering of the somewhat familiar "Divertissement à l'Hongroise" maintains an aristocratic bearing that lends stability to the piece's surprising turns. The rest of this initial two-disk installment will probably be recognized only by avocational four-handers, who have long been in on the Schubert secret. In addition to the worthwhile repertoire and Tal and Groethuysen's exemplary musicianship, the sound of the piano is itself notable: it's an Italian Fazioli grand that seems custom-made for this repertoire, yielding unusual brightness (though not stridency) up top, translucence in the middle (where two of the four hands meet, and might have created a turgid jumble), and a clear but meltingly resonant bass. As lagniappe, the cover reproduces an elegant oil that apparently portrays Schubert at age seventeen, before he acquired his familiar pudginess. A feast for the ears, the eyes, and the imagination.

Brian Asawa, Dana Hanchard, and David Daniels in "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," at Glimmerglass Opera.

CLARE MEINSKY

SPORTS

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

BASEBALL

Yankees—Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, Aug. 10 at 7:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, Aug. 11 at 1:05, Aug. 12 at 7:05, Aug. 13 at 8:05, and Aug. 14 at 8:05 (Athletic Sock Night).

Mets—Vs. the Houston Astros, Aug. 16 at 7:40.

Strike—As of press time, nothing was certain—least of all, the most reliable of summer pastimes, baseball—but a players' strike, set to begin Aug. 12, could last for several weeks.

TENNIS

Bronx '94 Pro Tennis Classic—A warmup to the U.S. Open, this United States Tennis Association men's challenger series consists of a thirty-two-player singles draw and a sixteen-team doubles field. Scheduled to play are Gianluca Pozzi (Italy), Stephane Simian (France), and Mark Kaplan (Stamford, Conn.), whose world rankings are, respectively, 134, 136, and 155. Qualifier rounds will be played on Aug. 13-14. The tournament begins on Aug. 15. (Crotona Park, the Bronx. Matches begin daily at about 11, and run to about 4. No tickets necessary. For more information, call 535-6278. Through Aug. 21.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Water, Water, Everywhere—Aug. 13, from 1 to 3: A workshop called "The Wonderful World of Water," with some chemistry-set-style scientific experiments. (Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, Harlem Meer, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 110th St. No tickets necessary.)

Play Days—Aug. 13-14 are kids' days at Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors. Among the many activities: a drum workshop, Aug. 13 at 2 (North Plaza); a parade and tree-planting ceremony, Aug. 13 at 5:30; clown and puppet performances, Aug. 14, from 1 to 4:30 (Fountain, North, and South Plazas); and a battle of the bands, Aug. 14 at 4:30 (Fountain Plaza). No tickets necessary.

Musical Menagerie—Al Franken narrates "The Carnival of the Animals," Saint-Saëns' zoological classic; with Gary Hodges conducting a student orchestra from Long Island's Usdan Center. (Central Park Wildlife Center, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Aug. 16 at noon, 12:30, and 1. Rain date, Aug. 17. No charge beyond Wildlife Center admission.)

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ABOVE AND BEYOND

Light Shower—Each year at about this time, the Perseid meteor shower lights up the skies. Specks of dust travelling at a hundred and thirty-five thousand miles per hour hit the earth's atmosphere and burn sixty to seventy miles above the planet, creating what we know as shooting stars. Since 1737, the orbit of the Swift-Tuttle comet has been converging on that of the earth; this year, astronomers are predicting that we could see hundreds of meteoroids per second, on the evenings of Aug. 11-12. On Aug. 11, from 9 to midnight, the Urban Park Rangers will be available to explain the astronomy behind the Perseid shower, identify constellations, and provide viewing accommodations. For locations in all five boroughs, call 1-800 201-7275.

Free for All—Lincoln Center continues its free annual Out-of-Doors series. Highlights follow. Aug. 10-11 at 8:15: Cissy Houston and Wynton Marsalis headline a performance of "Mass for the 21st Century: Can Children Save the World?," a musical-theatre piece by Carman Moore. (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 5:30: Kevin Locke presents hoop dances, songs, and stories of the Lakota Sioux. (Fountain Plaza.) . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6:30: Drummer Grady Tate. (North Plaza.) . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:15: The Jackson Pike Skifflers provide square-dance music for a country hoedown. (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 14-15 at 8:15: The Cleo Parker Robinson Dance Ensemble and vibraphonist Jay Hoggard present "The Wisdom of the Baobab Tree." (Damrosch Park.) (For complete schedule information, call 875-5400. Through Aug. 28.)

Dragon Racing—Local qualifying races for the New York Hong Kong Dragon Boat Festival will take place on Flushing Meadow Lake, on Aug. 13-14, from noon to 4. Each thirty-nine-foot teakwood dragon boat, with a dragon head at the prow and a tail at the stern, carries twenty paddlers, a steersman, and a drummer. Between heats, spectators can stroll around a replica of a Hong Kong village and watch live performances of dance, music, and martial arts. Winners will join the best of Boston and Philadelphia in a championship race on the Hudson River, on Aug. 21.

City Fair—On Aug. 13, from 10 to 3, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will give urban gardeners a chance to display the fruits of their labors. There will be a produce review, environmental displays, and various vegetable, herb, and flower competitions. For guidelines, call 788-8059. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

Cultural Revolution—"Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown." That's fine for San Francisco, but this is the Big Apple, and on Aug. 14, from 2 to 4, the annual Chinatown Summer Cultural Festival gets under way with kung-fu demonstrations, Chinese folk dances, and Korean court dances. (Columbus Park, Mulberry St. between Bayard and Worth Sts. No tickets necessary.)

Upper West Side Jazz—Pianist Monty Alexander and his group take the wheel of the Jazzmobile on Aug. 10, from 7 to 9. Visitors can take in the tunes at Grant's Tomb, near a festival of African-influenced crafts, food, and clothing. (Riverside Drive at 122nd St. No tickets necessary. Wednesdays through Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ The beat goes on at the Riverside Park Arts Festival, on Aug. 14, from 4 to 7, with the David Amram quintet and Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All-Stars. (Hudson River Boat Basin, at W. 79th St. No tickets necessary. Sundays through Aug. 28.)

Tap Talk—Brenda Bufalino and Gregory Hines will present "Rap About Tap," a conversation about tap dancing. (Woodpeckers Tap Dance Center, 170 Mercer St. 219-8284. Aug. 13 at 6.)

Walks & Tours—Aug. 13 at noon and 2:30: Governors Island is on the docket for Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 1: Greenwich Village is on the agenda of Radical Walking Tours. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069.

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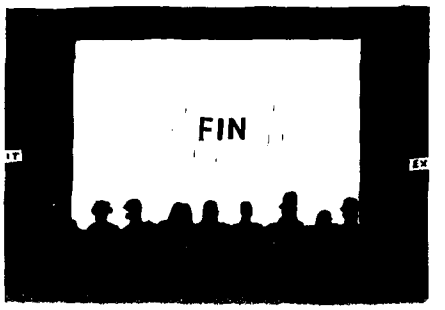


THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "White" (directed by Krzysztof Kieślowski; in Polish and French).
Theatre 2: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche).
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).
Theatre 4: "Barcelona" (†).
Theatre 5: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).
Theatre 6: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (Ang Lee, in Mandarin).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Zombie and the Ghost Train" (Mika Kaurismaki; in Finnish); and "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 3: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 11: "It Could Happen to You" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Next Karate Kid" (Christopher Cain).
Theatre 6: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliot).
Theatre 7: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 11: "Dialogues with Madwomen" (Allie Light and Irving Saraf).
From Aug. 12: A program of films from Hong Kong.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 3: "Foreign Student" (†); and "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 11: "The Mask" (†). From Aug. 12: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).
Theatre 5: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 6: "Lassie" (†); and "Little Buddha" (Bernardo Bertolucci), with Keanu Reeves.
Theatre 7: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 11: "The Mask" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Next Karate Kid" (Christopher Cain).
Theatre 6: "The Client" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).

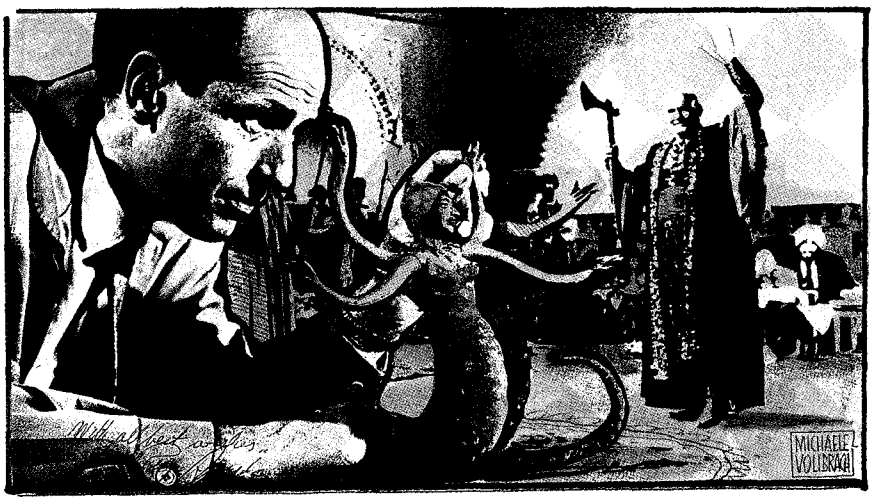
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: "True Lies" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barcelona" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Lassie" (†). From Aug. 12: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"True Lies" (†).



A series of films featuring special effects by Ray Harryhausen, at Film Forum 2.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 2: "North" (Rob Reiner).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "I Love Trouble" (Charles Shyer). From Aug. 12: "Corrina, Corrina" (Jessie Nelson).
Theatre 2: "The Wedding Gift" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 11: "Speed" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Next Karate Kid" (Christopher Cain).
Theatre 5: "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins).
Theatre 6: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson) and "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Wolf" (Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Ciao, Professore!" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Mask" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Clear and Present Danger" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "True Lies" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 3: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).
Theatre 4: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 11: "Speed" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Next Karate Kid" (Christopher Cain).
Theatre 6: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear). From Aug. 12: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).
Theatre 2: "The Lion King" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Olympic Summer" (directed by Gordian Maugg, in German).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "20 Million Miles to Earth" (1957, Nathan Juran) and "It Came from Beneath the Sea" (1955, Robert Gordon). . . . Aug. 12-14: "Mysterious Island" (1961, Cy Endfield) and "Jason and the Argonauts" (†). . . . Aug. 15: "The Unholy Three" (1925, Tod Browning; silent), with Lon Chaney; and "The Devil Doll" (†). . . . Aug. 16: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad" (1974, Gordon Hessler) and "Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger" (1977, Sam Wanamaker).
Theatre 3: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy).
Theatre 2: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao, Professore!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Latcho Drom" (Tony Gatlif, in Romany).
Theatre 3: "Just Like a Woman" (Christopher Monger) and "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 4: The Best of the International Tournee of Animation.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 6: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 7: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).
Theatre 8: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "North" (Rob Reiner) and "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy).
Theatre 2: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson).
Theatre 3: "Lassie" (†); and "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Forrest Gump" (†).

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Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.
Theatre 2: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (François Girard).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Serial Mom" (John Waters).
Theatre 5: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).
Theatre 6: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"True Lies" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Foreign Student" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Barcelona" (†).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Bhaji on the Beach" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
Aug. 10: "Widows' Peak" (John Irvin).
Aug. 11: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 12: "À la Mode" (Rémy Duchemin, in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Little Buddha" (Bernardo Bertolucci).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson) and "Lassie" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (Ang Lee, in Mandarin).
Theatre 2: "White" (Krzysztof Kieślowski; in Polish and French).
Theatre 3: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliot).
Theatre 4: "Eat Drink Man Woman."
Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"True Lies" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 5: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Client" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "North" (Rob Reiner) and "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins). From Aug. 12: "The Next Karate Kid" (Christopher Cain).
Theatre 2: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 3: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 11: "Black Beauty" (directed by Caroline Thompson) and "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins). From Aug. 12: "The Next Karate Kid" (Christopher Cain).
Theatre 7: "The Mask" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Lion King" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Lassie" (†) and "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "North" (Rob Reiner). From Aug. 12: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Clear and Present Danger" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 2: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from M-G-M studios. Aug. 11 at 2:30: "Fame" (1980, directed by Alan Parker).... Aug. 11 at 6: "Fury" (1936, Fritz Lang).... Aug. 11 at 8 and Aug. 12 at 2:30: "Act of Violence" (1949, Fred Zinnemann).... Aug. 12 at 6 and Aug. 14 at 3: "Eyes in the Night" (1942, Zinnemann).... Aug. 12 at 8 and Aug. 14 at 1: "The Seventh Cross" (1944, Zinnemann).... Aug. 13 at noon: "Young Bess" (1953, George Sidney), with Jean Simmons.... Aug. 13 at 2:30: "Bombshell" (1933, Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow.... Aug. 13 at 5 and Aug. 16 at 2:30: "North by Northwest" (1959, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant.... Aug. 14 at 5 and Aug. 15 at 2:30: "Thelma & Louise" (Ridley Scott).... Aug. 15 at 6: "Daybreak" (1931, Jacques Feyder) and "The Sea Bat" (1930, Wesley Ruggles).... Aug. 16 at 6: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955, Charles Vidor), with Doris Day and James Cagney.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A series of French films. Aug. 10 at 4 and 7:50: "Les Bonnes Femmes" (†).... Aug. 10 at 6 and 10: "Le Beau Mariage" (1982, Eric Rohmer).... Aug. 11 at 4 and 7:40: "La Pirate" (1984, Jacques Doillon).... Aug. 11 at 6 and 9:40: "Noir et Blanc" (1986, Claire Devers).... ¶ Aug. 12 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:45; Aug. 13-14 at 4, 6, 8, and 9:45; and Aug. 15-16 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:45: "The Last Klezmer" (1994, Yale Strom), a documentary.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Howard Hawks. Aug. 13 at 2: "Man's Favorite Sport?" (1964).... Aug. 13 at 4:30: "Come and Get It" (†).... Aug. 14 at 2: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938).... Aug. 14 at 4: "Monkey Business" (1952).

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays, starting at dusk, free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons and coming attractions. The feature film on Aug. 15 will be "It Happened One Night" (†). (Rain date will be the following night.)

Film al Fresco, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out of doors, with food and live music beginning at 6 and the main feature starting at about 9. On Aug. 14, the feature will be Sergio Leone's "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1966), with Clint Eastwood.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Siméon" (1992, Euzhan Palcy; in French).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films. On Aug. 14 at 7, Curtis Harrington's "What's the Matter with Helen?" (1971), with Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 10 at 6:30: "Paris Is Burning" (1991, Jennie Livingston).... ¶ Aug. 11 at 6:30: "Touki Bouki" (1973, Djibril Diop Mambety) and "Brightness" (1987, Souleymane Cissé).... ¶ Aug. 12 at 6:30: "Blacks Britannica" (1978, David Koff) and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1983, Ivan Dixon).... ¶ Aug. 13 at 1 and 4: "Black Wallstreet: A Holocaust in America!" (1994, Ron Wallace).... ¶ Aug. 13 at 7: "The Second Coming" (1993, Blair Underwood) and "Dr. Jeffries' Albany Lecture" (1991, Clemson Brown).... ¶ Aug. 14 at 6: "Bush Mama" (1976, Haile Gerima) and "Ashes and Embers" (1983, Gerima).... ¶ Aug. 15 at 6:30: "They Came Before Columbus" (1989, Brown) and "Black Athena" (1992).... ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:30: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles) and "The Final Comedown" (1972, D'Urille Martin).

LAST WEEKS

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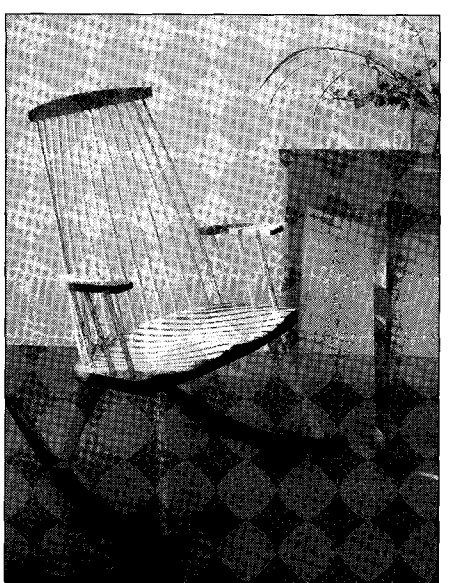

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert—An Australian road movie about a transsexual and two drag queens on a cross-country bus trip through the outback. With Terence Stamp, Hugo Weaving, and Guy Pearce. Written and directed by Stephan Elliott. Opening August 10.

À la Mode—A comedy, set in the mid-sixties, about a teen-age orphan (Ken Higelin) and the Jewish tailor (Jean Yanne) who teaches him to make magic with his scissors. Directed by Rémy Duchemin, who wrote the screenplay with Richard Morgiève, based on Morgiève's novel. In French. Opening August 12.

Corrina, Corrina—Whoopi Goldberg stars as a spirited housekeeper who livens up the home of a recent widower (Ray Liotta) and his young daughter (Tina Majorino). With Don Ameche, Joan Cusack, and Larry Miller. Jessie Nelson wrote and directed the semi-autobiographical story, which takes place in the fifties. Opening August 12.

In the Army Now—Pauly Shore joins the Army Reserves for its regular pay and good medical benefits, and then, much to his surprise, gets sent into combat. With Lori Petty and Esai Morales. Written by Ken Kauffman, Stu Kreiger, Fax Bahr, Adam Small, and Daniel Petrie, Jr., who also directed. Opening August 12.

The Next Karate Kid—This time around, the teen-age disciple is a girl (Hilary Swank), the granddaughter of one of Miyagi's (Noriyuki Pat Morita) war buddies. Directed by Christopher Cain, from a script by Mark Lee. Opening August 12.

Zombie and the Ghost Train—An ex-rock musician's various misadventures on the seamy side of Helsinki. With Silu Seppälä, Marjo Leinonen, and Matti Pellonpää. Directed by Mika Kaurismaki and written by Kaurismaki, Pauli Pentti, and Sakke Järvenpää. In Finnish. Opening August 10.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Barcelona—With Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman, directed by Whit Stillman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Bhaji on the Beach—This tangy British feminist comedy-drama portrays a diverse group of Indian women from Birmingham day-tripping to the working-class beach resort of Blackpool. It's humorous and prickly when charting generational and cultural rifts, erratic and heavy-handed at depicting the younger women's angry men. The director, Gurinder Chadha, has a palpable affection for her performers that overcomes her stop-and-go pacing: you grow fond of the most hidebound traditionalist, Pushpa (Zohra Segal), and still understand why the forward-looking Hashida (Sarita Khajuria) would toss a drink at her. Meera Syal wrote the script, from a story she and Chadha cooked up together.—M.S. (Angelika 57.)

The Boys of St. Vincent—From the outside, St. Vincent—an orphanage, run by a Roman Catholic religious order, in St. John's, Newfoundland—is Boys Town; on the inside, it's a Dickensian hell, in which trapped boys burn for their elders' sins. The head Brother, Peter Lavin (Henry Czerny), is a monster, constantly forcing his sexual attentions on ten-year-old Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina), and he's not the only abuser on the staff. John N. Smith's movie—a two-part film, made for Canadian television—is muckraking social drama that transforms itself, in the course of its three hours, into something far more disturbing than a straightforward exposé. Part I, set in 1975, is nearly as haunting an evocation of children's helplessness as "The Night of the Hunter." Part II, set fifteen years later, is about the helplessness of adults, and is even finer. Screenplay by Smith, Des Walsh, and Sam Grana.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/6/94.) (Film Forum.)

Ciao, Professore!—It's a baggy-pants comedy version of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," with Paolo Villaggio as an idealistic third-grade teacher from Northern Italy mistakenly assigned to the squalid Neapolitan village of Corzano. The conflicts he faces—such as how violent and vulgar he must become to connect with streetwise eight-year-olds—are played for guffaws as well as poignancy. Smacking one tough kid anguishes Villaggio, but the director, Lina Wertmüller, thinks it makes him more of a man; she replaces the usual schoolhouse sanctimony with her salt-of-the-earth smugness. As in most inspirational teacher tracts, the breakthroughs come when the students evaluate their lives, not when they learn a discipline. The movie is more likable than the run of Wertmüller films, but it's punch-drunk. Many of the boys and girls are so unvaryingly "lively" you wish Villaggio would try to solve their problems by administering Ritalin. In Italian.—M.S. (68th St. Playhouse, and Quad Cinema.)

Clear and Present Danger—With Harrison Ford, directed by Phillip Noyce. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

The Client—Joel Schumacher's thriller, based on a John Grisham best-seller, has a familiar chase-picture plot: innocent citizen stumbles on some incriminating information about the Mob, and runs like hell. The reluctant witness here is an eleven-year-old Memphis boy, Mark Sway (Brad Renfro), whose lawyer, Reggie Love (Susan Sarandon), acts as a sort of surrogate mother. Her legal duel with the steely prosecutor Roy Foltrigg (Tommy Lee Jones), who wants Mark to testify, plays like a desperate, drawn-out custody battle. Sarandon and Renfro work so beautifully together that Jones—who's superb—doesn't steal the movie. This is safe-as-houses entertainment, directed with no particular finesse, but it's refreshingly straightforward and unpretentious. It's the first Grisham-based thriller that actually lowers itself to provide a thrill or two. Also with Mary-Louise Parker, Anthony LaPaglia, and J. T. Walsh. Screenplay by Akiva Goldsman and Robert Getchell.—T.R. (8/1/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Foreign Student—Set in 1956, this anorexically thin soap opera about a Frenchman's freshman interlude at a college in the Shenandoah Valley overrelies on period tunes (such as "Sh-Boom"), a gooey theme song ("You Turn My World Around"), and Byron's poetry for its smidgen of weight and texture. The semi-sensitive white European (Marco Hofschneider) and a cultured black outsider (Robin Givens) fall in love yet can't overcome the ensuing misunderstandings and missed opportunities. You expect to get more out of the characters, including Rick Johnson's sadness-tinged quarterback and Edward Herrmann's wry, ex-O.S.S. academic; it's a relief to hear the narrator confess that he wishes he'd got more out of them, too. Menno Meyjes adapted Philippe Labro's autobiographical book; Eva Sereny directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Festival.)

Forrest Gump—Warm, wise, and wearisome as hell. Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. The director, Robert Zemeckis, is no slouch, as he proved in the "Back to the Future" trilogy, where he invented his own brand of smart, critical nostalgia. Here, however, the whole film is tuned up to Gump's pitch of gentle sweetness. The visual effects are neat enough, with Hanks showing up in old footage of Kennedy and L.B.J., but the movie just keeps on jogging, like its harmless hero, in no particular direction. With Sally Field as the hero's loving mother.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

It Could Happen to You—The main characters in Andrew Bergman's sweet-spirited romantic farce are a cop named Charlie (Nicolas Cage) and a diner waitress named Yvonne (Bridget Fonda)—a pair of generous, honest, kindhearted working-class lovers who might have seemed too good to be true even in one of Frank Capra's sunny populist comedies. Bergman treats their impossible virtuousness as a species of screwball-comedy idiosyncrasy, and makes us believe in them. Cage gazes at Fonda with his characteristic look of stricken canine ardor, Fonda flashes back one of her radiantly loopy grins, and we smile at both the rightness and the weirdness of their union. Rosie Perez, as Charlie's beady-eyed, greedy wife, gets most of the big laughs, but it's the relationship between the cop and the waitress that gives the picture its distinctive comic spirit. The joy that Charlie and Yvonne take in doing good has the erotic quality of a shared secret, a ticklish pleasure that only they know about. Also with Seymour Cassel, Wendell Pierce, Stanley Tucci, and Isaac Hayes. Screenplay by Jane Anderson.—T.R. (8/1/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Lassie—The creator of "Saturday Night Live," Lorne Michaels, produces a hollow, post-yuppie update: this time a father and stepmother (Jon Tenney and Helen Slater) move their recalcitrant son (Thomas Guiry) and obliging little daughter (Brittany Boyd) from Baltimore to the Shenandoah Valley and pick up the heroic collie en route. Everything in the movie smacks of trend-surfing, from its escape-the-city setup to the self-referential touch of the girl's watching "Lassie" on TV, to the musical shift from rock to country. The new Lassie (again, played by a laddie) brings a burry edge—a Peter Falkish shrewdness—to the derring-do, as if acknowledging the humor of enacting an all-seeing, all-knowing canine. Daniel Petrie directed the shopworn script by Matthew Jacobs, Gary Ross, and Elizabeth Anderson. With Frederic Forrest as the bad guy and Richard Farnsworth as the grandpa.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, Columbus Circle, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Aug. 11.)

The Lion King—Disney's new animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Among the celebrity voices on the soundtrack, two performances stand out: Jeremy Irons, as the

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villainous lion Scar, does an elegant, funny George Sanders impersonation, and Nathan Lane, reading the part of a peppy, skeptical meerkat, gives the picture a welcome shot of Warners-style brashness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

THE MASK—Genial goonery. Jim Carrey stars as a sweet loser who gets an id tune-up when he puts on a super-powered Norse mask and becomes a zoot-suited jolly green giant. Since Carrey looks as if he were made of Play-Doh anyway, the computer animation that allows him to bounce and gyrate appears to spring from his own pliable core. The funniest moment comes when Carrey mimes the effects of the Mask *without* special effects. The gangland plot is flimsy (bad guy Peter Greene wears too much eyeliner), and the jokes are erratic, but it's a far better showcase for Carrey's comic-from-Uranus talent than "Ace Ventura"—especially when he jitterbugs and rumbas. Cameron Diaz is just peachy as the good bad girl; so are Amy Yasbeck as the bad good girl and Max as Milo the plucky terrier. Charles Russell directed Mike Werb's script.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Tower East, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

RED ROCK WEST—This clever thriller about a good-hearted loner (Nicolas Cage) who trips and falls into a murder plot ranks tops among low-budget neo-noirs. Taut and deadpan witty, it makes spooky use of the setting—a small, windblown Western town—and its surprises actually add up: for once, an angular narrative serves to sharpen the characters. Dennis Hopper and J. T. Walsh do their freshest, snappiest work in years, and Lara Flynn Boyle is a tense, ambiguous love object. Cage's shaggy hangdog charm and core of intelligence and rectitude keep the audience rooting for the hero after several dumb moves. John Dahl's direction, like the script he wrote with his brother Rick, is sure and economical. Dwight Yoakam contributes a piquant cameo as a tough, helpful truck driver.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

SPEED—Trouble on the Los Angeles freeway. Evil mastermind Dennis Hopper (who else?) is a disgruntled psycho who wires a bomb to the bottom of a city bus. Enter Keanu Reeves as a young cop who is one step behind Hopper, but catching up fast. The director is Jan De Bont, who used to be a cameraman; this is his first feature, and he sees the plot through in a surge of bright images. The result is clean, delirious, and, yes, speedy—the best big-vehicle-in-peril movie since Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear." You leave the theatre exhausted, and blissed out. With Sandra Bullock, who gives a gutsy performance as a passenger who finds herself behind the wheel of the bus.—A.L. (6/13/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Orpheum VII; through Aug. 11.)

TRUE LIES—James Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger join forces for their first outing since "Terminator 2," and it's a bumpy ride. The tale begins and ends in a flurry of joke violence; Cameron has decided to spoof what he used to take seriously, and the result, though bright and deafening, feels oddly slack—he loosens the screws, and our interest drops away. Schwarzenegger plays along with this, stumbling into James Bond territory as a suave international spy named Harry Tasker; it's a stiff and rather sad sight. The middle chunk of the film defies belief—not with special effects, unfortunately, but with humdrum misogyny. Harry suspects his wife (Jamie Lee Curtis) of adultery, kidnaps her, and subjects her to a series of humiliations, apparently in an effort to win back her love. Yeah, right. This section has no logical link with the rest of the picture; the two plots are just banged together as a kind of vague discourse on secrecy. Tom Arnold saves the show as Harry's sidekick; Charlton Heston pretty well wrecks it again by turning up with an eyepatch.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Sixplex, 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

Opening August 10, Guy Pearce, Terence Stamp, and Hugo Weaving in "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert."

THE WEDDING GIFT—One positive and one negative factor separate this fact-based British film from typical disease-of-the-week movies: the exhilarating teamwork of Julie Walters and Jim Broadbent, who convey the spiritual kinship and shared humor that sustain a middle-class marriage stressed by the wife's paralyzing illness; and the drama-denying nature of the script, which robs the film of drive or momentum by focussing on her life after doctors have virtually given up trying to identify or cure her ailment. The depictions of medical condescension and incomprehension are spot-on but go nowhere, and the subplot about the husband's attachment to a blind female novelist is sketchy. Richard Loncraine directed Jack Rosenthal's script.—M.S. (Cinema II.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

LES BONNES FEMMES (1960)—This early episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry, yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 10.)

COME AND GET IT (1936)—Frances Farmer triumphs in the dual role at the center of this de-luxe Samuel Goldwyn production (based on Edna Ferber's timber saga). As an earthy saloon singer who falls for Edward Arnold when he's the head of a lumber camp, she's an American Dietrich, with a moaning, growling voice and a low-slung posture. The ambitious Arnold abandons Farmer to wed his boss's daughter; his Swedish sidekick (Walter Brennan) marries Farmer and never strays from their Wisconsin timber town. When Arnold visits Brennan twenty-three years later, he's smitten by Farmer again—only now she's playing his true love's daughter, the image of her dead mother. As the ingénue, Farmer is a bit of a tease. She imbues both characters with alloys of brass and innocence. The dependable Joel McCrea shows up as Arnold's son and swiftly establishes a comic-dramatic Oedipal competition for Farmer's hand. Brennan won an Oscar for his exuberant overplaying, but Farmer and McCrea do the acting in this movie. Directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 13.)

THE DEVIL DOLL (1936)—Creepy. Some bits are fairly certain to return in nightmares. Lionel Barrymore, a fugitive convict masquerading as an old lady, sells dolls to his enemies. The dolls are miniaturized people (Grace Ford and Arthur Hohl) who steal and kill. Tod Browning directed this adaptation of Abraham Merritt's novel "Burn, Witch, Burn!" With Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, Rafaela Ottiano, and Henry B. Walthall.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 15.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. (It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety.) Frank Capra directed.—P.K. (Bryant Park; Aug. 15.)

JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS (1963)—A percussive Bernard Herrmann score and Ray Harryhausen's most stunning and imaginative special effects overcome the waterlogged acting and strained Olympian wit. The director, Don Chaffey, and the screenwriters, Jan Read and Beverley Cross, cut between Earth and Olympus, as Jason (Todd Armstrong) seeks out the Golden Fleece, and Zeus and Hera (Niall MacGinnis and Honor Blackman) play chess with the Argonauts' fates. Forget the fancy prattle about destiny, and experience the film simply as a series of enthralling supernatural adventures. Harryhausen's Harpies are a cross between gargoyles and pterodactyls. His man of bronze is a giant with an Achilles' *ankle*—twist off a cap where his leg meets his foot, and his fuel, or life force, spills out. Harryhausen doesn't duplicate his effects or peak too early. The film ends with a double-barrelled bang: Jason duels the seven-headed Hydra, then battles the spawn of the Hydra's teeth—armed skeletons who march and fight with spooky precision.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 12-14.)

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THE NEW YORKER

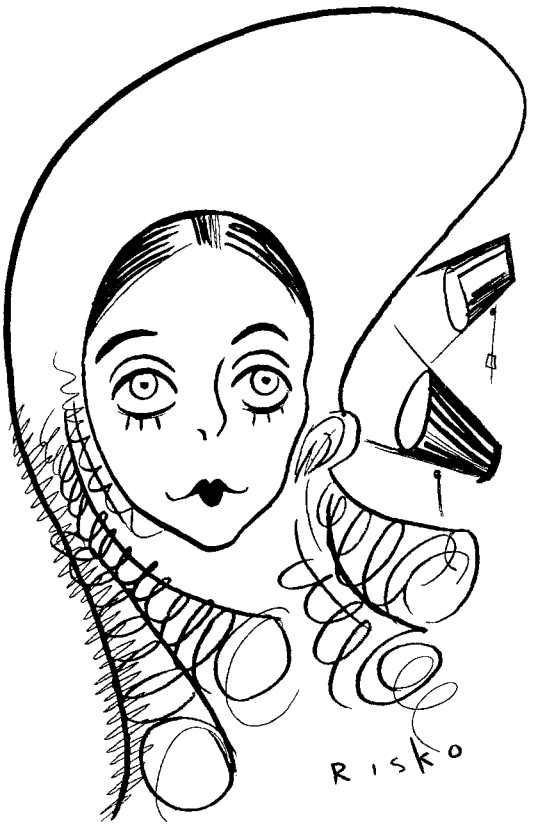
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

LILLIAN GISH'S LARGESSE

THERE are people who contrive to perform the only uncharacteristic act of their lives after they are dead. The actress Lillian Gish was such a person. She died here last year, at the age of ninety-nine, having devoted a lifetime to hard work and to remaining an unobtrusive presence in our midst: a small, trim woman, pale-skinned, with big eyes and a wistful smile. In her old-fashioned way, she saw no reason for calling attention to herself, but now the imminent disposition of a portion of her large estate is bound to make a noise in the world—what she would probably have called a fuss and would have deplored as quite unsuitable. By the terms of her will, the income from some five or six million dollars—a sum that will be in excess of two hundred thousand dollars a year—is to be established as a prize bearing her name and that of her sister Dorothy, who was also an actress, and who died in 1968. The prize is to be awarded annually to an individual who will be chosen by a committee appointed for the purpose, and is among the richest of its kind.

Miss Gish evidently had strong convictions about the criteria for awarding it and for the means by which it was to be administered. With the help of her attorney, Nathan Hale, who was also a longtime friend, Miss Gish drew up a will that is almost twenty pages long and is notable for the clarity with which it expresses her intentions (one can imagine her tidily dotting every "i" and crossing every "t"). The section of the will dealing with the establishment of the prize is worth quoting at length:

> I have devoted my entire career to the performing arts. As an actress in films and on the stage and as a writer and lecturer on the subject of films, it has been my desire to contribute, through the performing arts, to the beauty of the world and to mankind's enjoyment and understanding of life.
>
> In order to carry out my purposes I direct my Trustees to hold my residuary estate in trust and pay the net income therefrom, for each taxable year of the trust in one sum to the person chosen by the Prize Committee, which shall be established as hereinafter provided, to be the recipient of "THE DOROTHY AND LILLIAN GISH PRIZE."
>
> It is my desire that the prize be awarded to a man or woman who has made an outstanding contribution to the beauty of the world and to mankind's enjoyment and understanding of life through performances on the stage or in films or in any other area of the performing arts, by writing or composing a book, libretto, score, composition or other artistic work to be used in the performing arts, by directing performances, plays or films, by conducting orchestras or recitals or who has designed a stage set, theater, concert hall, opera house or other artistic or architectural creation for use in the performing arts or through other fields of art such as architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry and literature. The recipient should by excelling in his or her field have served as a model and encouragement to all others who would follow in his or her path. It is my desire, by establishing this prize, to give the recipients of the prize the recognition they deserve, to bring attention to their contributions to society and to encourage others to follow in their path.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RISKO

The will goes on to say that the trustees of the estate are to appoint five people who will be the initial members of the prize committee. In a conversation with Mr. Hale, we learned that the trustees have chosen as members of this initial committee Arthur Penn, John Williams, Carol Burnett, Roddy McDowall, and Hugh Hardy—respectively, a stage and film director, a composer, an actress, an actor, and an architect—with Mr. Penn serving as chairman. Of the five, only Mr. Penn and Mr. McDowall happen to have known Miss Gish. The committee will be meeting next week somewhere in the Massachusetts countryside to pick the first prize-winner, who will receive the award at a ceremony to be held here in the fall.

Mr. Hale, a handsome, gray-haired man in his early sixties, is a great-great-great-grandnephew of the

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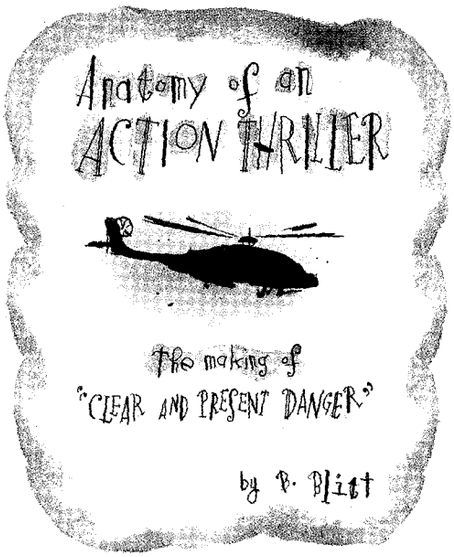
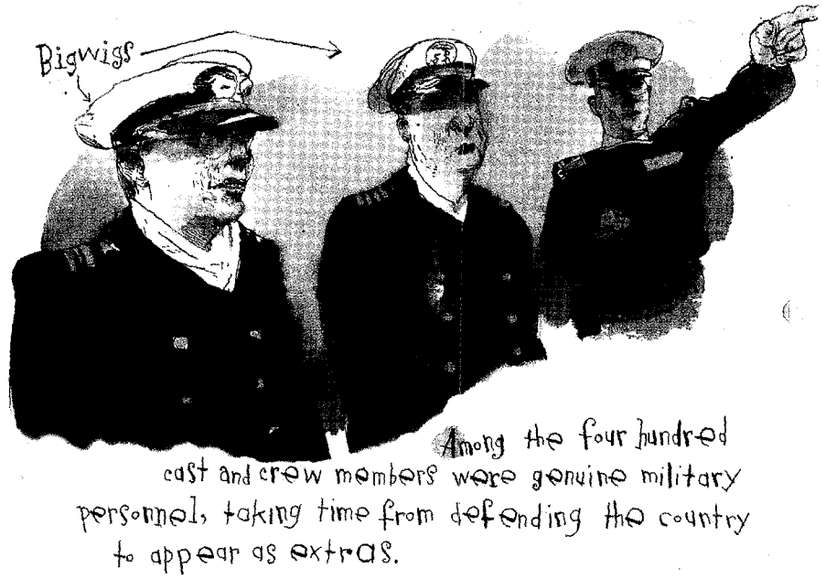


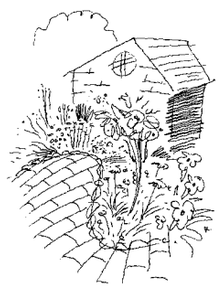

Bigwigs
Among the four hundred cast and crew members were genuine military personnel, taking time from defending the country to appear as extras.

Revolutionary War patriot Nathan Hale, and a great-grandson of Edward Everett Hale, the author of "The Man Without a Country." Mr. Hale said of Miss Gish that she had always been an excellent businesswoman, and that, even in recent years, when she was asked to give a talk about her early moviemaking days she would make sure to strike a favorable bargain when it came to setting her fee. She began her professional career at the age of five, billed as "Baby Lillian," and her last stage role here was in "A Musical Jubilee," in 1975. The two most important men in her life were the director D. W. Griffith, for whom she starred in his classic early movies "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms," and "Way Down East," and the theatre critic George Jean Nathan, who proposed marriage to her many times over the years, but whom she always refused—on the ground, so she told him, that she would spoil his life. Mr. Hale explained, with a gentle shake of his head, "It was the mother who mattered most, then Dorothy. And it was just like Lillian to have put Dorothy first in giving the prize its name."

NINETIES FLOWER POWER

THERE are some who imagine that if only they had a weekend plot where they could plunge their hands up to the wrists in the age-old earth they might free themselves, however briefly, from the relentless New York search for the newest, the smartest, the chicest, the best. These are people who know nothing about gardening.

What, in their cornflower T-shirts and honeysuckle Bermudas, are the knowledgeable trowelling this summer? The buzzword from Litchfield to Montauk is "native plants." The thinking is: If a plant



wasn't found in your neighborhood back in the days when people limited themselves to hunting and gathering, don't grow it. And so native plants like bloodroot and baptisia are now in fashion. At the same time, paradoxically, exotic plants—Japanese tree peonies with names like Hana Kisoi and Taiyo—are also all the rage. "Xeriscaping," which means favoring plants that don't need much watering, is another mantra, yet water gardens are equally of the moment. Muted pastels are de rigueur, but Dorothy Kalins, the editor of the new magazine *Garden Design*, confides that *Crocosmia* Lucifer, a long-leaved three-footer with floral sprays of fire-engine red, is this summer's "big hit."

It's enough to send you straight to the hammock.

How can homely native plants like yarrow and columbine be trendy? "The whole notion of 'ecological chic' is a complete oxymoron," Roger Swain, the host of "The Victory Garden" television show, says (although, as phrases go, "ecological chic" is no more oxymoronic than, say, "grunge fashion" or "rap music").

The trick is to find something that is old-fashioned and make it new, something that seems indigenous yet won't be found down the road. Take sunflowers. You can't escape them this summer, but Katherine Whiteside, a gardening writer who lives in the Hudson Valley, has planted a thirty-five-foot-square plot with twenty-three varieties of sunflowers, more than a thousand plants in all. You thought you'd seen sunflowers? She has taken something ubiquitous and made it unique.

At the White Flower Farm mail-order nursery, in Litchfield, Vice-President of Horticulture Steve Frowine reports that one of the fastest-selling plants of the summer is the double-flowered trillium. Here's a plant that has it all. The trillium is a modestly elegant white-flowered perennial that is indigenous to Eastern American woodlands. The double-flowered form is a rare, naturally occurring sport. So a double-flowered trillium is native but exotic, old-fashioned but new. At twenty-nine ninety-five a plant, it sold out in three weeks.

But keep your ear to the ground. Doing field research at the Chelsea Flower Show in London this spring, Dorothy Kalins detected surprising interest in bright-yellow and orange flowers ("the kiss of death," according to Mr. Frowine,

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After that, they descended on Harrison Ford...
Director Phillip Noyce, dressed for the extreme weather, resembled a medieval knight.
As shooting wrapped up, I came upon the producer, Mace Neufeld, who fairly growled at me when I asked if he had an active role on the set.
Of course I have an active role! The director will shoot as many angles as possible!
Who do you think reins in the extravagance?

at the significantly named White Flower Farm). Up in the Hudson Valley, Katherine Whiteside has planted an orange-and-purple garden ("sunset colors," she says). Is the pastel dictatorship crumbling? Will next summer's smart garden look less like an Agnes Martin and more like an Ellsworth Kelly?

You wouldn't happen to know where we might find a yellow double-flowered trillium, would you?

SEMITE LITERATE

So, this nice Jewish boy, named Michael Shapiro, a composer, lives in Westchester. He decides to write a book. A very nice book, really. Calls it "The Jewish 100: A Ranking of the Most Influential Jews of All Time." The top Jew is Moses. No. 2 is Jesus of Nazareth. Albert Einstein is third, and in the cleanup position is Sigmund Freud. Paul Ehrlich, a pioneer in chemotherapy and the discoverer of a cure for syphilis, ranks way ahead of Jonas Salk, because, the author told us recently, "with Salk you're only talking about one disease." Mr. Shapiro makes Sandy Koufax ninety-eighth, because, he said, "my publisher wanted him in and also because I'm from Brooklyn originally. I wanted to show that Jews don't just think. They can throw a curve, too." And on it goes.

When we received our copy of Mr. Shapiro's book from his publisher, Citadel, we thought that it might be some kind of postmodern trapdoor Jewish literary prank, something on the order of the alternate narratives in Philip Roth's "The Counterlife." The more we ran through the list, the more incredible it seemed: No. 45, Golda Meir; No. 46, the Vilna Gaon; No. 47, Henri Bergson; No. 48, the Baal Shem Tov; No. 49, Felix Mendelssohn; No. 50, Louis B. Mayer.

"But I'm not kidding, it's a serious book," Mr. Shapiro said. "It's a book of opinion and argument. I give short biographies of each and try to justify the order. It's in the tradition of Talmudic argument." Mr. Shapiro also allowed that the idea is in the tradition of commercial ambition. "In the late nineteen-eighties, Michael Hart published 'The One Hundred,' the all-time most influential people. His top three were Muhammad, Newton, and Jesus. Later on, you had 'The Black 100,' by Columbus Salley. They did very nicely, I believe. Tens of thousands of copies."

Mr. Shapiro was delighted with a favorable notice in the trade paper *Library Journal*, but he did admit that there were complaints—"A lot of people say, 'Where's Elie Wiesel?' "—and that at least one Jewish publication, the *Indiana Jewish Post & Opinion*, had expressed dismay with parts of the book. "Not included are Isaac Mayer Wise, Vladimir Jabotinsky and although King David and Moses and the prophets are (not individually but in one listing), why include Judas?" the paper's column "Editor's Chair" demanded. "The author's caveat—that these are 'the most influential Jews,' not the greatest Jews—still does not excuse many of the choices for inclusion and exclusion. Obviously Jesus should have been included, but why Mary etc.?"

We put the question to Mr. Shapiro: Why the Virgin Mary? "She made the church user-friendly," Mr. Shapiro explained. "She made it into a softer place."

Before we ended our conversation, we mentioned that we liked the way his list trailed off, but that we could not quite understand the last entry: No. 97 was Bob Dylan, No. 98 was Sandy Koufax, No. 99 was Bernard Berenson, but No. 100 was Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.

"Yeah, people ask me about that all the time now," Mr. Shapiro said. "Siegel and Shuster. Maybe I'm stretching, but these guys invented Superman! These guys were reading all about the so-called super race in Nazi Germany, and so they invented their own. Superman was the first Jewish superhero."

Funny, Superman doesn't look—

"It's true. His name on Krypton was Kal-El. 'El' means God in Hebrew, or something like that. I'm not too sure. And nice Jewish boys invented the other superheroes, too. Bob Kane did Batman. Stan Lee did Spiderman and The Hulk. Look, what can I say? It's an idiosyncratic book." ♦

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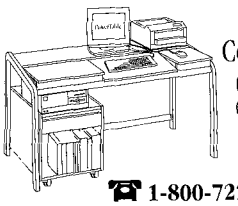

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ANNALS OF JUSTICE

COLOMBIAN GOLD

There are millions of cocaine dollars floating through New York's Little Colombia, and their trail has led the feds to a new way to fight the drug war.

BY FREDRIC DANNEN

JOHN SCACCIA, a New York City police detective with a long ponytail, five earrings, and a gold necklace, who goes by the nickname Scazz, is a veteran of the drug war. In December, 1989, he and another undercover cop met with two cocaine dealers on New Lots Avenue in East New York to make a purchase. Instead, two armed robbers working in league with the coke dealers tried to kill Scazz and his partner and take their money. "Boom, boom, boom! It was like fireworks," Scazz recalls. "When the smoke cleared, there were thirty-five rounds fired by all four of us—me and my partner and these two mutts." The other cop was hit in the leg and permanently disabled, but Scazz escaped harm, and today he continues to fight in the drug war, but on a different front—one that is less dangerous and may be a good deal more effective.

On a recent Friday afternoon, Scazz, acting on a tip, drove his unmarked car around a peaceful neighborhood in Queens, tailing a husband and wife in an old Toyota. As the couple, who were both in their fifties, pulled up to their apartment house, Scazz jumped out of his car, approached them, and asked for identification, on the pretext that the Toyota had a broken tail-light and a cracked mirror. The woman, visibly nervous, opened a leather satchel to fish for her purse. Inside the satchel, in neat stacks of twenties, fifties, and hundreds bound with rubber bands, was close to a hundred thousand dollars.

"Oh, now we got a problem," Scazz said.

The cash belonged to drug traffickers in the city of Cali, Colombia, and the husband and wife were "smurfs," a type of drug-money launderer in prolific use by the Cali cartel. The suspects fitted the classic profile—a married Colombian couple, nicely dressed, inconspicuous. A husband-and-wife smurfing team will travel from bank to bank, posing as strangers, each depositing some of the cartel's money under a false name, or converting it into cashier's checks, always in sums under ten thousand dollars. By federal law, any cash transaction of more than ten thousand dollars must be reported to the Internal Revenue Service on a form called a currency-transaction report, or C.T.R., which contains personal information about the customer. The husband and wife Scazz was now confronting were older than most of the smurfs he had encountered. The husband explained that the money was his life savings, and that he kept it at the office during the week and took it home on weekends. Scazz had to smile—that was original. Soon, several other unmarked cars pulled up, and the couple were quietly surrounded by police officers and agents of the United States Customs Service. The cash was confiscated, and Scazz wrote the couple a receipt. If they could prove that the money was legitimately theirs, they could have it back. They were never heard from again; the money went into the United States Treasury's forfeiture fund.

Detective Scaccia is assigned to a Treasury Department task force called El Dorado, which was established in June, 1992, and named after the legendary South American city of gold. El Dorado targets money only—an approach to combatting the drug problem that has received very little attention. The public tends to see the goal of the drug war as preventing traffickers from crossing our borders with their narcotics, but in fact that is only half the story. The drug cartels have an unusual problem—they simply make too much money—and it takes as much ingenuity to get their extraordinary cash profits out of the United States as it does to get their contraband in. No enterprise understands this problem more profoundly, or rises to the challenge more expertly, than the Cali cartel, which, according to Drug

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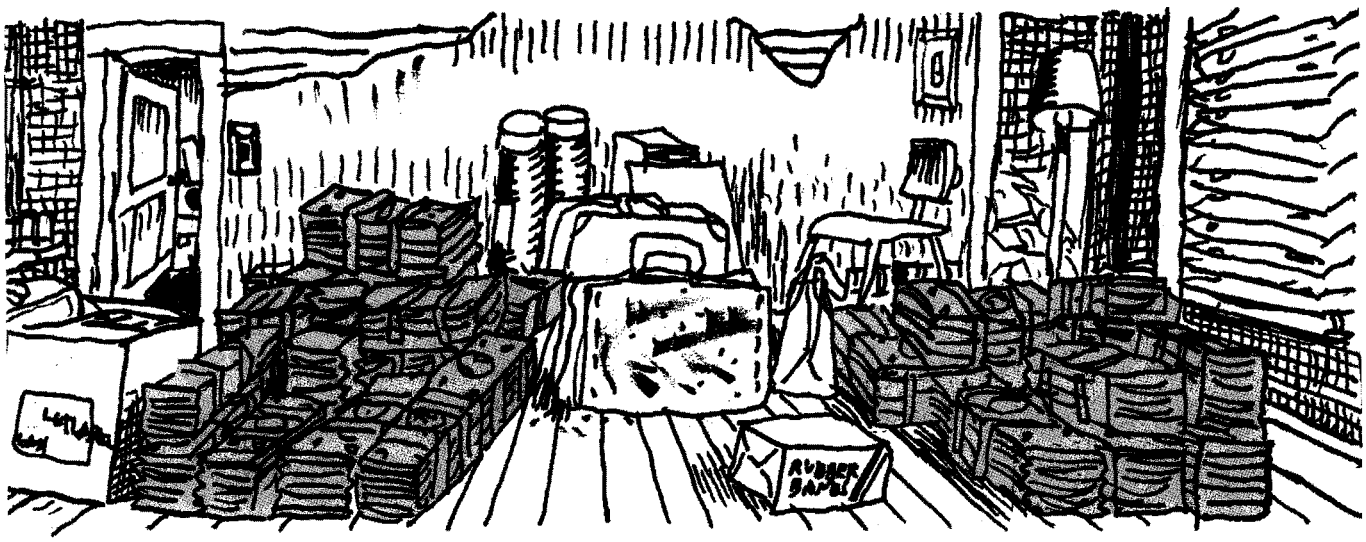
Enforcement Administration estimates, grosses twenty-five billion dollars a year, and so qualifies as the richest criminal conspiracy in the world. The Cali has lately overtaken its principal Colombian rival, the Medellín cartel; it was helped when the Medellín boss Pablo Escobar was shot and killed by the Colombian authorities, in December, 1993. The Caleños produce perhaps eighty per cent of the world's cocaine, and are now said to be the No. 3 supplier of heroin, lagging behind only the Southeast Asian traffickers. The United States is by far the Cali's largest export market.

Though the Cali cartel has a reputation for being less violent than the Medellín, it is alleged that José Santacruz Londoño, who is reputedly one of its leaders, ordered the murder, in 1992, of Manuel de Dios Unanue, a former editor of *El Diario*, New York's largest Spanish-language newspaper, after de Dios made it known that he was about to publish a book exposing top members of the cartel. And there is not much doubt that Cali operatives in the United States, who number in the hundreds, fear the bosses in Colombia. When such operatives are arrested and offered a chance to coöperate with the government, many refuse, because, they say, their family members in Colombia will be killed.

The Cali is run in some respects like a multinational corporation and in other respects like an espionage ring. Its United States operatives work in small, self-contained enterprises that are called cells. The drug cells handle the drugs, the money cells handle the money, and the two enterprises are kept entirely separate. Even within a cell, operatives may know one another only by their beeper numbers. (Transfers of cash from a drug cell to a money cell are handled only by the cell leaders.) New York has by far the heaviest concentration of money cells in the United States, and they tend to have their headquarters in the sections of Queens near Shea Stadium that have large Colombian populations, notably Jackson Heights and Corona (which are called Little Colombia), and also Rego Park, Woodside, Elmhurst, and Flushing. A beehive of activity in any money cell is the "stash house," a house or an apartment in which cash is secreted, often in the millions of dollars. A stash house may also be the repository of the cell's ledgers, which reflect the corporate aspect of the cartel. Every dollar of revenue is accounted for—one steals from the cartel at considerable risk—and so is every expenditure, no matter how picayune. One set of records seized by El Dorado contained a ledger item that gave an indication of the enormous sums the cell had handled: two hundred dollars a week spent on rubber bands.

The goal of the money cell is a simple one: to get large amounts of cash into the banking system. Smurfing the cash directly into a United States bank account is only one method, and is by no means the most effective. Since the passage, in 1992, of the Annunzio-Wylie Act, which makes willful blindness on the part of a financial institution a punishable offense, United States banks have tended to report more depositors who appear to be smurfs. (The banks' coöperation in detecting drug-money launderers is "excellent," Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen says.) Smurfs can also take cash to a money transmitter and wire the money out of the country. When it comes to sheer volume, however, the most efficient means of getting cash into the banking system is to smuggle it to Colombia, or to some other country with less stringent banking laws than ours, such as Panama. Once the dollars are deposited in a foreign bank, some of them come back electronically to accounts in the United States. Colombian drug dealers need to maintain large bank balances here to provide working capital for their United States operations—for salaries, rented houses, cars, cellular phones, money-counting machines, lawyers.



GARY PANTER

Currency is smuggled out just the way drugs are smuggled in—in any conveyance that might escape detection. Literally millions of dollars have been stuffed into air compressors, furniture, stereo speakers, Nintendo tapes, truck transmissions, dolls, hollowed-out televisions, containers of dried peas. In 1990, almost fourteen million dollars in Cali drug money was found in a warehouse on Long Island, inside spools of wire cable to be shipped to Bogotá. (Unfortunately, the cell's records showed that this was to have been the two-hundred-and-thirty-fourth shipment of cash-laden spools.) The same year, customs agents searching the perishables warehouse at Kennedy Airport found twenty-six cans that were supposed to contain frozen bull semen but instead held six and a half million dollars in cash. This past May, agents of El Dorado raided a house on Long Island and found a bowling-ball-manufacturing shop in the basement; they sawed one ball in half

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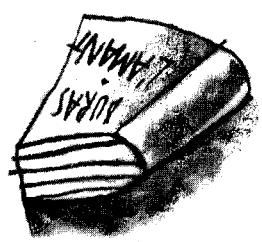
and found that it contained two hundred and ten thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills.

El Dorado is not limited to investigating Colombians—its other targets include Russians and Chinese—but it *is* limited to money cases. "I get upset when we raid a house and find dope instead of money," says Michael P. Fahy, a special agent with Customs, who is a co-director of the task force. El Dorado, which has its headquarters at 6 World Trade Center, is run jointly by two Treasury agencies, Customs and the I.R.S., but is also staffed by people from sixteen additional federal, state, and local agencies. It was born of an agreement between Robert Van Etten and Peter Farrell, the New York enforcement heads of Customs and the I.R.S., respectively, after years of interagency squabbling over who had jurisdiction in Colombian money-laundering cases. Farrell says, "One day, Van Etten and I sat down and said, 'Why argue? Let's join our forces and forget about who gets the stat' "—the statistical accomplishments that agencies get credit for. "Once we did that, it worked. I'm trustful of Van Etten, and I think he is of me." Notably absent from the roster of about two hundred El Dorado employees, however, are any agents of the F.B.I. or the D.E.A. "They were invited to join," Farrell says. "They declined."

In its first two years, El Dorado has seized over sixty million dollars in cash and assets. It has also made about a hundred and twenty arrests; if that figure sounds low, the explanation is that money cases are much harder to make than drug cases. There is no law that says you cannot have five million dollars in your house, or in the trunk of your car. If the government has probable cause to believe that the money is ill-gotten, though, it can be confiscated until you prove that it is legitimate. The deception practiced by smurfs—breaking down large sums into small pieces to avoid having to file a C.T.R.—is called structuring, and is a federal crime, punishable by up to ten years in prison. If it can be proved that a money launderer has knowledge that the source of the money is drugs, he can be convicted and sentenced to twenty years or more, depending on the amount of money involved.



It is impossible to quantify the impact that El Dorado has had. While it obviously hurts the cartels more to have the end product of their business—the money—taken away than to have their cocaine seized, the business remains immensely profitable. Treasury hopes that El Dorado will inflict at least as much psychological damage as economic damage on the cartel leaders. "When the people who handle your money start losing your money, that makes you very insecure," Ronald K. Noble, the Treasury's under-secretary for enforcement, says. "That's what I want. I want them to be insecure, to be nervous, to be paranoid."

On a recent morning, one of El Dorado's four investigative teams—one made up mostly of police detectives and customs agents, and headed by the N.Y.P.D.'s Lieutenant Ronald Rose—congregated in cars near a suspect's apartment house in Queens. The suspect, a middle-aged woman who lives with her husband and their American-born son, will be referred to here as Octavia. She and her husband are naturalized American citizens, and her husband appears to have a legitimate job. Octavia's apartment is a stash house. It is believed that she gets her orders directly from Cali, and therefore must be a high-ranking cell member. From strategically parked cars, the surveillance team has seen people pull into Octavia's driveway both to deliver and to pick up suitcases and boxes and duffelbags. El Dorado has more than enough probable cause for a warrant to search Octavia's apartment, but it is too soon; by following the people who visit her, the task force can gather intelligence about the entire cell. The team suspects that Octavia's operation involves smuggling: some of her worker bees have gone to post offices and exchanged cash for seven-hundred-dollar money orders (the maximum denomination), which are easier to conceal. When other cell members picked up a package from Octavia and handed it off to a third party, the surveillance team followed the third party for a while, then stopped his car and seized the money. That way, Octavia did not know that she was being watched, and the investigation was not compromised.

Though Octavia is constantly busy at her trade, she does find time to make frequent visits to church. "She's a very religious woman, but she's moving drug money," Sergeant Nelson Cortés, of the N.Y.P.D., says, shaking his head in disgust. A lot of money-cell operatives do not seem to grasp the fact that they are criminals, because they don't handle the powder. They are rarely armed, they almost never resist arrest, and they are invariably casual about surrendering their cash to the authorities—the usual refrain is some form of "It's not *my* money, Officer"—though the cash may be in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. In most cases, they will allow El Dorado task-force members to search their homes without a warrant, even when the residence is teeming with easily discovered cash. All they ask for is proof that the money was confiscated. "The guy says, 'It's not my money, but will you please give me a receipt saying that you took it?' " Fahy says. "Because he has that piece of paper, he won't lose his life."

The money launderers are so complacent about searches and seizures that El Dorado agents assume that handling such situations must be part of their training. They are not nearly so coöperative, however, when it comes to getting caught in the first place. "They are the hardest people to tail," Detective Frank Di Gregorio says. The Colombian couriers keep their eyes glued to their rearview mirrors, make unexpected stops in the middle of streets, suddenly accelerate to dangerous speeds, jump several lanes of traffic, and practice a technique known as "washing"—taking an absurdly indirect route from A to B. Sergeant Cortés remembers one pursuit that took him and a surveillance team to Queens, Manhattan, Long Island, and New Jersey, only to end a few blocks from where it had begun. "If they see they're being followed, they'll pull over on the Long Island Expressway and leave the car—just leave it and walk away," Di Gregorio says. A surveillance team tries to counter this evasiveness by using a lot of cars—sometimes as many as twelve, all following the same suspect, and most of them staying far back or travelling on parallel roads. If the car designated as the "eye" gets spotted, it falls back and another takes its place.

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Sometimes even a fleet of cars is not enough, and the team calls for a helicopter.

During a pursuit, task-force members swap information by radio, speaking in insiders' shorthand. Shortly after El Dorado was founded, a Hispanic member of the task force began referring to the Colombians as "huckaleros," a term used for Mexicans in a John Wayne movie, and it stuck. To members of the task force, Colombians are "hucks." "Huck is redballed at Eight Three and Rosey" translates as "The Colombian suspect is stopped at a red light on the corner of Eighty-third Street and Roosevelt Avenue."

Though everyone is discouraged from keeping score, there is a friendly rivalry among the teams to see who can seize the most money. Lieutenant Rose's team set its one-day record on September 23, 1992, when it followed a suspect to his house in Island Park, Long Island, after watching him drop off a box in Queens that contained a hundred thousand dollars. Rose recalls, "We approach the house, and the guy agrees to let us inside. He tells us there's money in the house, and says it's about two million. There's money everywhere—in suitcases in the living room, in closets, in the boiler room. By the time we're done counting it, it's three million two hundred thousand dollars. He was off by over a million."

"The question is, Is static electricity better than no electricity at all?"

• •

Of the money that is seized by El Dorado, some goes directly into the federal government's coffers and helps reduce the deficit, but a certain percentage is allocated to the law-enforcement agencies that participate in El Dorado (and is perhaps one reason there are so many participants). A question that cannot be avoided is whether any money ends up in the pockets of any of the task-force members. Law officers faced with far less temptation have gone bad; for an example, one need look no farther than the Thirtieth Precinct, in Harlem, where this spring a dozen cops were accused of shaking down drug dealers for protection money, stealing money and drugs from dealers, and selling drugs themselves.

El Dorado has a blemish-free record—at least, so far there have been no allegations of impropriety—but there is a strict rule that no one is ever to be left alone with money. In Rose's group, either he or Sergeant Cortés must be on hand for every car stop or home entry. What cannot be known for sure is whether anyone from the group ever makes an unreported seizure on his own time, but Rose says he doubts it. "No question, it's an unbelievable amount of money, and at first you're staggered by it," he says. "You see someone with three hundred thousand in a briefcase just walking down the street, and if he feels heat he'll abandon it. But one thing you learn is that you never know who's watching whom. We run across other agencies all the time. The guy you stop could be an undercover playing a role or somebody's informant. Plus, you would run into the same problems they run into. What do you do with so much money? You can't run out and spend it. Where do you put it?"

Cortés says, "You know what happens? When I first got here, I thought a million dollars was a lot of money, but after a while you don't look at it that way. Let's face it. For me to go bad, it would have to be for over ten billion dollars, because there's so much out there. You look at these guys in the Three Oh"—the Thirtieth Precinct—"and you have to laugh. We deal with millions, and we don't touch a dime of it, and they sell themselves for eight hundred dollars. They're nuts. They got family, they got kids—how can they do that? Now they're going to jail, and I'm glad, because they make all of us look bad. You follow the straight and narrow, you sleep at night. That's the best way."

No place is more familiar to the task force than Roosevelt Avenue, a busy seven-mile-long thoroughfare in Queens that cuts through Woodside, Jackson Heights, and Corona, and makes up in prosperity what it lacks in sunlight. (It runs directly under the El.) Roosevelt Avenue is the Wall Street of the drug trade, with literally hundreds of establishments that constitute a financial-service industry for the money launderers. The sheer number of *casas de cambio*, money transmitters, and travel

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agencies—all of which are used to wire money to South America—borders on the ridiculous. There are enough to serve ten neighborhoods of equal size but without a drug economy. The prosperity has trickled down—"right down to the guy selling ices on the corner," John Kane, a customs agent with El Dorado, says. "There's no recession on Roosevelt Avenue. Everyone is comfortable."

Money transmitters are required to hold licenses from the state banking authority, but there are said to be at least fifty in Jackson Heights that are unlicensed. Transmitters make a handsome living off the cartels, charging a commission of between six and eight per cent to wire money to accounts in South America. (Smurfs, by comparison, earn one or two per cent of the money they handle.) Like banks, money transmitters must file a C.T.R. for any transaction greater than ten thousand dollars, and, also like banks, they are forbidden to turn a blind eye to money launderers, but most of them appear to be lax, and some are considerably worse than lax.

One of the biggest licensed money transmitters in the United States is the Vigo Remittance Corporation, which has its headquarters in midtown Manhattan and has about a hundred and twenty-five branches in the New York City area alone, many of them in Jackson Heights and Corona. Vigo collects and transmits hundreds of millions each year. El Dorado has long suspected Vigo of being among the dirtiest of the transmitters, and last year it mounted a sting operation against the company, using three convicted drug traffickers as undercover money launderers. Wearing concealed microphones, the three visited Vigo managers at branches in Queens, the Bronx, and Westchester, and, according to criminal complaints, caught eight managers not only structuring to avoid filing a C.T.R. but knowingly laundering drug money. At a Vigo branch in Yonkers, for example, one of the three gave the manager, José Carlos Dos Santos, a total of seventy-five thousand dollars to transmit, telling him it was drug money. Dos Santos is alleged to have broken the money down into several small transactions, each bearing a fictitious sender's name, after explaining to the undercover operative that "the government will never catch us . . . because this is called laundering," and adding, "The Colombians send a lot of money with me, and they always have a good system for this." On June 1st of this year, at three o'clock in the afternoon, members of El Dorado arrested Dos Santos and seven other Vigo managers and led them away in handcuffs. The next day, looking stunned, the managers were arraigned before a magistrate in Brooklyn federal court and were informed that they each could face up to twenty years. One of the defendants, Mercedes Carpio, was several months pregnant. All have since pleaded not guilty; the Vigo Remittance Corporation is still under investigation.

ON the morning of June 24, 1994—it's already a hot day—John Kane and a fellow customs agent, Chris Ammirati, are sitting in a car with tinted windows parked across from a fast-food restaurant in Flushing, Queens, waiting. Ammirati and Kane are running an undercover case for El Dorado, and their undercover agent, Tony, is supposed to pick up a vehicle containing a suitcase full of cash this morning from a "bad guy" (the term Ammirati prefers to "huck"). During the past several months, Tony has made a number of pickups from couriers working for a Cali cell, and the cell has not yet caught on, because the money has in fact reached its destination in Colombia. The money has been wire-transferred by none other than the United States government. El Dorado is assisting in a national sting operation being run by Customs, which has set up a bogus money transmitter in Atlanta called M&M International World Wide, and M&M has attracted a group of six Colombian money brokers who are said to work directly for two men identified as top people in the Cali cartel—Miguel Rodríguez Orejuela and Ivan Urdinol a Grajales. Money brokers are a curious variety of profiteer in the drug trade: for a fee, they assist the cells in moving money and guarantee its delivery with their own capital. The brokers may be in considerable trouble if they cannot come up with six hundred grand, because that is how much Tony is supposed to pick up today, and this time Treasury will get to keep it. The sting operation has come to an end.

At precisely eleven o'clock, in accordance with arrangements made by beeper and telephone, the Colombian courier drives up in a blue Nissan. Tony is inside the restaurant; he has been informed that the courier, whom he has never met, will be wearing a white Guess T-shirt. Kane and Ammirati notify six other members of the surveillance team in nearby cars that Bad Guy, which is now the suspect's unofficial name, has arrived on time, and Kane notes the Nissan's license number through a pair of binoculars. Bad Guy gives Tony the keys to the Nissan, and Tony drives it a few blocks—to his car. He opens the trunk of the Nissan, removes a suitcase, and locks it in his own trunk.

Kane calls the undercover on a mobile phone: "Tony, how's it going? Did you search the car, Tony? Parking tickets? Any registration? Did you take a look at the bag? It's very heavy? All right." He hangs up.

Tony returns in the Nissan and reenters the restaurant. Moments later, the suspect emerges alone. "All units, be advised,

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Bad Guy's almost to his car," Kane announces over the radio. "He's backing out now. Looks like he's gonna be coming out onto Northern. Bruce, can you get him? He's redballed. Couldn't you pick him up, Nick? Tommy M., do you have him?"

The surveillance team hopes that Bad Guy has another delivery to make today. If so, he will first have to stop at a stash house to pick up more cash, since the Nissan, according to Tony, is now empty of packages. As the Nissan heads south toward Shea Stadium, Ammirati and Kane are encouraged: for once, the subject of a pursuit seems relaxed and not overly evasive. Soon, Bad Guy stops at a travel agency to make a phone call—probably to a boss in Colombia, to confirm that a delivery has been made. He stops again, at a bakery, and then pulls into the driveway of an apartment house in Jackson Heights. It is now around one o'clock. The surveillance team looks for inconspicuous parking spaces, but no one is able to get close enough to the driveway to keep an eye on the Nissan while it's parked. The team settles in and prepares for the usual tedium of surveillance; it could be hours before the suspect's car emerges from the driveway. Fortunately, however, the car pulls out after about ninety minutes. No one on the team can say whether the Nissan contains a new package, but the suspect is now travelling with two children, and that's an inauspicious sign. As the suspect drives over the Queensboro Bridge into Manhattan, Ammirati groans; surveillance in Manhattan is extremely difficult, because of the heavy traffic. The Nissan heads up Third Avenue, and Kane wonders aloud if Bad Guy is taking his two kids to see "The Lion King." But then, at the corner of Sixty-ninth and Third, the car comes to a stop.

"He picked up somebody," Kane says excitedly over his radio. "Male with a blue shirt and tan pants." The suspects drive a few blocks farther and stop again. "Come out, baby! Pull a bag outta the trunk. They pull a bag out, we'll lock him to this fucking guy's bumper."

The man with the blue shirt steps out of the Nissan and begins walking up Third Avenue, carrying a box for a large electric fan—a perfectly natural object for a man to be carrying on an eighty-degree day.

"All right," Kane says. "We'll take him."

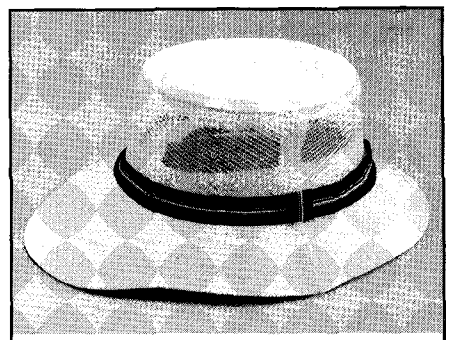
Kane and Ammirati jump out of their car at Seventy-fifth and Third and stop the new suspect in front of Rodier Paris, a clothing boutique. He is a Colombian in his mid-thirties, of medium build, dressed like a preppie, and equipped with a cellular phone, a black leather-bound book, and a beeper. Within seconds, four more task-force members arrive on the scene, and one of them, with the suspect's permission, opens the fan box. It is brimming with cash. Kane and Ammirati load the suspect into the back seat of their car and begin to question him while the other task-force members check out his car, a Honda parked nearby; they discover that it is registered to a post-office box—a classic money-cell ploy. The suspect, who gives his name as Gabriel, is extremely calm. He says that he has no idea how much money is in the box, and that he has never done this before.

Ammirati rolls his eyes: Gabriel is obviously an experienced smurf. "This can't be your first time," Ammirati tells him. "You got a mobile phone, a beeper, and your car comes back to a post-office box. Come on—you're a player."

"You wanna come downtown and talk to us?" Kane says, putting a flashing light on the top of his car and turning on a siren.

In the meantime, part of the surveillance team has continued to follow Bad Guy, but his work is finished for the day, and for the time being he is not arrested. The six Colombian money brokers who are the prime target of the M&M sting operation are less fortunate: with the operation at an end, they will be promptly indicted by the Atlanta United States Attorney's Office. (Three have been arrested, and three remain fugitives.) M&M ultimately laundered twelve million dollars for the Cali cartel, which Atlanta federal prosecutor Wilmer Parker says is regrettable but necessary; moreover, the operation led to seizures of fifteen million dollars.

Included in that figure are the two loads of cash seized today. In the basement of the Customs Building, at 6 World Trade Center, Gabriel's money is counted; it comes to two hundred grand—ten thousand twenty-dollar bills. Bad Guy's suitcase has long since arrived, weighing in at eighty-eight pounds, and, as was expected, it contains about six hundred thousand dollars. Tom Loreto, a special agent of Customs, who supervises Kane and Ammirati, stands by, smiling broadly. "Great job," he says. "Congratulations." ♦



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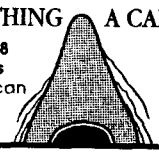

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LETTER FROM MEXICO

THE ONLY WAY TO WIN?

President Salinas de Gortari has pushed through sweeping reforms and promises a fair election, but will that be enough to convince the Mexican voters?

BY ALMA GUILLERMOPRIETO

WHEN President Carlos Salinas de Gortari travelled by helicopter on a recent Sunday to a meeting in the agricultural community of Tecámac, outside Mexico City, it was a sunny afternoon in the middle of the rainy season, and all the fields were green. Excited campesino men and women dressed in their Sunday best streamed from dirt paths along a maguey-and-poplar-lined road, headed for a green-and-yellow tent where several thousand other farmers were already milling noisily.

Some of the government's bigger guns were up on the platform. Carlos Hank González, former schoolteacher, former mayor of Mexico City, former governor of the state of Mexico (where Tecámac is situated), former Secretary of Tourism, current Secretary of Agriculture, perpetual powermonger, and multimillionaire, was at the President's left. The current governor of the state of Mexico, responsible for insuring that the crowd for the day's event would be large and sufficiently enthusiastic, was to his right. The head of the Confederación Nacional Campesina, the ruling party's peasant organization, was just beyond him. When the President, who can serve only one six-year term and must leave office December 1st, arrived on the platform, the crowd whirled noisemakers and cheered and whistled and clapped for several minutes. It was just six weeks before the Presidential election and, in the time-honored tradition of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, or PRI, which has ruled Mexico for the last sixty-five years, Carlos Salinas de Gortari was about to hand out money.

No one mentioned the election, or even the name of Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León, Salinas's second choice as his successor. (The first choice, Luis Donaldo Colosio Murieta, was assassinated in Tijuana in March.) All the speakers praised President Salinas and thanked him many times for his visit, on their own behalf and on behalf of the roaring audience, and the head of the campesino federation stated that the checks the members of the audience were to receive were not handouts. They were, he explained, a direct subsidy to grain and oilseed growers affected by the flood of cheaper imports of those crops made possible by the North American Free Trade Agreement. As such, he said, the checks represented a great step forward in the modernization of the countryside, and a vast improvement over previous "hidden subsidies," which took the form of guaranteed prices.

The governor of the state of Mexico said that these checks would prevent the massive migration to the cities that had made urban life a nightmare here over the last few decades. A local campesino representative swore that this was true. "We will not sell our land! We will associate ourselves in the different associative forms you have created, Señor Presidente, and we will remain faithful to them forever," he said, and he added that he would not wish to conclude without asking for the President's understanding and support in the matter of a seventy-thousand-dollar debt his community owed to the electric company. The petitioner handed the electricity bill to Salinas, and the President, smiling benevolently, turned it over to a minion. Then, after listening to a few more "Viva Carlos Salinas de Gortari!"s and "Viva México!"s, he handed out the first ten checks of a total of almost four million that would soon be distributed, and stepped to the very edge of the platform to address his audience.

"I am very happy to greet the *compañeros* of Tecámac and Zumpango and Ojo de Agua," the President said, and the audience rose to its feet, yelling wildly. "I feel right at home," he said, and the audience rose to its feet once more. "We are here to keep our word!" he shouted, and

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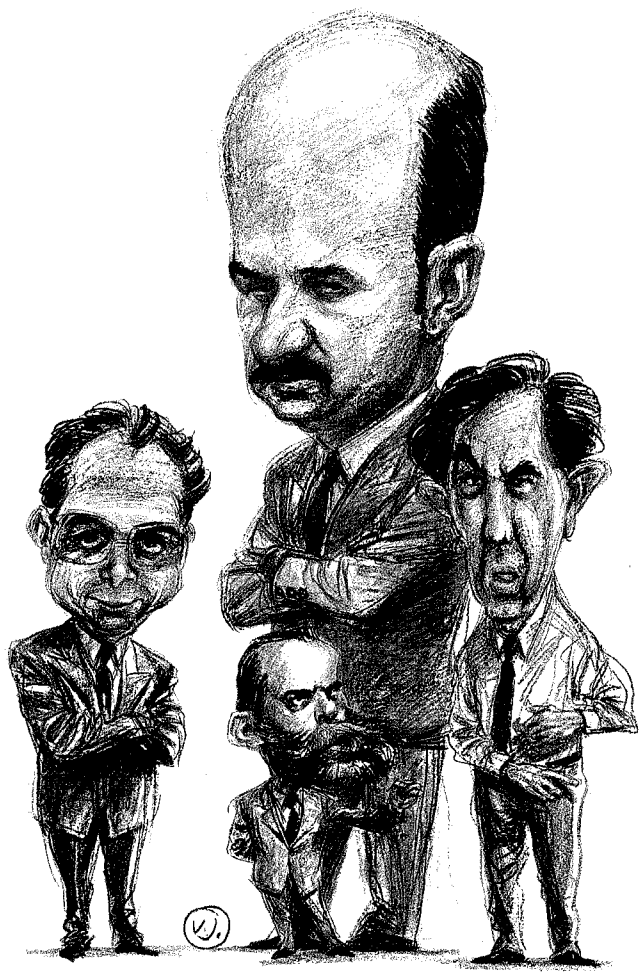
the audience rose again. Somewhere toward the front of the crowd a drumroll announced each applause line, talk-show style, but Salinas appeared to be the host of a different kind of program. "Why don't you raise your hands and show us the checks?" he ordered, and obedient hands went up. "And now what are you going to do with the money?" He cupped a hand to his ear. "Buy a tractor? Very good! Buy fertilizer? Excellent!" It was "Sesame Street."

The people of Tecámac, Zumpango, and Ojo de Agua seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly, and, indeed, so did the President. The orchestrated ecstatic ritual was at the center of a political culture that has made the regime the longest-lived one-party system in the world today, and has kept Mexicans politically dependent, infantilized, and powerless—trained to accept corruption and grateful to have stability and economic succor, even if it comes at the price of their rights as citizens. It has been a system of such subtle and exquisitely managed controls and gratifications that no one can even prove they exist, and all political discussion takes the form of speculation. Is it true, for example, that peasants who do not cast their vote for the PRI are sanctioned by the campesino federation with a loss of such benefits as the subsidy checks? Is it true that Carlos Hank González's fortune grew every time he commissioned a huge public-works program for the city or the state of Mexico, because his transport company ferried the materials and his automotive company provided the trucks? Is it true that the hordes of reporters who cover events like the money-disbursing ceremony at Tecámac receive a small emolument themselves for their pains? Does the fact that newsprint in Mexico is sold by a state-owned corporation influence news coverage? These are questions that are answered unwaveringly in the affirmative by a populace raised on a near-total absence of truthful information about its governors and persuaded that wisdom lies in believing the worst.

Lunatic conspiratorial fantasies also spring from this lack of information: Was it Salinas himself who ordered the assassination, on March 23rd, of Luis Donaldo Colosio, his chosen successor, because Colosio had hurt his feelings? These fantasies are believed by the very people who cash in their subsidy checks and cast their votes for the PRI—willingly, often enough—in election after election, and also by the many millions who have never bothered to vote in their lives. To what end, those millions ask, if the PRI's candidate is selected by the President each time through a secret process known as the *Dedazo*—the Big Finger—and if the PRI's candidate invariably wins?



Salinas looms over his potential successors, Ernesto Zedillo, Diego Fernández de Cevallos, and Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas.

VICTOR JUHASZ

THAT voters feel a measurable enthusiasm for this year's elections, however—though this sentiment coexists uneasily with the conviction that somewhere some politician is diddling them—is due to a series of recent electoral reforms that have dramatically altered the voting panorama: for example, for the first time, there are nine candidates for President, three of whom have been considered serious contenders at various points in the eight-month-long campaign; and the vote, on August 21st, will be monitored by citizen volunteers. There is, by all accounts, an acute sense of these elections' historic importance. The reforms have been either initiated or made possible by President Salinas, who many people believe did not win the elections in 1988, although he claimed victory over his rival, Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas. Cárdenas, who had broken away from the ruling party the previous year to run as an independent, won big in Mexico City and in four states, but it has never been possible to establish if he won anywhere else or by how much. The days before the elections were marked by violence: two of Cárdenas's closest aides were killed. Then, on Election Night, the computerized vote-tallying system "fell" as the first votes—overwhelmingly favorable to Cárdenas—were being counted, and the computer meltdown was followed by a news blackout that lasted two days.

The ballots were stored in the basement of the Congress and were destroyed in December of 1991, by which time Salinas had revealed himself as the most forceful President in many years and also as a great pragmatist. Having evidently decided that the push for democracy was too strong to resist, he let the Partido de Acción Nacional, or PAN—the party of the conservative opposition—claim governorships in three states. He also reformed the electoral process and established a National Commission of Human Rights.

Salinas's reformist ambitions were given an unexpected push on January 1st, when several thousand impoverished Maya Indians and their fair-skinned, media-friendly spokesman, Subcomandante Marcos, marched into a town in the southern state of Chiapas and declared war on the regime. The rebels of the Zapatista National Liberation Army wore masks, as if they were robbers, but they did not frighten a country persuaded that the real *bandidos* are traffic cops who extort a day's wages for a wrong left turn,

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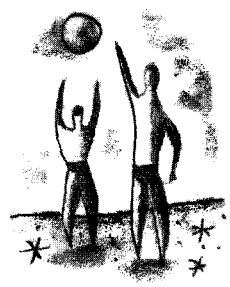
and government contractors who build public housing that crumbles a year after its completion. The Zapatistas' masks disguised more than their faces, however: though they performed as a military movement, it turned out that they had no military strength and were in reality an armed pressure group. Nevertheless, they pointed up a profound ambivalence in the body politic toward President Salinas—a distrust and fear of his triumphalist rhetoric and capitalist programs despite his eighty-per-cent popularity ratings—and they mobilized tens of thousands throughout the country with their calls for "Liberty, Justice, and Democracy" and for Salinas's overthrow. As its popularity plummeted, the regime declared a ceasefire and then moved hastily to respond to as many of the Zapatistas' political demands as possible without appearing to give in to them. The Federal Electoral Institution was overhauled, all PRI representatives were removed from it, and the voter-registration system was redesigned to make fraud much more difficult. The opposition parties have been given equal time on television to present their programs. The President's political free fall has thus been halted, and meanwhile the Zapatistas' more intransigent demands have also come to be viewed with some skepticism by many who initially greeted them with joy. But none of this may be enough to override the pervasive suspicion among a majority of Mexicans—as it is registered in multiple polls, which are also a part of the reform process—that this election, like every one before it, is full of lies.



In the Presidential office and residence at Los Pinos, in Mexico City, where Salinas works surrounded by glowing Diego Riveras and an elegant life-size portrait of Benito Juárez, I asked him how he felt about the notion that his party might lose the Presidency for the first time.

"Democracy introduces political uncertainty, and we welcome it!" he said. "The PRI will have to adjust to this new reality. It has already been going through changes in the last few years, and this new situation implies the acknowledgment that any candidate who wants to win will have to work harder. Democracy isn't an event; it's a process."

Salinas, forty-six, is a scion of the PRI intelligentsia: his father is a former Cabinet member who once aspired to the Presidency himself, and his cousins are intellectuals of note. The nuances of the PRI's *nacionalismo revolucionario* allowed him not only to sell off all the state monopolies that his predecessors had nationalized but also to give shelter in Los Pinos to Rigoberta Menchú, the Guatemalan winner of the Nobel Peace Prize and a radical activist for Indian rights, when it seemed that her right-wing enemies might try to have her killed. Salinas is also a prize-winning equestrian (he won a silver medal at the 1971 Pan American Games), a great soccer fan, and, by all accounts, an immensely ambitious politician, who is now lobbying heavily to become the first director of the Geneva-based World Trade Organization. He is cosmopolitan, highly educated, keenly observant, and intensely curious about his own country. The old-style one-party system is coming to an end, he told me, for two reasons: "Because a society that has grown more diverse and more pluralistic is demanding different options, and also because we are living in new international circumstances; Mexican citizens looked around them and saw that other societies were opening up to a diversity of options. This government decided to place itself at the head of the demand for change."

The Indian uprising in Chiapas was not evidence that the social cost of his economic reforms had been too high, he said. Quite the contrary: "If this administration had not invested so strongly in social programs for the last five years, the rebellion in Chiapas would have spread like wildfire."

I asked him about the most pernicious legacy of the PRI—the ingrained cynicism about politics, the disdain for what is seen as its inevitable mendacity and corruption.

He begged to differ. "I think that the term"—cynicism—"has to be revised in the light of at least two factors," he said. "The first is that all the polls are showing an unusually high degree of willingness to participate in politics, either as observers or as voters in these next elections. The second is that one should consider this cynicism vis-à-vis the same phenomenon in comparable Latin-American countries with similar degrees of industrialization. I don't think that that cynicism is the PRI's doing, and, in any case, it is a mistake to suppose that the PRI of twenty or forty years ago was the same party as today's."

"*Por un México sin mentiras*"—"For a Mexico without lies"—is the slogan of the PAN leader Diego Fernández de Cevallos, the most enigmatic candidate in the race. Until a few weeks ago, he was known, wherever he was known at all, as the cigar-smoking, irascible candidate of a party that the government has long excoriated as ultra-Catholic and reactionary. And yet he was also the bully in the Chamber of Deputies who acted most often as an ally of President Salinas and helped push through Salinas's constitutional reforms. He has a prosperous private law practice, an equally flourishing ranch, and a flowing Tolstoyan beard, which he appears to have had trimmed for the campaign, to a length that makes him more nearly resemble Mexico's tragically confused Emperor Maximilian of Hapsburg, and which polls said worked against him. The country got a closer look at him on May 12th, when he appeared on television with the two other leading candidates, Ernesto Zedillo, of the PRI, and Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, Salinas's 1988 rival, who is running again, this time as the candidate of the six-year-old Partido de la Revolución Democrática, or P.R.D.

Although the event was billed as Mexico's first Presidential debate in this century, it hardly looked like one: there was no live audience, and no journalists were present; no questions were allowed from the ladylike moderator; and the cameras were not permitted to focus on anything but the upper torso of the candidate who was speaking. Controlled though it was, the debate was such a groundbreaking event that about forty million people—about half the population—are estimated to have tuned in. They watched, transfixed, as Diego Fernández de Cevallos proceeded to tear up his rivals. He cocked his head and fixed his round, glittering eyes on the camera, wagged a stern forefinger, and told Zedillo that, although he was a good boy and got very good grades, he flunked democracy. He waved papers in the air and told Cárdenas that he was two-faced—that he had spent most of his political life in the PRI, behaving in PRI fash-

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ion, and now he was pretending to be a martyr of the opposition. He jutted his chin out and puffed up his chest and barked his attacks in the manner that has earned him the title Boss Diego in Congress, and the next day no one needed a poll to know that Fernández de Cevallos was the hands-down winner of the debate. The question was: Would people want Boss Diego as their leader, or did they simply like to watch him bash the mighty?

Diego Fernández de Cevallos received me in his law-firm offices, which are large, if a little threadbare, and are in a posh neighborhood. There seemed to be absolutely no one else there except his secretary and his press manager, and no phone call interrupted our interview for the nearly two hours in which the candidate—genial, extroverted, loquacious, and courtly—expounded his views. Despite a surge in his popularity ratings after the debate to thirty-one per cent (against Zedillo's thirty-eight per cent), at the time we spoke he had mysteriously cancelled all public campaign commitments for the next two weeks, and hardly seemed to be in a flurry of private politicking. I asked him if he really wanted to be President, because it certainly didn't look like it. He answered, jovially, that he wanted to do the decent thing and win by a modest margin, rather than by a landslide, and then he added, more seriously, that modern campaigns are won in the media, and not with old-fashioned village-to-village pilgrimages, such as Cárdenas favors. He said that he was concentrating on activities that are of vital importance to a future President—he had, for example, met the previous day with the British Ambassador and with the highest-ranking executives of the Coca-Cola Company.

I asked him why he referred to people he disliked or disagreed with as *peladaje* and *descalzonados*—"rabble" and "people with no pants on"—and why he called their masculinity into question.

"I have no doubt that I am a man for whom hypocrisy and sinuosities are impossible," he said. "And politics in Mexico has by and large been hypocritical. For better or worse, that's my style, and it can cost me some sympathizers—or win them. I am a ranchero, and more cannot be asked of me."

Fernández de Cevallos didn't deny that he is personally close to President Salinas—"and to any number of people in the government," he added—but he maintained that he was campaigning hard against Salinas's designated successor, Zedillo, and declared that he would win. "The debate ended the myth that no one dares speak forthrightly to the official candidate, who had always been addressed before as an untouchable, deified figure," he said. "Mexico is beginning to understand that anyone can win."

WHAT Fernández de Cevallos also showed during the debate, to the great delight of the highest officials in the land, is that the man who insists that he won the 1988 elections is a poor candidate in the current ones. Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas and his party, the P.R.D., were generally considered to be the only serious challenge to the PRI's Zedillo until the debate in May. But Cárdenas proved no challenge at all to Fernández de Cevallos. While the conservative candidate waved papers in the air and accused Cárdenas of ruling despotically when he was governor of the state of Michoacán, Cárdenas, looking wooden and embittered, made feeble jokes and failed to respond to any of the accusations. He repeated what often seems to be the only heartfelt theme of his campaign, which is that the government will never let him win. Following the debate, he dropped to an eleven-per-cent rating in the polls.

"The debate ended a myth about who was the second political force in the land," a high official told me gleefully. "People hadn't seen Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas before, and so they had imagined him. Then they saw him on television, and they found out that they didn't like what they saw." Other members of the government gave me careful versions of what appears to be the official sotto-voce account of what really happened the night the computers "fell" in 1988. "It was lamentable," one of these officials said. "Cuauhtémoc really did get a lot of votes in the capital, and logically those were the ones that were counted first. Unfortunately, people did not respond very well

"Look, I didn't come to Amagansett for intensity."

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when those first votes came in. There was a panic reaction and—" He shrugged helplessly. "But what is definitely true is that, over all, Cuauhtémoc didn't win."

Cárdenas staged his most triumphant rally last month, on the sixth anniversary of the elections he lost, at a bullfight ring that sits in the middle of Mexico City's noisy, polluted industrial sector. The *toreo* was packed to the rafters, but this was not surprising, because all public spaces in Mexico are overfilled; the subway, for instance, with its cattle railings to herd male and female workers into separate cars (a measure to protect the women from harassment), was filled to bursting at the *toreo* stop. On the street level, traffic had solidified into a gigantic clot of cars, the access routes were crammed with buses and illegal transport vans, and the sidewalks were overflowing with hundreds of shacks offering rolls, nuts, sandwiches, candy, quesadillas, for all those who can't afford to eat anything more than a snack between their double or triple work shifts. Dodging buses, picking their way between the shacks, indifferent to a pouring rain, a river of people flowed toward the access gates of the *toreo*, carrying the P.R.D.'s black-and-yellow flags and organized, as tradition dictates, by electoral district, by city block, by trade. The Cardenistas who were lucky enough to find a space in the bullring's stands—thousands of others could not fit in—were an amalgam of Mexico's poor. There were squatters, kids from the radicalized public high schools, housewives from radical neighborhood groups carrying banners for the Zapatistas, and peasants who listened impassively to a killer rock band called Santa Sabina. The lead singer sang with a razor-edged soprano and looked like Morticia Addams. The bass player wore a mask, like Subcomandante Marcos. The air smelled of sweat. A man came up to me and asked if I would interview him. "We are two thousand families who took over the land in Chalco," he said, refering to an area on the outskirts of Mexico City. "The government won't give us title to it. There are no electric lights or sewers, it takes me two hours to get to work, and, now that the rains have come, our shacks are flooding." He had a terrible cough.

When Cárdenas appeared onstage, there was a deafening roar and a cataract of black and yellow confetti. He said, "Six years and four days ago, two of our *compañeros* were murdered." He asked for a minute of silence for them, and for all the other Party workers who had died violent deaths since, but before forty-five seconds were up a voice near the rafters broke into the national anthem, and was immediately joined by some twenty thousand other voices in the *toreo*.

But Cárdenas, who in the very form of his campaign events appears to understand keenly how difficult it is to be Mexican, is not what he seems, either—or, at least, his party is not. Formed six years ago, immediately after Cárdenas's defeat, the P.R.D. is structured much the way the PRI was in its founding days—as a conglomerate of warring factions united around certain power-sharing arrangements. The P.R.D.'s battling components are various segments of the radical left, and a number of former high-ranking members of the PRI. The leftists are dogmatic; the former *priistas* are strong on pragmatism. The leftists once called on the government to commit a *fraude patriótico* in order to prevent the conservative PAN from winning a governorship. The pragmatists see nothing wrong with their candidate for the congressional race in Chiapas. Her name is Irma Serrano, but she is known as La Tigresa, and it is hard to know whether she is more famous for her early career as a ranchera singer in the sixties, her subsequent flowering as an *artista del desnudo* in kinky theatrical revues, her frightening Kabuki eye makeup, her foul temper, or her liaison with President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, who was in power in 1968, when an infamous massacre of students by the Army took place. "Irma was planning to run anyway," the P.R.D. chairman told me. "We'd much rather have her with us than against us, and she draws a lot of people."

On Cárdenas's campaign bus, I asked him what had changed since 1988. All the other politicians I'd talked to in the last few weeks considered the political *apertura*, or opening, and the greater citizen interest in the elections to be of primary importance, even as they pointed out that the *apertura* was due to their own efforts as much as to any benevolence on the part of the government. But Cárdenas began with a ringing indictment of Salinas's economic policy. "Unemployment has increased," he began. "Agriculture, fishing—the rural sector in general—are in much worse shape. The countryside has been neglected. Public works are needed. Much of this is a result of the international situation; even before the free-trade treaty went into effect, the border had been opened to forestry and agro-imports. Loans for agriculture have been cut back, and there has been almost no productive investment in the countryside. At the same time, the flow of manufactures like textiles and shoes has also brought a great deal of damage. It is true that this government has generated a climate of confidence for foreign investment, but as long as that investment continues to go mainly into stock-market speculation, as it has until now, it will have little or no effect on people's economic situation."

I asked him how the electoral situation had changed.

"There is a much more restrictive legal framework now," he said. "The government is exercising much more control over the electoral process."

I pressed the point: Wasn't his own situation as a candidate better now than it had been in 1988, thanks to the reforms?

"We're in the same shape. There is a greater effort by the government to impose controls."

Why, then, was he bothering to campaign?

"It might seem like a contradiction to be calling for a vote and proclaiming the existence of fraud at the same time," he answered. "But it's been proved in other situations around the world that when there are enough votes, and enough organization to protect them, electoral maneuvering is defeated in the end."

Cárdenas and his people claim that the polls showing him in third place lie. He told me that in 1988 his incessant whistle-stop tours had paid off in the campaign's closing weeks, and that he fully expected this to be the case again. His ratings are indeed up. One scenario has him pulling ahead of Fernández de Cevallos and losing to Zedillo by a small enough margin to put the validity of the results in doubt once again.

ONE of the many paradoxes in the current situation is that, while a victory by any of the three principal candidates would not bring significant policy changes—they all want to carry on with NAFTA, the peace talks in Chiapas, and tight-money, balanced-budget economics—in a worst-case scenario, Cárdenas's defeat could lead to chaos. There are indeed millions who feel represented by

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him, and the line that separates them from those who look on the Zapatistas with sympathy is blurry. Cárdenas has decried the Zapatistas' use of violence, and Subcomandante Marcos, for his part, publicly excoriated the P.R.D. in May, but the people carrying Zapatista banners at the P.R.D.'s rallies do not seem really interested in these quarrels.

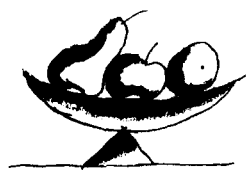
The other side of this paradox is that the PRI would have to lose in order to win back some credibility, but it seems as though Zedillo, who came to the candidacy looking like a hopeless loser, might really win. He was not initially in the running for the 1994 nomination, and it is not even clear that he was being groomed to run for the Presidency in the year 2000; a former Secretary of Education and of Planning and the Budget, he seemed too much "the good student," Diego Fernández de Cevallos likes to say—too much the numbers cruncher, too little the master negotiator—to make a likely candidate. In December of last year, Salinas's Big Finger pointed to Luis Donaldo Colosio, who was a personable and skillful politician with long experience in the PRI, and Zedillo resigned as Secretary of Education in order to take charge of Colosio's campaign.

After Colosio's assassination, there were really no other contenders in the ruling party except Zedillo, because a clause in the Constitution forbids anyone to run for the Presidency who has served in the Cabinet during the six months before the election. The decision to nominate him took place, as usual, behind closed doors, and when the PRI announced the choice (it is never presented as the President's) Zedillo was instantly rebaptized *Dedillo*—the Little Finger.

Zedillo's campaign managers told me that the candidate had no time for an interview, but I had a chance to observe him when he addressed several hundred businessmen in Tijuana recently. Boyish-looking (he is forty-four), with big glasses, a scrawny neck, and an eager expression, he had a hard time warming up the audience, but he really had no need for charisma, because instead, and in sharp contrast to all the other candidates, he could offer up-to-the-minute information on border industries and local exports damaged by NAFTA, and ten-point programs to reactivate them, with technocrats and loyal Party supporters in place who could guarantee results. The inescapable conclusion among those few businessmen who were not already PRI backers was that Zedillo would govern better, because he was the only candidate who knew—in intimate, exhaustive detail—how the country is managed.

In Lomas Taurinas, the working-class *colonia*, or development, in Tijuana where Colosio was murdered, I talked with half a dozen young men who were taking a rest break from a government-financed, community-organized road-building program. They were all planning to vote for Zedillo, because the PRI had financed the *colonia's* founding, had sponsored the introduction of running water, electricity, sewer systems, and even a few phone lines, and could be relied on to negotiate all the community's dealings with the state. Zedillo may be short-tempered ("Either your information is wrong or you are a liar," he told a foreign reporter at a press conference who had raised a question about vote-buying), and he may be a soporific public speaker and look ill at ease pressing the flesh, but the people who want security and predictability more than anything else will vote for him—or, rather, for the PRI. At this stage, he is comfortably ahead in the polls.

A few weeks ago, at a huge street celebration for the soccer team representing Mexico at the World Cup, I asked different groups of youthful revellers—rebels and earnest students—about their voting preferences, and I was surprised to find that, despite Fernández de Cevallos's conservative views on everything from abortion to class differences, Diego, as the kids called him, had the youth vote. He was outspoken and defiant, they told me, and they felt he could rule their troubled country with a firm hand. In the weeks that followed, however, his campaign languished. Compared with Cárdenas's thirty-seven campaign stops and Zedillo's nine broadcast interviews in a typical week in July, for example, Diego gave three interviews and attended only seven rallies. There was nationwide expectation of a second debate, which was agreed on after Diego made mincemeat of his opponents in the first one, but when the PRI chairman declared on July 12th that its candidate had no time for a new televised meeting the normally pugnacious Diego did not protest. The rumors escalated. Had Mexicans been lied to once again? Had Diego, Salinas's point man in Congress and acknowledged good friend, given up fighting for the Presidency when it became clear that he could win? Had he simply acted the part of the *rejoneador* in the bullfights he likes so much—one of whose functions is to gore and tire out the bull (who in this case is Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas), leaving him docile enough for the *torero*?



With typical aplomb, Diego has denied the rumors that he is throwing the election. ("Let them say that to my face if they're man enough!") But there is his reputation as a dealmaker, and the unusual intimacy between the President's inner circle and the opposition candidate who makes it a point of honor to be beholden to no one.

"There are two things to be taken into account," said a friend of mine who knows and likes Diego. "One is that Diego would always much rather shoot a game of pool than go campaigning. The other is that the PAN, which is a sensible opposition party, would much prefer not to have to rule starting in December. Who wouldn't? Let somebody else take care of the mess, and then PAN will be in the running again in the next election: it's already done better in this one than it had ever hoped."

In a sense, it hardly matters whether the rumor is true or not: the effect of it is that Mexicans are back to imagining conspiracies. Imperceptibly, the casual conversations one struck up everywhere just weeks ago about the strange, agreeable excitement of participating in a "real campaign" have shifted to cynical discussions of Diego's halfhearted campaign and what it's like to witness an election that seems almost for real—in other words, one that, when all is said and done, might still be a lie. If Diego Fernández de Cevallos remains quiescent and Cárdenas loses narrowly, Zedillo will find it hard to rule with credibility, and also with authority—particularly because in Chiapas the Zapatistas have let it be known that there are virtually no circumstances in which they will recognize his victory. Of course, either Diego or Cárdenas could actually win in a last-minute sprint, and in that case the PRI's only challenge will be to show that it has learned how to leave. ♦

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THE HOME FRONT

Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt had transformed their troubled marriage into a partnership that was the backbone of a brilliant Administration, and 1941 found them working tirelessly to prepare an unwilling nation for war. But the White House, with its sundry permanent guests, remained a Victorian hothouse of emotional entanglements.

BY DORIS KEARNS GOODWIN

THE Roosevelt White House during the early nineteen-forties resembled a small, intimate hotel. The residential floors of the mansion were always filled with people—some of them semipermanent house guests. The guests occasionally had private visitors of their own for cocktails or for meals, but for the most part their lives revolved around the President and the First Lady, who occupied adjoining suites in the southwest quarter of the second floor. On the third floor, in a cheerful room with slanted ceilings, lived Missy LeHand, the President's personal secretary and longtime friend. The President's alter ego, Harry Hopkins, occupied the Lincoln bedroom, two doors away from the President's suite. Lorena Hickok, Eleanor's great friend, occupied a corner room across from Eleanor's bedroom. This group of house guests was augmented by a stream of visitors: Winston Churchill, who stayed for weeks at a time; the President's mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt; Eleanor's young activist friend Joseph Lash; and Franklin's friend Crown Princess Martha of Norway, a beautiful woman who lived outside Washington during the war and looked, one reporter said, "exactly as a princess should look."

These unusual living arrangements reflected the President's need to have people around him constantly—friends and associates with whom he could work, relax, and conduct the nation's business. By having these continual house guests, Roosevelt defied the limitations of the paralysis that had set in when he was stricken with polio, in 1921. If he could not go out into the world, the world could come to him. Although the public knew that the President had had polio, only those who

The cartoons in this article originally appeared in The New Yorker between 1933 and 1942.

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F.D.R. at Hyde Park and Eleanor on tour. Encountering Franklin, Churchill said, "was like opening your first bottle of champagne." But Eleanor dreaded social functions, and lamented, "I think I must have spoiled a good deal of the fun for Franklin."

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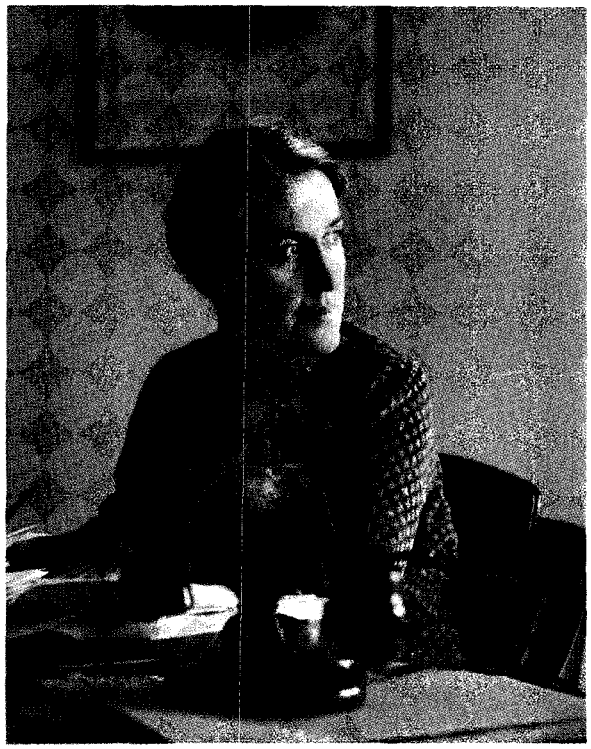
lived and worked with him in the White House witnessed the full extent of his disability. There was an unspoken code of honor on the part of the White House photographers that the President was not to be photographed looking crippled. No newsreel ever captured him being lifted into or out of his car. If some member of the press corps sought to violate the code by sneaking a picture of the President looking helpless, the writer Hugh Gallagher noted, one of the other photographers would "accidentally" block the shot or gently knock the camera to the ground. Within the White House, however, the President could reveal his vulnerability.

The extended White House family also allowed Franklin and Eleanor to heal—or, at least, conceal—the incompletions of their marriage, which had been irrevocably altered by Eleanor's discovery of Franklin's affair with another woman in 1918. There were areas of estrangement, untended needs that only others could fill.

Encompassed by this small society, Franklin Roosevelt led the nation through history's greatest armed conflict. Though the United States was miserably unprepared for war—according to the historian Geoffrey Perrett, it stood only twentieth in military power in the world when the Nazi Army conquered Western Europe, in the spring of 1940—Roosevelt never doubted that the American home front would eventually win the war, that the uncoerced energies of a free people would overcome the most efficient totalitarian regime. He would provide the framework, the opportunity, and the inspiration, and the people would do the rest. Whether Roosevelt was sorting his stamp collection with Missy LeHand at his side, inspecting the troops in the company of his wife, probing the latest Hollywood gossip with Harry Hopkins, enjoying the company of Princess Martha, coöpting a potential rival, delivering a fireside chat, charming a disgruntled Cabinet officer, or exchanging repartee with reporters or confidences with Churchill, his ebullience permeated every aspect of his leadership.

In November of 1940, when Roosevelt had been reëlected to an unprecedented third term, he was immediately faced with another in the continuing series of crises which had beset his Administration since the war began. As the year drew to a close, Great Britain was on the verge of bankruptcy. The cash reserves of the British treasury were no longer sufficient to pay for the munitions and supplies that Britain wanted to acquire from the United States—supplies needed now more than ever. Britain's success in repulsing the Luftwaffe in the summer and fall of 1940 had postponed the threatened invasion until spring, but without American supplies to close the gap Britain would be defeated in a matter of months.

What to do? The idea of lending the money to Britain was raised in the Cabinet, but no one believed that Congress would go along, given the United States' experience with unpaid debts following the First World War. During the discussion, the President threw out what Labor Secretary Frances Perkins described as "a question here and a hint there." Perkins had the feeling that "he was thinking about something, about some way in which the people of the United States could assist the British." But he offered nothing concrete. The problem seemed insoluble.



F.D.R.'s women: Lucy Mercer (right) a Washington society beauty, became Eleanor's social secretary in 1914. When Eleanor discovered their affair, "the

In the midst of the crisis, as Administration officials were frantically scurrying from one meeting to another, the President announced, on November 29th, that he was leaving Washington for a two-week sail through the Caribbean on the U.S.S. Tuscaloosa. He told his Cabinet, "All of you use your imaginations" to come up with a strategy. To be sure, the President needed to rest after the wearying campaign. But the timing of the pleasure trip was disturbing to some who were worrying about Britain's survival.

"Thinking of your departure tomorrow with every hope you will have a restful and successful trip," Eleanor wired from Abilene, Texas, as she began a trip of her own—one of many rigorous lecture tours she made throughout the country. Everywhere she went, she kept her eye on the economic and social weaknesses of the nation as it prepared for war. Driving through rural sections of Texas, she was saddened to see that, despite the New Deal's housing program, people were still living in shacks, "made of scraps, apparently; bits of corrugated iron, even heavy cardboard is used," she wrote in December of 1940. "I cannot help feeling that there should be a better way of meeting the problem." Commenting on the large numbers of men who had been found physically unfit for military service, Eleanor reported her hope that the sorry figures would "give impetus to the movement for a comprehensive and nationwide health program."

During the previous seven years in the White House, Eleanor had travelled more than two hundred and eighty thousand miles around the United States—the equivalent of nearly a hundred cross-country trips. Franklin called her his will-o'-the-wisp wife, but it was he who had encouraged her to become his "eyes and ears," to gather the grassroots knowledge that he needed in order to understand the people whom he

CULVER PICTURES

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governed. "She saw many things that the President, himself, could never see," Frances Perkins said later. "Much of what she learned and what she understood about the life of the people of this country rubbed off onto Franklin Roosevelt. It could not have helped to do so, because she had a poignant understanding. . . . Her mere reporting of the facts was full of a sensitive quality that could never be escaped. . . . I'm sure that much of his . . . intuitive understanding of these situations . . . came from his recollections of what she had told him—about girls whom she had met in the settlements, who worked in sweatshops, and who worked long hours and got sick on the job."

When Eleanor returned from her trips, she often had dinner with Franklin alone, so that she could share her impressions with him while they were still fresh. But she also wrote memos—scores of memos, which she sent not only to her husband but to various Administration officials, describing what she had seen and what needed to be done. So voluminous was her correspondence with the War Department that General George Marshall assigned a separate officer just to deal with it. "Oh, my God, here's another one," officials would lament when yet a sixth or seventh missive from Mrs. Roosevelt reached them.

It was said jokingly in Washington that Franklin Roosevelt had a nightly prayer: "Dear God, please make Eleanor a little tired." Even Eleanor's most ardent admirers in the Roosevelt circle admitted that she pushed her husband too hard. She would come in after he had been wrestling for hours with agonizing military decisions and insist that he was not doing enough to broaden opportunities for blacks in the armed forces, that he was not moving quickly enough to provide day care for women working in the war factories, that he was requiring labor to bear too much of the sacrifice as the country was converted to a war footing. If he balked at meeting someone she thought he should meet, she would simply invite the person to dinner without telling anyone. And if he refused to do something she asked she would come back again and again, until it reached the point where he had to tell his aides to keep her away.

But in the end he often came around to her way of thinking. The labor adviser Anna Rosenberg had been one of those who criticized Eleanor's pressure on the President, but years later she changed her mind: "I remember him saying, 'We're not going to do that now. Tell Eleanor to keep away; I don't want to hear about that anymore.' And then two to three weeks later, he would say, 'Do you remember that thing Eleanor brought up? Better look into it, maybe there's something to it—I heard something to indicate that maybe she's right.' . . . I'm not sure that she would have had the opportunity to bring things to his attention unless she pressured him—I mean he was so involved. And, in retrospect, it was never anything for herself." Rosenberg told Joe Lash, "He would never have become the kind of president he was without her."

bottom dropped out of my own particular world"—but the crisis brought her independence. Eventually, she even found the courage to confront Franklin's indomitable mother, Sara. Franklin's secretary Missy LeHand (left) lived in the White House. "She made every day exciting for F.D.R.," a White House maid noted.

Standing nearly six feet, her wavy brown hair slightly touched with gray, her wide mouth marred by large buck teeth, her brilliant-blue eyes offset by an unfortunate chin, Eleanor Roosevelt shattered the ceremonial mold in which the role of the First Lady had traditionally been fashioned, and reshaped it around her own skills and her commitments to social reform. She was the first wife of any President to hold press conferences, to speak before a national Party Convention, to write a syndicated column (it appeared in a hundred and thirty-five papers six times a week), to be a radio commentator. She was able to use the office of the First Lady on behalf of causes she believed in, rather than let it use her, and in so doing she became, in the words of the columnist Raymond Clapper, "the most influential woman of our times."

THE path to this position of independent power and respect had not been easy. A legacy of repeated

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difficulties as a child had left Eleanor prey to recurring depressions as an adult. She was born in New York in 1884, into an unhappy household. Her father, Elliott, was the younger brother of Teddy Roosevelt and an alcoholic whose erratic behavior filled the household with recrimination. Night after night, he showed up too late for dinner, and many nights he failed to show up at all. In 1890, he made a servant girl pregnant, and she said she would make a scandal in the newspapers. At times, his drinking led to a melancholy so deep that he threatened suicide. One day, Eleanor recalled, her father took her and three of their dogs for a walk. When they came to the Knickerbocker Club, he told Eleanor to wait with the doorman. An hour passed, and then another, and then four more hours. Finally, her father came out, but he was so drunk that he had to be carried. The doorman took Eleanor home.

Still, Eleanor preferred her warm and affectionate father to her cold and self-absorbed mother—Anna Hall, a Gilded Age débutante of such great beauty that Robert Browning sang her praises. With her father, Eleanor said, she never doubted that she stood first in his heart, whereas for as long as she could remember she felt that her mother was disappointed by the plainness and ungainliness of her only daughter. Moreover, she knew, "as a child senses those things," that her mother was trying to compensate for her lack of beauty by teaching her perfect manners, but, she recalled, "her efforts only made me more keenly conscious of my shortcomings." During her childhood, Eleanor felt "a curious barrier" between herself and her mother and two younger brothers, Hall and Elliott. In the late afternoons, her mother would sit with the boys: "I can still remember standing in the door, very often with my finger in my mouth—which was, of course, forbidden—and I can see the look in her eyes and hear the tone of her voice as she said: 'Come in, Granny.' If a visitor was there she might turn and say: 'She is such a funny child, so old-fashioned, that we always call her "Granny." ' I wanted to sink through the floor in shame, and I felt I was apart from the boys."

Perhaps, in time, Eleanor might have come to understand that her father's intolerable behavior was a substantial cause of her mother's remoteness, but her mother died suddenly, of diphtheria, when she was eight, so there was no chance for reconciliation. Two years later, her father tried to jump out a window of his house, had a seizure, and died, at the age of thirty-four.

Eleanor was sent to live in the austere household of her maternal grandmother, Mary Ludlow Hall. Defying her grandmother's edict that she must not read in bed before breakfast, she regularly hid books under her mattress, so she could wake up at 5 A.M. to read. Her passionate reading of Dickens and Scott seems to have awakened within her a romantic belief that, no matter how grim everything seemed, there was always some way out.

Her way out came when she was sent to Allenswood, a boarding school outside London, which was run by an inspired teacher, Mlle. Marie Souvestre. There she felt that she was starting "a new life," free from all her earlier troubles. In Mlle. Souvestre, then seventy years old, she found the maternal love she had seldom enjoyed as a child, and in the power of that love the young girl blossomed. Excelling at all she did—at her lessons in every subject, at poetry recitations, even at field hockey—Eleanor quickly became "everything" at the school, the student most respected by faculty and students alike. Mlle. Souvestre, Eleanor later said, step by step "started me on my way to self-confidence." She spent three years at Allenswood, and those years, she wrote at the time, were the happiest of her life.

Not long after her return to New York, Eleanor began seeing her fifth cousin Franklin at parties and dances. Decades later, Franklin and Eleanor's daughter, Anna, told Joe Lash, "You couldn't find, in emotional matters, two such different people as Mother and Father." Whereas Eleanor seemed forever starved for love, Franklin, Anna thought, had had "too much security, too much love," from parents, relatives, and servants, who doted on him every hour of every day. As the only child of wealthy parents, James and Sara Roosevelt (James was a distant cousin of T.R.), Franklin grew up believing that he was the center of his world. Wherever his parents went—whether to visit friends for long walks along the river or to Europe for vacations—Franklin went with them. Surrounded by older people, the young boy early developed a remarkable ease with adults, an unusual poise, and excellent manners, which earned him much praise. Relatives consistently remarked on what "a very nice child" he was—so adaptable, so uncomplaining, "always bright and happy."

Franklin had first met Eleanor when they were children, but while he was a student at Harvard a special bond developed between them. Eleanor was unlike any other girl he had encountered. She was serious and intelligent, free from affectation, and wholly uninterested in the world of débutante balls. Though her interest in philosophy and ethics seemed ridiculous to her first cousin Alice Roosevelt, who noted sarcastically that Eleanor always wanted to discuss things like whether contentment was better than happiness, Franklin was fascinated. They fell in love and were married.

During the early years of their marriage, however, the very qualities that had first attracted Franklin and Eleanor to each other seem to have become sources of conflict. Eleanor, after initially valuing Franklin for his confidence, charm, and sociability—qualities that stood in strong contrast to her own shyness—came to see them as shallow and duplicitous traits. Franklin, after being drawn to Eleanor's sincerity, honesty, and high principles, redefined these attributes as stiffness and inflexibility. Moreover, as time went by the hidden springs of Eleanor's insecurity became an increasingly disruptive force. Fear of failure prompted her again and again to give up too soon on activities that would have provided an easy companionship with her husband. After days of practicing her golf swing, so that she could join Franklin on the golf course, she allowed his teasing remarks about her awkwardness to keep her from trying to play again. A minor crash into a gatepost kept her from driving an automobile for years. Terror of the water ruled out for her the pleasures of swimming and sailing.

Even more troubling to the young couple's marriage was Eleanor's lack of ease in social situations. Though she was thoroughly comfortable in serious

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discussions with older people about politics or philosophy, she found herself incapable of casual conversation with people her own age. "I think I must have spoiled a good deal of the fun for Franklin because of this inability to feel at ease with a gay group," Eleanor admitted. The story is told of an evening when she and Franklin went together to a large party. She was so impatient with the small talk that she left early and alone. Arriving at her doorstep without her key, she sat on the stoop, irritable and peevish, until Franklin sauntered home in the early hours.

Perhaps, as Franklin hoped, everything would have worked out eventually if Eleanor had been able to derive confidence and comfort from being a mother. But from the moment the first of her six children was born, the rivalry between Eleanor and her indomitable mother-in-law, Sara, was transformed into a battle over the new generation. It was a battle so fierce that each child became an additional force pulling Franklin and Eleanor apart.

It was this fertile soil that produced Franklin's affair with Lucy Mercer, when he was in his thirties and had been married for more than ten years. As is often the case, the affair was more a symptom of disturbance within the marriage than a disturbance itself. Lucy first entered the Roosevelt household in the winter of 1914, when Franklin was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and he and Eleanor were living in Washington. Pregnant with her fourth child, Eleanor was overwhelmed by the number of letters and social invitations to be sifted and accepted or declined. The protocol was complicated: as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin held an important social position that had to be maintained at all times. To help her with the correspondence, Eleanor hired Lucy Mercer three mornings a week.

Though Lucy was only twenty-two, she was well suited to the position. Her father, Carroll Mercer, was descended from a distinguished Catholic family that included the founders of Maryland. Lucy had been educated in Europe, but by 1914 the family had fallen on hard times, and she needed the income that the job with Eleanor would provide. Lucy was statuesque, with abundant brown hair and a rich contralto voice that belonged in the best drawing rooms. The Roosevelt children welcomed the days she came to work. "Lucy was gay, smiling, and relaxed," Elliott recalled in a memoir. "She had the same brand of charm as Father—everybody who met her spoke of that—and there was a hint of fire in her warm dark eyes."

Almost imperceptibly, it seems, the relationship between Franklin and Lucy

"She'll be home Wednesday morning, Ma'am, but I understand she's leaving again Wednesday evening."

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"For gosh sakes, here comes Mrs. Roosevelt!"

• •

slid from an affectionate friendship into an affair. After a period of suspicion, Eleanor discovered the truth in September of 1918. Unpacking Franklin's suitcase upon his return from an inspection of naval facilities in Europe, she discovered a packet of love letters from Lucy. At that moment, Eleanor later wrote to Joe Lash, "the bottom dropped out of my own particular world & I faced myself, my surroundings, my world honestly for the first time." Eleanor told Franklin that she would grant him a divorce. But that was not what he wanted—or, at least, not what he wanted to put himself through, particularly since his mother, it was said, had threatened him with disinheritance if he left his marriage. And, of course, his political career would be finished.

Franklin promised never to see Lucy again, and agreed, the Roosevelt children suggest, to Eleanor's demand for separate bedrooms. That brought their marital relations to an end. According to the biographer Bernard Asbell, Eleanor later admitted to Anna that sex was "an ordeal to be borne." Something had locked her up, she told a friend, making her fear the loss of control that comes with abandoning oneself to one's passions, and giving her "an exaggerated idea of the necessity of keeping all one's desires under complete subjugation." Now, supposedly, she was free of that "ordeal."

Outwardly, the marriage continued. But for Eleanor a path had opened, a possibility of standing apart from Franklin. Before the crisis, though marriage had never been fulfilling for her prodigious energies, she had had no means of breaking away from the habits and expectations of a proper young woman's role. To explore one's independent needs—to journey outside the home for happiness—was perceived as dangerous and wrong. With the discovery of the affair, however, she was free to define a new and different partnership with her husband—free to seek new avenues of fulfillment. Pouring all her pent-up energies into a variety of reformist organizations dedicated to the abolition of child labor, the establishment of a minimum wage, and the passage of protective legislation for women workers, she discovered that she had a range of abilities she had never had any idea of—remarkable organizing skills, superb judgment, practical insight, and astonishing endurance.

Her political activities expanded still further after her husband contracted polio. Roosevelt was at Campobello, his family's summer home in Maine, in August, 1921, when, as his biographer Geoffrey Ward relates, the polio set in. Returning home one afternoon from swimming in a pond with his children, he felt too tired even to remove his wet bathing suit. The morning after the swim, Ward recounts, his temperature was a hundred and two, and he had trouble moving his left leg. By afternoon, he was unable to move his right leg, and soon he was paralyzed from the waist down. The paralysis had set in so swiftly that no one understood at first that it was polio. But, once the diagnosis was made, the battle was joined: Franklin fought, year after year, to walk under his own power again, struggling unsuccessfully to move one leg in front of the other without the aid of crutches or a helping hand. While his quest for rehabilitation took him away from home—to Florida and to Warm Springs, Georgia—for months at a time, he relied on Eleanor to keep the Roosevelt name in the public eye in New York State by delivering speeches and attending political meetings. "The polio was very instrumental in bringing them much closer into a very real partnership," Anna observed. "They were finding mutual interests on a totally different level."

When Franklin became governor of New York and then President, Eleanor's

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travels multiplied, carrying her to Appalachia, the Deep South, the Dust Bowl, and the migrant-labor camps in California. So accustomed to her travels did the American people become during the nineteen-thirties and forties that, as Eleanor's friend Helen Gahagan Douglas observed, migrant workers standing in the mud in front of their makeshift shacks recognized her immediately. "Oh, Mrs. Roosevelt, you've come to see us," one of them once said, seeming to accept it as a natural event for the wife of the President to be standing in a mucky field waiting to talk with him. So often was she out of Washington that the Washington *Star* once printed the humorous headline "MRS. ROOSEVELT SPENDS NIGHT AT WHITE HOUSE!"

"The president was enormously proud of her ability," Frances Perkins wrote. "He said more than once, 'You know, Eleanor really does put it over. She's got great talent with people.' In cabinet meetings, he would say, 'You know my Missus gets around a lot,' or 'my Missus says that they have typhoid fever in that district'. . . or 'my Missus says that people are working for wages way below the minimum set by the NRA in the town she visited last week.' " During the New Deal years, Eleanor's travels, her strong convictions, her curiosity about almost every phase of the nation's life, from slum clearance to experimental beehives, from rural electrification to country dances, provided material for endless conversations, arguments, and debates.

The coming of the war at first threatened to shatter the productive partnership that Eleanor had established with her husband. As Franklin became increasingly absorbed in preparations for war, which required him to make his peace with conservatives and the business community, Eleanor felt a sense of remoteness, a lack of connection to the major issue of the day. But she had transformed her role before, and in 1940 she did it again. While she and Franklin had generally worked along parallel lines in the thirties, she now became an agitator, pushing and pulling her husband to insure that the humane values that had animated the New Deal were not sacrificed to the necessities of war. Unless democracy was renewed at home, she repeatedly said, there was little merit in fighting for democracy abroad. In her speeches and columns she helped to focus the nation's attention on discrimination against blacks and women in war factories and in the armed forces; she lobbied Congress to provide government funds for day-care centers; she sought to use the defense emergency as a lever for replacing slums; she sided with labor's struggle to maintain the rights that it had gained in the thirties.

In December of 1940, *U.S. News* proclaimed, "Many people assumed that the New Deal's domestic program would be abandoned as Roosevelt shifted his focus to war and defense, but they reckoned without the President's wife. She never lets the President or his administrators think that all is well, that there is time to rest from advancing their liberal objectives."

Eleanor once asked her husband if there was a problem with her speaking her mind.

"No, certainly not," he replied. "You can say anything you want. I can always say, Well, that is my wife; I can't do anything about her."

But now, with attention focussed on Britain's financial crisis, there was little that Eleanor could do but wish her husband well as he headed off on his sea voyage, seeking to escape the harried atmosphere of Washington and figure out what might be done to help the desperate British Empire. On the afternoon of December 3rd, hundreds of people were standing on the pier in Miami when the President, accompanied by Harry Hopkins, his closest aide and good friend, arrived to board the ship. With a smile on his face, he waved his hat to the applauding crowd and stood by the rail while the national anthem was played. Horns began to blow as the ship cast off, and continued until the vessel was out of the harbor and steaming into the Atlantic.

There were few others at this stage of his life whose companionship the President enjoyed as much as Hopkins'. After the death, in 1936, of Louis Howe, the ex-newspaperman who, fastening his star to Roosevelt in the early Albany days, had helped him deal with his polio and had guided him through political storms to the White House, the President had turned to Hopkins, a chain-smoker whose dark hair was thinning, whose frayed suits were baggy at the knees. Like Roosevelt, he was a great storyteller, sprinkling his tales with period slang and occasional profanity. Like Roosevelt, he saw the humor in almost any situation, enjoying gags, wisecracks, and witticisms.

"There was a temperamental sympathy" between Roosevelt and Hopkins, Frances Perkins observed. Though widely different in birth and breeding, both men possessed unconquerable confidence, great courage, and good humor; both enjoyed the society of the rich, the high-spirited, and the wellborn, while sharing an abiding concern for the average man. A foreign dignitary told the White House speechwriter Robert Sherwood that Hopkins had an "almost feminine sensitivity" to Roosevelt's moods. Hopkins seemed to know when the President wanted to consider affairs of state, when to introduce a serious subject, when to tell a joke, when to talk, and when to listen.

As head of the Works Progress Administration in the thirties, the largest work-relief program in the history of the country, Hopkins had employed thirty per cent of the unemployed, and spent some ten billion dollars. During those years, he was closer to Eleanor than to Franklin. From the start, Eleanor shared with Hopkins an abiding faith in the unemployed, a belief that they were decent, honest people suffering through no fault of their own, and were totally deserving of government help. When Hopkins' wife died, in 1937, Eleanor brought his six-year-old daughter, Diana, to live at the White House, installing her in a bedroom on the third floor. Several weeks later, when Hopkins was told that he had stomach cancer and needed a ghastly operation to remove three-quarters of his stomach, Eleanor visited him in the hospital every day.

But after the war broke out Hopkins had made, in Eleanor's judgment, a disturbing turn of a hundred and eighty degrees in his interests and concerns. He had suddenly transformed himself into an expert on foreign affairs, she thought, as if the problems of the sick and the unemployed were no longer of any consequence to him. He had become Roosevelt's most intimate adviser on foreign policy. Indeed, so critical was Hopkins to Roosevelt at this point that

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Roosevelt had asked him to live in the White House and had given him the large suite that had once been Abraham Lincoln's study.

THE President spent his days on the ship with his white shirtsleeves rolled up over his wrestler's arms, talking with Hopkins, fishing, and basking in the sun. At designated points along the way, Navy seaplanes landed alongside the Tuscaloosa to deliver the White House mail. From Eleanor several chatty letters arrived: "I think of you as sleeping and eating & I hope getting a rest from the world."

But the world would not go away. From daily news dispatches Roosevelt learned that heavy raids on London had continued and that massive bombings of Coventry, Birmingham, and Bristol had so severely damaged dozens of war factories that vital production would be halted for months.

On the morning of December 9th, a seaplane touched down with a letter from Winston Churchill. Churchill regarded the letter, composed over a period of weeks, as "one of the most important" that he had ever written. "My dear Mr. President," it began. "As we reach the end of this year I feel you will expect me to lay before you the prospects for 1941. I do so strongly and confidently." At the outset, he wanted the President to understand that, while Britain could endure "the shattering of our dwellings and the slaughter of our civilian population by indiscriminate air attacks," it was facing "a long, gradually maturing danger, less sudden and less spectacular but equally deadly"—the steady and increasing diminution of sea tonnage. But the money needed to address this danger was running out. "The moment approaches when we shall no longer be able to pay cash for shipping and other supplies," Churchill wrote.

Churchill's letter had a profound effect on the President, but he said little about it at first. "I didn't know for quite awhile what he was thinking about, if anything," Hopkins said later. "But then—I began to get the idea that he was refuelling, the way he so often does when he seems to be resting and carefree. So I didn't ask him any questions. Then, one evening, he suddenly came out with it—the whole program. He didn't seem to have any clear idea how it could be done legally. But there wasn't a doubt in his mind that he'd find a way to do it."

The President's "whole program," later to be known as "lend-lease," was the unconventional idea that the United States could send, principally to Britain, weapons and supplies without charge and then be repaid not necessarily in dollars but in any fashion he thought satisfactory. How Roosevelt arrived at this ingenious idea, which cut through all the old debates in Washington about loans and gifts, is not clear. "Nobody that I know of," Robert Sherwood wrote, "has been able to give any convincing idea" of how the refuelling process worked. "He did not seem to talk much about the subject in hand, or to consult the advice of others, or to 'read up' on it. . . . One can only say that FDR, a creative artist in politics, had put in his time on this cruise evolving the pattern of a masterpiece."

Frances Perkins later described the President as having "flashes of almost clairvoyant knowledge and understanding." He would have one of these flashes every now and then, she observed, much like the ones that musicians get when "they see or hear the structure of an entire symphony or opera." He couldn't always hold on to it or verbalize it, but when it came he suddenly understood how all kinds of disparate things fitted together. While Henry Stimson, the Secretary of War, could justly complain that trying to follow the President's intuitive thought processes as he moved from one idea to the next in no logical order was "very much like chasing a vagrant beam of sunshine around a vacant room," the President made up for the defects of an undisciplined mind with a profound ability to integrate a vast multitude of details into a larger pattern, which gave shape and direction to the stream of events.

THE President returned to Washington the afternoon of Monday, December 16th, tanned, rested, and in excellent humor. When he reached his office, he poked his head into the office of his secretary, Missy LeHand. Missy was usually the first person Roosevelt saw in the morning and the last person he saw at night. She had been part of the Roosevelt White House from the beginning.

A tall, handsome woman of forty-one, with large blue eyes and luxuriant, prematurely gray hair fastened by hairpins at her nape, Missy was in love with her boss and regarded herself as his other wife. Nor was she alone in her imaginings. "There's no doubt that Missy was as close to being a wife as he ever had—or could have," the Presidential adviser Raymond Moley said. Lillian Parks, a White House maid, later wrote in a memoir, "When Missy gave an order, we responded as if it had come from the First Lady. We knew that FDR would always back up Missy."

Missy had come a long way from her beginnings. Born in 1896 and christened Marguerite Alice LeHand, she grew up in a working-class neighborhood in Somerville, Massachusetts. Her father lived apart from the family. Her mother, who had other children to raise, took in Harvard students as tenants. Yet, even when Missy was young, "she had a certain class to her," her childhood friend Barbara Curtis recalled. "I remember one time watching her go around the corner—our houses weren't too far apart—and my mother kind of looked out the window and called my attention to her. She said, 'She certainly looks smart.' She had a dark suit on to go to high school. She stood out for having a better appearance and being smarter than most."

After holding a few secretarial jobs, Missy went to New York, and there she became involved in Roosevelt's 1920 Vice-Presidential campaign. Impressed by her efficiency, Eleanor asked her to come to Hyde Park after the election to help Franklin clean up his correspondence. A year later, when he contracted polio, Missy's duties expanded. While Eleanor was travelling, Missy did all the chores that a housewife might do, writing Franklin's personal checks, paying the monthly bills, giving the children their allowances, supervising the menus.

Missy was certainly the most celebrated private secretary in the country. "Marguerite Le Hand Is President's Super-Secretary," *Newsweek* announced in an adulatory article written five months after Roosevelt became President. Missy's genius lay in anticipating the wants and needs of her boss before he knew them himself. She was known to interrupt the most statesmanlike con-

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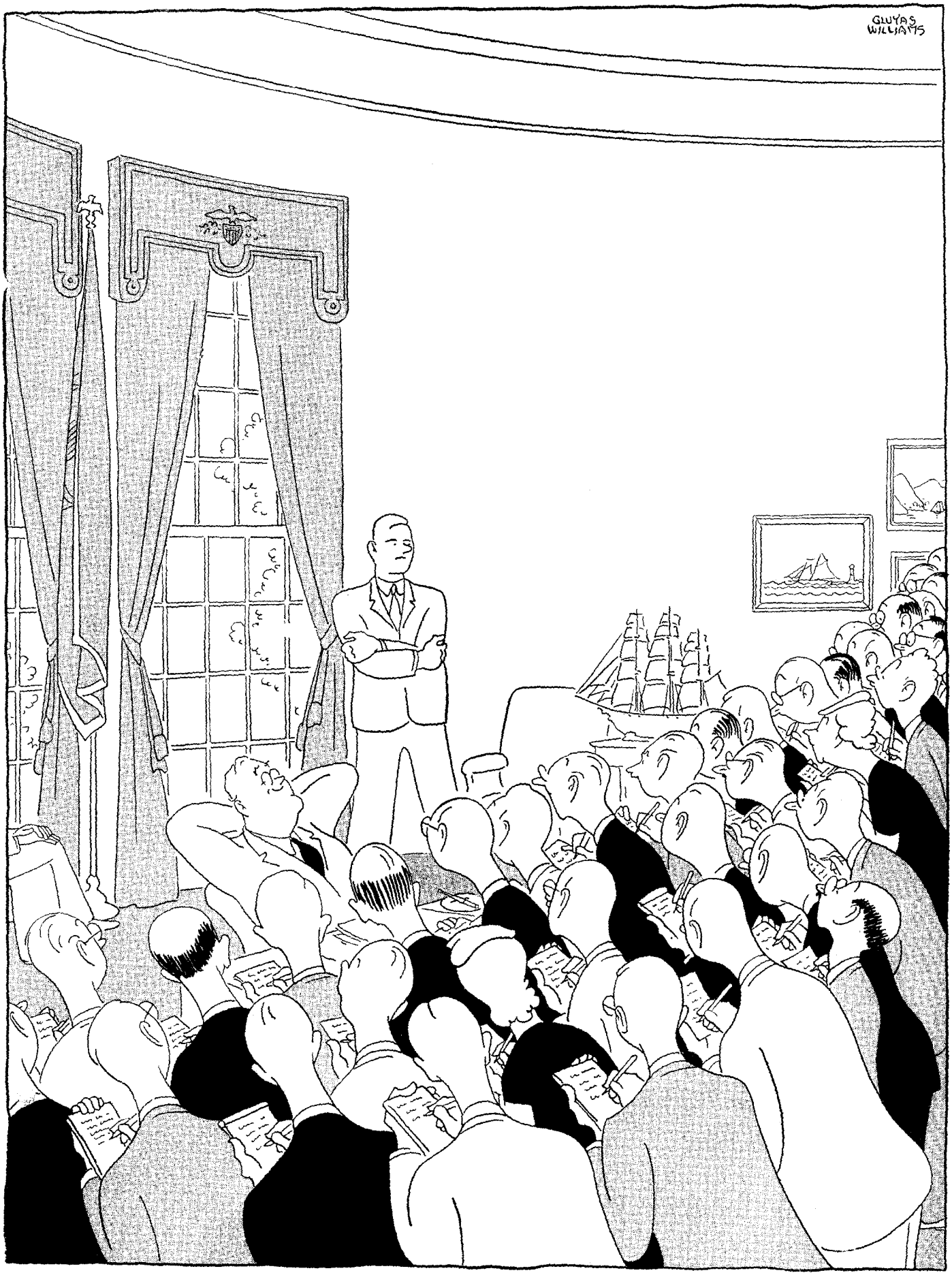

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Press Conference at the White House

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ference to announce that the time had come for him to take his cough medicine or to advise him that he had better put on his jacket, because the room was drafty. "If she thought he was getting pretty tired or stale" from the strain of daily work, "she would arrange a poker game, or she would invite some guests in whom he liked," the White House speechwriter Sam Rosenman recalled. "He wouldn't know anything about it until maybe six that night. . . . Had she asked he would have said, 'No, I have too much to do.' " Acutely sensitive to his moods and feelings, "she would know when to bring out the stamps so he could work with them. She would know when to arrange picnics. She was, all in all, fairly indispensable."

If Eleanor was away, Missy presided at dinner as the President's hostess. Though she often had only minutes to change from her secretarial attire into evening dress, she took great pride in her appearance. Her closet was filled with elegant clothes, including—one of her relatives recalled—a few fabulous nightgowns that she liked to wear as evening gowns. "Missy could be the most glamorous woman in the room, with her chandelier earrings swaying," Lillian Parks remarked.

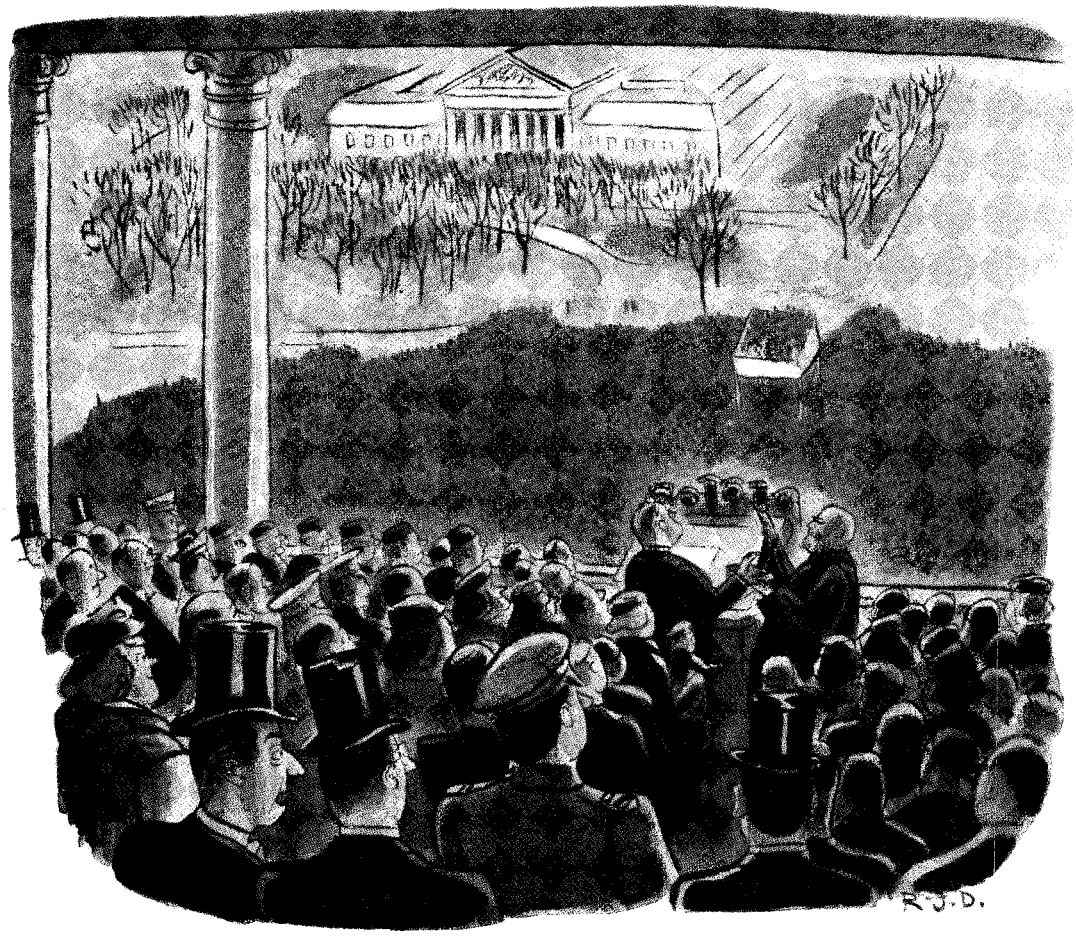
But to list all the things Missy did, numerous as they were, is to circumscribe her value in the White House. "Missy was an operator," the political economist Eliot Janeway said. "She was on terms of absolute equality with all the figures she dealt with." Because her judgment of people was so "instinctively sound," the President valued her reactions to everything. Her shrewd observation that a sarcastic passage in a letter "didn't sound like him" prevented many a ruffled temper. "She was one of the few people who could say 'No' to the President and say it in a way he could take," Rosenman noted.

During the 1936 campaign, a turgid speech on finance was being considered for the President to deliver at Forbes Field. With the speechwriters present, the President started reading the draft aloud. Before he reached the end of the second page, Rosenman recalled, Missy stood up and announced, "By this time all of the bleachers are empty, and the folks are beginning to walk out of the grandstand." As she left the room, everyone burst into laughter. The draft was discarded.

Over the years, Eleanor had come to terms with Missy's primacy in Franklin's working life. "For some reason," Eleanor's grandson Curtis Roosevelt mused, "perhaps because Missy came from a lower social class, Eleanor was not threatened by her the way she was with Lucy Mercer." At the same time, Eleanor knew that without Missy to attend to Franklin's personal needs the independent life she had labored to create for herself would be impossible to maintain. "Missy alleviated mother's guilt," Elliott Roosevelt observed. "Knowing Missy was always there allowed mother to come and go as she pleased without worrying about father or feeling she was neglecting her wifely duties."

Still, there were moments of annoyance and resentment on both sides of this intricate relationship. In 1938, when Doris Fleeson wrote a long and flattering piece on Missy for *The Saturday Evening Post*, which revealed the centrality of Missy's position in the White House, Eleanor would not acknowledge that Missy had the slightest influence on the President politically. Only if Eleanor could tell herself that Missy simply did without question what the President asked her to do was she able to accept Missy's role without feeling that it intruded on her own role, as the President's No. 1 adviser.

The question of whether Missy's love for the President was a physical one has been the subject of many conversations among Roosevelt's family and friends, and opinion varies widely. Though physicians examining Roosevelt after his polio attack specifically noted that he



"His whole family always gets together for his Inaugurations."

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had not been rendered impotent by the disease, his son James believed that "it would have been difficult for him to function sexually after he became crippled," because the sensation in his lower body was "extremely limited." Further, James argued, he would have been "too embarrassed" to have sex, too vulnerable to humiliation.

In any case, James concluded, "the whole thing was pretty confusing and pretty complex." Beyond that, however, it is clear that Franklin was the love of Missy's life and that he adored her and depended on her for affection and support as well as for work. In Missy's White House papers, in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, there is preserved a sweet note that captures the warmth and pleasure in their relationship, from "FDR" to "MAL": "Can I dine with you or will you dine with me?"

THE evening Roosevelt returned from his cruise, he invited Harry and Missy into his study, on the second floor, for cocktails. The study was crowded with maritime pictures, models of ships, and stacks of papers. It was the President's favorite room in the White House. It was here that he read, played poker, sorted his beloved stamps, and conducted most of the important business of his Presidency. Tall mahogany bookcases were stuffed with books, and leather sofas and chairs had acquired a rich glow. Any room that Roosevelt spent time in, Frances Perkins remarked, "invariably got that lived-in and overcrowded look which indicated the complexity and variety of his interests and intentions." The cocktail hour, dating back to Roosevelt's years in Albany, had become an institution in his official family: a time for reviewing events in an informal atmosphere; a time for swapping the day's best laughs. The President always mixed the drinks himself, experimenting with concoctions of gin, rum, vermouth, and fruit juice.

During the cocktail hour, nothing was said of politics or war; instead, the conversation turned to lighter subjects—to gossip, funny stories, and reminiscences. With Missy generally presiding as hostess and distributing the drinks to the guests, Roosevelt seemed to find complete relaxation in telling his favorite stories over and over again. Some of these stories, Sam Rosenman observed, Missy must have heard twenty times, but, like the "good wife," she never betrayed boredom, showing only pleasure at the knowledge that her boss was having a good time. And Roosevelt, with his instinct for the dramatic and his fine ability to mimic, managed to tell each story a little differently on each occasion, adding new details or insights. Missy was undoubtedly as delighted as Roosevelt that Harry was now living in the White House and could share in the cocktail hour every night. For a time after Hopkins' wife died, there had even been talk of a romance between Missy and Harry.

While Franklin was mixing cocktails, Eleanor was entertaining a group of friends at tea in the Monroe Room. Try as she might over the years, Eleanor never felt comfortable at the President's cocktail hour. Part of her discomfort may have been caused by the presence of alcohol—a feeling that was the legacy of her alcoholic father. And beyond her fear of alcohol lay a deeper fear of letting go, of slacking off from the work that had become central to her sense of self. "Work had become for Eleanor almost as addictive as alcohol," her niece Ellie Roosevelt once remarked. "Even when she thought she was relaxing she was really working. Small talk horrified her. Even at New Year's when everyone else relaxed with drinks, she would work until ten minutes of twelve, come in for a round of toasts, and then disappear to her room to work until two or three A.M. Always at the back of her mind were the letters she had to write, the things she had to do."

"If only mother could have learned to ease up, things would have been so different with father, for he needed relaxation more than anything in the world," Elliott observed. "But since she simply could not bring herself to unwind, he turned instead to Missy, building with her an exuberant, laughing relationship, full of jokes, silliness, and gossip."

ON December 17th, the day after returning from his trip, the President held a press conference. For the past seven years, twice a week, Roosevelt had held regular press conferences. Radiating warmth and accessibility, he explained legislation, announced appointments, established friendly contact—calling reporters by their first names, teasing them about their hangovers. Now, seated at his desk in the Oval Office, with his back to the windows, he puffed hard on a cigarette and then revealed to the world his startling lend-lease plan. He had read a great deal of nonsense about finances in the past few days, he began, from people who could think only in traditional terms. While banal minds assumed that either the Neutrality Acts or the 1934 Johnson act, barring loans to defaulters on First World War debts, would have to be repealed in order to allow loans or gifts to Britain, he had a much simpler notion in mind—a gentleman's agreement that eliminated the foolish dollar sign entirely, and allowed England to make repayment in kind after the war.

"Well, let me give you an illustration," he said. "Suppose my neighbor's home catches on fire, and I have a length of garden hose four or five hundred feet away. If he can take my garden hose and connect it up with his hydrant, I may help him to put out his fire. Now, what do I do? I don't say to him before that operation, 'Neighbor, my garden hose cost me fifteen dollars; you have to pay me fifteen dollars for it.' What is the transaction that goes on? I don't want fifteen dollars—I want my garden hose back after the fire is over. All right. If it goes through the fire all right, intact, without any damage to it, he gives it back to me and thanks me very much for the use of it." And if the hose was damaged during the fire, the President added, the neighbor could simply replace it.

The President's idea "was really based upon very old, primitive and countrified ways of doing things," Frances Perkins noted. "He could draw very large deductions and large plans from such simple operations, which he had observed in his childhood and youth, which were common in the country and seemed natural, like lending hose or ladders to a neighbor when his house was on fire, and the neighbor would reciprocate when he could." Even if the ladder burned and the neighbor was unable to repay the actual money it cost, then "the next potato crop he gets, he comes around with a few barrels of potatoes for you." The moral of the story was clear. By sending supplies to

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the British now, the United States would be abundantly repaid by the increase in its own security.

Twelve days later, the President took his argument for lend-lease to the American people, in a fireside chat over nationwide radio which later became known as the "arsenal of democracy" speech. Since his first term, he had delivered fifteen fireside chats; each one focussed on a particular topic, each one was intended to involve the American people in the drama of his Administration. The speeches were extremely successful—record audiences gathered in kitchens and living rooms to listen to their President. Success bred the desire for more; but Roosevelt understood the danger of overexposure. He knew when to invoke the prestige of the Presidency and when to hold it in reserve, when to move forward and when to pull back. "I am like a cat," he once said, according to the historian James MacGregor Burns. "I make a quick stroke and then I relax." He understood intuitively that the dignity of the office depended in part on his keeping a proper distance from the people he governed. "The one thing I dread," he wrote to a friend, "is that my talks should be so frequent as to lose their effectiveness."

In December, 1940, he determined that the time had come to address the American people. The debate over aid to England was engulfing the nation, on street corners and college campuses, in labor halls and country stores, in corporate boardrooms and family living rooms. In September, a powerful noninterventionist organization, the America First Committee, had been formed. America Firsters were convinced that extensive aid to Britain would inevitably drag America into the war. It was important for the President to find the words to undercut the opposition and set the tone for the congressional debate that would follow the introduction of the lend-lease bill.

The speech went through seven drafts. (The speechwriters Sam Rosenman and Robert Sherwood came to live in the White House for a week.) As the appointed hour approached, movie-theatre owners in New York noted a decided drop in attendance: thousands of people who would otherwise have gone to the movies stayed home to listen to the President's speech.

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

Eleanor and Franklin with his mother and their son Elliott at the wedding of th between them." Their infatuations never distracted them from the foremost legacy of th

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John. Another son, James, said that an "unshakable affection and tenderness existed eteenth-century childhoods: an uncynical sense of duty and moral purpose.

The President began by telling the nation that there was no hope of a negotiated peace with Germany. "No man can tame a tiger into a kitten by stroking it. There can be no appeasement with ruthlessness." If Britain fell, the "unholy alliance," which now included Japan as well as Germany and Italy, would continue its drive to conquer the world, and then "all of us, in all the Americas, would be living at the point of a gun."

He thereupon summoned the American people to become "the great arsenal of democracy" (the phrase had been suggested by Harry Hopkins), by showing "the same resolution, the same sense of urgency, the same spirit of patriotism and sacrifice as we would show were we at war." He admitted that "there is risk in any course we may take," but he insisted that there was less chance of getting into war if the United States did all it could to support the nations fighting the Axis. In arguing for aid to Britain as an alternative to war, Roosevelt crystallized what a large number of his fellow-citizens were thinking and feeling. Recent Gallup polls had revealed that a clear majority of Americans favored military aid to Britain but that eighty-eight per cent of those polled said they opposed American entry into the war. As long as lend-lease was positioned as a substitute for war, it would gather wide support.

On the night of the fireside chat, the Germans subjected London to one of the heaviest bombing attacks of the war. A large part of the old City was destroyed. "The havoc was comparable only to that wrought in the Great Fire of 1666," one reporter wrote. "London has nothing to smile about at the moment," Germany's propaganda minister, Joseph Goebbels, recorded in his diary. The minister was mistaken. At 3:30 A.M., thousands of Londoners were crowded around their radios listening to the President's broadcast. His words, Churchill told Roosevelt the next day, stirred hope and confidence: "When I visited the still burning ruins to-day, the spirit of the Londoners was as high as in the first days of the indiscriminate bombing in September four months ago. I thank you for testifying before all the world that the future safety and greatness of the American Union are intimately concerned with the upholding

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and the effective arming of that indomitable spirit."

THE Christmas holidays of 1940 found the White House in a state of cheerful confusion, with dozens of house guests coming and going. There was Sara Roosevelt, the President's mother, who brought her maid and took up residence in the Rose Bedroom, the principal guest suite on the second floor, which the Queen of England had occupied during the Royal visit in 1939. There was Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, who arrived as an exile with her two little daughters and a retinue of servants. There was Elliott Roosevelt, and there was F.D.R., Jr., with his wife, their infant son, and a nursemaid. There was an odd assortment of single men occupying various bedrooms on the third floor, among them Eleanor's younger brother Hall, who was an alcoholic; Franklin's old friend Harry Hooker; and Eleanor's new friend Joseph Lash, a young intellectual with brown eyes and black hair, whom Eleanor had first met in 1939, when he was called upon to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Eleanor's relationship with Lash was, Anna later observed, "as close a relationship as I ever knew Mother to have." Lash, a friend remarked, had "a kind of romantic melancholy" that appealed to Eleanor.

The week before Christmas was a trying time for the household staff. Beyond all the guests, there was a special round of parties—a formal reception for the members of the judiciary, a state dinner in honor of Princess Juliana, and a large reception for White House employees and their families. The White House housekeeper, Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt, did not handle added stress well. An unimaginative woman of German stock, with a stern face and a dark bun pulled tight, Mrs. Nesbitt supervised a staff of twenty-six, including cooks, butlers, ladies' maids, and chambermaids. She was not a professional housekeeper, Elliott Roosevelt recalled. Eleanor had originally hired her, in the twenties, to bake pies and strudels for large parties at the Executive Mansion in Albany—but she was thrifty, and Eleanor was determined to keep a tight rein on White House expenses.

For years, the President had pleaded with Eleanor to find a new housekeeper. All his life, he had loved good food. He was especially fond of quail and pheasant cooked so rare as to be bloody. He loved oyster crabs, out-of-the-way country cheeses, and peach cobbler. But Mrs. Nesbitt maintained that a proper diet consisted of "plain foods, plainly prepared." She served the same simple meals over and over, to the point where White House guests could predict by the day of the week what they would have for dinner—tongue with caper sauce on Mondays, boiled beef on Tuesdays, roast beef and mashed potatoes on Wednesdays. The word was out that the White House cuisine was drab, dull, and overcooked.

For the President, who rarely had a chance to eat in restaurants, because of his paralysis, Mrs. Nesbitt was a unique cross to bear. But, true to form, he could not bring himself to fire her. So Mrs. Nesbitt—or Fluffy, as she was called behind her back—remained at her post, month after month, year after year. Elliott Roosevelt recalled various dinners at the White House when Missy would catch the President's eye as some overcooked dish appeared. They would smile knowingly at each other, proceed to eat as much as they could bear, and then go off and rummage up egg sandwiches.

As long as Mrs. Nesbitt remained in charge of the kitchen, her concept of what should be eaten prevailed. She insisted on serving Roosevelt broccoli, for instance, even though he let everyone know that he didn't like it. "Fix it anyway," she told the cooks. "He *should* like it." Once, when royal guests were visiting the President, a call came to the kitchen for hot coffee. Mrs. Nesbitt sent iced tea instead. "It was better for them," she said.

The housekeeper's personal tastes governed breakfasts as well. "My God!" the President exclaimed one morning to his secretary Grace Tully. "Doesn't Mrs. Nesbitt know that there are breakfast foods besides oatmeal? It's been served to me morning in and morning out for months and months now, and I'm sick and tired of it!" Later that day, he called Tully in for dictation. Leaning back in his chair, he held in his hand an advertisement for various cereals he had torn from the morning paper, and what he dictated was "Corn Flakes! 13 ounce package, 19 cents! Post Toasties! 13 ounce package, 19 cents! Cream of Wheat! two for 27 cents!" Then he said, "Now take this gentle reminder to Mrs. Nesbitt."

When Mrs. Nesbitt failed to respond to his gentle reminders, Roosevelt turned to Eleanor. "Do you remember that about a month ago I got sick of chicken because I got it (between lunch and dinner) at least six times a week?" he asked her in a memo. "The chicken situation has definitely improved, but 'they' have substituted sweetbreads, and for the past month I have been getting sweetbreads about six times a week. I am getting to the point where my stomach positively rebels and this does not help my relations with foreign powers. I bit two of them today."

AS Roosevelt approached his third Inauguration, on January 20, 1941, the *Times Magazine* painted a glowing portrait of a President who retained an astonishing buoyancy in what were strenuous times. The challenge of war, it was suggested, had added a new dimension to his vitality. The article described the long hours the President worked, the voluminous correspondence he handled, the variety of newspapers he read, and the number of conferences he held. His hair was thinner and grayer, it was noted, his face heavier and more deeply lined; yet there was the same captivating smile in his eyes and on his lips, the same bright forehead, the same mannerism of tossing his head before replying to a question. His physical condition, his doctor said, was "the best in many years."

The readers of the *Times* had no idea of the physical ordeal that Roosevelt endured as a result of his paralysis. When the President's day came to an end, he had to call for his valet, Irvin McDuffie, to lift him into his bed. McDuffie, a Southern Negro, born the same year as his boss, had been a barber when Roosevelt met him, in a barbershop in Atlanta, in 1927, and offered him the job of valet. Now he and his wife lived in a room on the third floor of the White House. By this time, Eleanor confided to the historian Robert Graff, McDuffie's hard drinking had become a problem: on several occasions, she had found him so drunk that "he couldn't help Franklin to bed." Fearing that her husband might be abandoned at a bad

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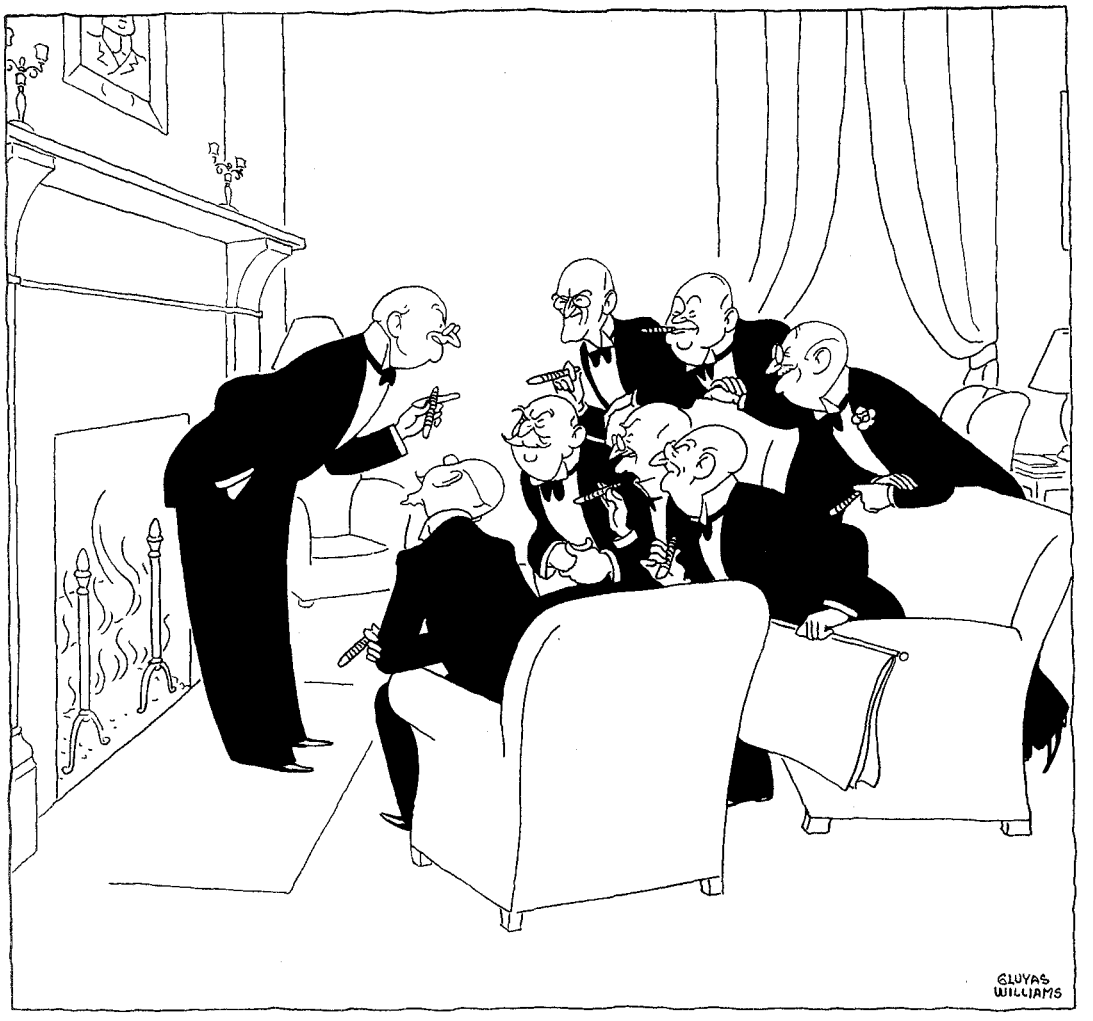

RACONTEURS

"Here's a new one I heard downtown today—F.D. and Eleanor were going shopping, and she said, 'Franklin . . .'"

• •

time, Eleanor urged him to fire McDuffie, but the President was unable to bring himself to let his old friend go, even though he shared Eleanor's fear.

McDuffie would lift the President from his wheelchair onto the bed—a narrow one, reminiscent of the kind used in a boys' boarding school—and would straighten his legs to their full length, then undress him and put on his pajamas. Beside the bed was a white-painted table; on it was a jumble of pencils, notepaper, a glass of water, a package of cigarettes, a couple of phones, a bottle of nose drops. On the floor beside the table stood a small basket—the Eleanor basket—in which the First Lady regularly left memorandums, communications, and reports for the President to read; it was a sort of private post office between husband and wife. In a corner of the room stood an old-fashioned rocking chair and, next to it, a heavy wardrobe filled with the President's clothes. On the marble mantelpiece above the fireplace was an assortment of family photographs and a collection of miniature pigs. "Like every room in any Roosevelt house," the historian Arthur Schlesinger has written, "the presidential bedroom was hopelessly Victorian—old-fashioned and indiscriminate in its furnishings, cluttered in its décor, ugly and comfortable." Outside Roosevelt's door, which he refused to lock at night, as previous Presidents had done, Secret Service men patrolled the corridor, alerting the guardroom to the slightest hint of movement. The President's refusal to lock his door was related to his dread of fire, which surpassed his fear of assassination, or of anything else. The fear seems to have been rooted in early childhood: one day, his young Aunt Laura came screaming down the stairs of the house he was in, her body and clothes aflame from an accident with an alcohol lamp; that accident ended her life at nineteen. After Franklin became a paraplegic, the fear grew to the point where, for hours at a time, he would practice dropping from his bed or chair to the floor and crawling to the door, so that he could escape from a fire on his own. "We assured him he would never be alone," his son James recalled, "but he could not be sure, and furthermore found the idea depressing that he could not be left alone, as if he were an infant."

Yet the paralysis that crippled his body had expanded his mind and his sensibilities. He seemed less arrogant, less smug, less superficial, and more focussed, more complex, more interesting. He gained greater powers of concentration and greater self-knowledge. "There had been a plowing up of his nature," Frances Perkins observed. "The man emerged completely warmhearted, with new humility of spirit and a firmer understanding of profound philosophical concepts."

Throughout his Presidency, the mere act of standing up, with heavy metal leg braces locked into place, was an ordeal. Eliot Janeway recalls being behind Roosevelt once when he was sitting in his chair in the Oval Office: "He was smiling as he talked. His face and hand muscles were totally relaxed. But then when he had to stand up, his jaws went absolutely rigid. The effort of getting what was left of his body up was so great his face changed dramati-

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cally. It was as if he braced his body for a bullet."

A FAMILY reunion was arranged at Hyde Park shortly before the Inauguration. The dinner table looked resplendent, with the President at one end and his mother at the other. But beneath the surface the old tensions between Eleanor and Sara remained unresolved. According to Joe Lash, who was present and recorded the scene in his diary, Eleanor, in the course of the dinner conversation, raised the troubling question of housing for people working in the defense program. During her last trip to the West Coast, she had seen the effects of overcrowding in Bremerton, Washington, where the Navy yard and the shipbuilding industry had attracted thousands of workers from all over the country—part of the first wave of what became the greatest internal immigration in American history. In Bremerton, she had noted, every habitable shack or shed had been rented, scores of families were crowded into unsanitary trailer camps, and two thousand children were without schools. "I think we are going to have to be a nuisance about these questions if we are going to be fair to people all over this country," she had said.

In response, the President said that he had just appointed Charles Palmer, an Atlanta real-estate man, to head the new Division of Defense Housing.

"Would he be sensitive to problems of low-cost housing, schools, and the like in defense areas?" Eleanor wanted to know. The President became restless, impatient. But, despite uneasy glances being flung at her by Sara, Eleanor persisted, saying she had "heard that Palmer was partial to real estate people." Clearly annoyed, the President agreed to "appoint someone with Palmer to watch for those things." But, Eleanor countered, would that person "have any authority"?

While Franklin and Eleanor were arguing, Sara motioned to the butler to bring the President's wheelchair to the table. Apparently furious, Sara stood behind her son and had him shifted away from Eleanor. In the past, Sara's obvious reproof would have left Eleanor distraught—at a similar family dinner two decades before, Eleanor had collapsed in tears when Sara turned on her about something—but by now Eleanor had enough confidence to confront both her husband and her mother-in-law on an issue that she considered important. Later, Lash reported, Anna, John, and F.D.R., Jr., "all congratulated her on having stuck to her guns."

On another day, Sara invited the son of Arnulfo Arias, the President of Panama, to join the family for lunch. He was "a dandyish" young man, Lash observed, whom Sara affectionately called Robertito. When it was learned that young Arias had bragged to reporters that he was lunching with the President, F.D.R., Jr., told his grandmother that she was being taken in. Sara, however, wanted to invite him to the White House for the inaugural festivities. It fell to Eleanor, Lash recorded in his diary, "to tell her it could not be done. [Sara] complained that she was never allowed to have any of *her* friends, an obvious dig at the kind of friends Mrs. R. invited."

In the early nineteen-twenties, when Eleanor first started to work for the League of Women Voters, she had entered a world of women whose values and behavior were totally foreign to Sara: women who lived with other women; active, accomplished women, who did things outside the home; independent women, well satisfied with their lives and convinced that they could not possibly live in any other way. Blanche Wiesen Cook, in her biography "Eleanor Roosevelt," the first volume of which appeared in 1992, writes that Eleanor's apprenticeship began with two remarkable League women, Elizabeth Read and Esther Lape. Read, an honors graduate of Smith College, was an accomplished lawyer; Lape, a Wellesley graduate, had taught English at Swarthmore and Barnard and then achieved prominence as a publicist. Eleanor was immediately entranced by the stimulating life these two women shared, which included discussions of politics and public policy at dinner and poetry readings after dessert. Their book-lined house in Greenwich Village reminded her of the happy days she had spent at Mlle. Souvestre's school in England. Over the years, the friendship deepened into an intimacy that continued for the rest of her life.

Through her work with the League, Eleanor met two other women who would become lifelong friends, Nancy Cook and Marion Dickerman. Cook, a vital, tough-looking young woman, was the executive secretary of the Women's Division of the New York State Democratic Party. Dickerman, a tall, soft-spoken scholar with a grim countenance that hid a dry wit, was a teacher and vice-principal at Todhunter, an exclusive Manhattan school for girls. Like Elizabeth and Esther, Nancy and Marion lived together, in what Joe Lash described as "a Boston marriage." Both women had been actively involved in the struggle for women's suffrage, the movement to abolish child labor, and the efforts to establish maximum working hours.

There is every evidence that these four women, along with half a dozen others, played a substantial role in the education of Eleanor Roosevelt, tutoring her in politics, strategy, and public policy, encouraging her to open up emotionally, building her sense of confidence and self-esteem. In contrast to the distant relationship she had with most of the males in her life at this period, her relationship with her female friends was warm and open, playful and relaxed.

Franklin and Louis Howe sometimes joked about Eleanor's "she-men." Nevertheless, they both recognized that Eleanor was becoming a good politician and that her tireless work around the state would inevitably redound to Franklin's credit. Moreover, both Franklin and Louis genuinely liked Elizabeth and Esther, Nan and Marion, and found their conversation absorbing and stimulating.

For Sara, Eleanor's transformation was harder to accept. She was appalled at the idea of a well-bred woman's spending so much time away from home and in the public eye. A woman's place was with her husband and her children. The more time Eleanor spent away from home, the less time she had to take Sara out to lunch or to pour tea for Sara's friends. "My mother-in-law was distressed and felt that I was not available as I had been," Eleanor recalled.

Sara often displaced her criticisms onto Eleanor's friends, making them feel uncomfortable whenever they came to visit at Hyde Park: she scanned their mannish suits and oxford shoes with disapproving eyes, glared at their close-cropped hair. To Sara, they all looked

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"Come along. We're going to the Trans-Lux to hiss Roosevelt."

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alike: unkempt, unconventional, unnatural. Understanding the situation, Franklin suggested that Eleanor and her friends Nan and Marion build a cottage in the woods, so that they could have a place of their own to pursue their interests, apart from Sara. "My Missus and some of her female political friends want to build a shack on a stream in the back woods," Franklin wrote to Elliott Brown, a contractor who was a friend of his, and within a year a cozy fieldstone house had been raised at the site.

"The peace of it is divine," a grateful Eleanor told her husband the first summer she spent at Stone Cottage, as the house was named. That was in 1925. From that time forward, though she stayed at the Big House whenever Franklin and the children were at Hyde Park, Stone Cottage—and, later, the larger Val-Kill Cottage, close by—was Eleanor's home: the first home of her own she had ever had. "Can you tell me *why* Eleanor wants to go over to the Val-Kill cottage to sleep every night?" a perplexed Sara once asked one of Eleanor's friends. "Why doesn't she sleep here? This is her home."

The woman who in 1925 had been frightened by the prospect of earning her own living was in 1941 among the highest-paid lecturers in the country, pulling in as much as a thousand dollars a lecture. Back in 1937, the first installment of her autobiography had been published, to widespread critical and popular acclaim. In 1940, when it was not at all certain that Roosevelt would run for a third term, United Features had renewed her column for five additional years—clear recognition that she had established herself in her own right.

So in January, 1941, when it fell to Eleanor, seated at the table in Sara's house, to tell her mother-in-law that her young Latin-American friend was not welcome in *her* house, the big white house on Pennsylvania Avenue, it was clear that the balance of power between the two dominant women in the President's life had shifted.

"Here's the way I look at it. Would it be wise to get rid of Mrs. Roosevelt at a time like this?"

THE balance of power had also shifted in Eleanor's relationship with the most important female friend in her life, the former Associated Press reporter Lorena (Hick) Hickok. Around the time of the President's third Inauguration, according to Hickok's biographer Doris Faber, Hick was in the process of moving from New York to Washington to become the executive secretary of the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee. Leaving behind a country house on Long Island, she could not afford to rent an apartment in Washington. Understanding Hick's predicament, Eleanor invited her to stay at the White House until she could get settled.

Hick ended up living in the Executive Mansion for four years. She occupied a little room that was part of the northwest-corner suite on the second floor. It was in this room, two hundred feet from the President's bedroom, that Louis Howe had once lived. Originally designed as the dressing room for a larger bedroom next door, it contained a bed, a dressing table, a desk that jiggled, an old-fashioned commode that served as a night table, and a fireplace. "I never knew any greater comfort or luxury than lying in bed and looking into that fire," Hick wrote later. "It was wonderful not to have to carry in logs for it. Twice a day, a man came in with logs, poked up the fire, and swept up the ashes."

When Hick and Eleanor first became friends, in the fall of 1932, Hick, then thirty-nine, was at the top of her profession as a journalist. Having worked at the Associated Press in New York for years, she was probably the most widely known female reporter in the country, respected for political savvy, passionate convictions, and a superb writing style. At poker games with her colleagues, she looked and acted like one of the boys, wearing a flannel shirt and trousers, which loosely

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covered a two-hundred-pound frame, and with a cigar hanging from her mouth.

During the last weeks of the 1932 Presidential campaign, Hick was assigned to cover Eleanor on a regular basis. "You'd better watch out for that Hickok woman," Franklin teased his wife. "She's smart." But the more time they spent together, sharing a drawing room on a train, riding together in an automobile from one event to the next, the more Eleanor began to recognize that vulnerability and need lay beneath Hick's hardboiled exterior—a vulnerability that struck an answering chord in Eleanor.

In the time they spent in each other's company during that campaign, Eleanor learned the story of Hick's childhood in Wisconsin and South Dakota. Her father was an abusive man, who beat her regularly, horsewhipped her dog, and crushed her kitten against the barn. Her rise through the world of journalism was exceptional, carrying her to the top job at the A.P. at the age of thirty-five, but she had suffered greatly when the woman she lived with left her for a man. Hick's story prompted Eleanor to share with the reporter the story of her own childhood; she probably also spoke of the catastrophe of her husband's affair with Lucy Mercer and of the slow, painful process of reconstructing herself through her work. But now, with her husband's move to the White House, she would be forced to leave all her friends behind, forced to invent herself all over again. It was a daunting prospect.

Hick empathized in a way that other friends did not with Eleanor's fears of becoming First Lady. And she had the professional experience and the political sophistication to help Eleanor figure out how to make the job she feared into one she wanted. It was Hick who suggested that Eleanor consider holding her own press conferences, restricted to female reporters, so as to encourage the papers to employ more women. It was Hick who encouraged Eleanor to publish a running account of her daily experiences in the form of a column—a suggestion that led directly to the enormously popular "My Day." Hick also encouraged Eleanor to write magazine pieces, and spent hours editing her manuscripts. But—what was far more important—Hick fell in love with Eleanor, pursuing her in a way that she had never been pursued before.

"Every woman wants to be first to someone in her life," Eleanor later wrote to Joe Lash, "and that desire is the explanation for many strange things women do." When Franklin was inaugurated for the first time, on March 4, 1933, Eleanor was wearing a sapphire ring that Hick had given her before she left New York. "Hick, darling," Eleanor wrote Hick after the Inauguration, "I want to put my arms around you . . . to hold you close. Your ring is a great comfort. I look at it and think she does love me, or I wouldn't be wearing it!"

"The nicest time of day is when I write to you," Eleanor said in another letter, and she added that she had kissed Hick's picture, since she couldn't kiss her. "Remember one thing always, no one is just what you are to me. I'd rather be with you this minute than anyone else. . . . I've never enjoyed being with anyone the way I enjoy being with you."

For her part, Hick was miserable without Eleanor. "Funny, how even the dearest face will fade away in time," she wrote. "Most clearly I remember your eyes, with a kind of teasing smile in them and the feeling of that soft spot just northeast of the corner of your mouth against my lips."

What are we to make of these letters? To be sure, they possess an emotional intensity that is hard to disregard. Yet, as Doris Faber reminds us, personal letters can be terribly misleading unless they are placed in the context of their time. In a groundbreaking analysis of correspondence between women in Victorian America, the world into which Eleanor was born, Carroll Smith-Rosenberg argues that women routinely used romantic, and even sensual, rhetoric to communicate with their female friends. At a time when relationships between men and women frequently lacked ease and intimacy, women opened their hearts more freely to other women, exchanging secrets, sharing desires, admitting fears.

Moreover, the essential question for the biographer is not whether Hick and Eleanor went beyond kisses and hugs but what role the precious friendship played in the life of each of them at that particular juncture. Hick's love for Eleanor came at a critical moment in Eleanor's life, providing a mixture of tenderness, loyalty, confidence, and courage that sustained her in her struggle to redefine her sense of self and her position in the world. For Eleanor, Hick's friendship was a positive force, allowing her to grow, to write the story of her life the way she wanted it to be, even in the White House.

For Hick, the love that had made her so euphoric at the start of the Roosevelt Administration soon left her wretched. Committed to Eleanor, yet feeling compromised as a journalist, she resigned her position at the A.P. in June of 1933. It was a major miscalculation. Though she found a good job with Harry Hopkins, investigating and evaluating the federal-relief situation, Hick reproached herself bitterly for giving up her career, her colleagues, her daily byline, her life.

Ironically, as Eleanor, with Hick's considerable help, grew into her role as First Lady, the ardor of the friendship diminished. Over time, Hick's possessiveness wore Eleanor down. "I know you have a feeling for me which for one reason or another I may not return in kind, but I feel I love you just the same," Eleanor wrote Hick.

By the time Hick moved into the White House, in 1941, she understood that she could never mean to Eleanor what Eleanor meant to her, but she couldn't make the break. Accepting Eleanor's invitation was in some ways a self-destructive act, but by living so close, she rationalized, she would at least have the chance to share an occasional breakfast with Eleanor in the morning or to talk with her late at night.

THE first problem facing the President after his third Inauguration was getting Congress to pass the lend-lease bill. Introduced in the House as H.R. 1776, the controversial legislation authorized the President to transfer munitions and supplies to foreign governments whose defense he deemed vital to United States interests.

Opponents attacked the bill on two grounds: first, that it granted the President dictatorial powers, "to carry on," in Senator Robert Taft's words, "a kind of undeclared war all over the world"; second, that it would lead America inexorably into war. Administration spokesmen took the opposite tack. By allowing

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Britain to continue the fight against Germany, they argued, the bill was the last best hope for keeping America out of the war.

The first witness to testify against the bill, on January 21, 1941, was the recently resigned Ambassador to Great Britain, Joseph Kennedy. For weeks, Kennedy had been flirting with the isolationists, tantalizing them with the prospect that he would make an open break with the Administration and join their crusade against the war. But in mid-January Roosevelt, knowing his man better than his opponents did, had invited Kennedy to the White House for an early-morning talk. Relaxing in his bedroom, the President allowed Kennedy to pour out his heart about the miserable treatment he had received from "the boys in the State Department" and "the President's hatchet men."

Nodding sympathetically, the President reminisced about the good times the two of them had had together over the years, and told Kennedy that once the lend-lease bill got through he would make sure that the country recognized how valuable a public servant Joe Kennedy had been. Disarmed, as always, by Roosevelt's charm, Kennedy shifted the tone of the statement he had prepared for Congress so substantially that his isolationist friends felt betrayed. While he said he opposed lend-lease in its present form, because the powers of Congress in foreign affairs should be preserved, he came out for complete aid to Britain, parroting the Administration's line that aid to Britain was the best means of avoiding war. It was a confusing statement, neither for nor against, and it exposed Kennedy to criticism from both sides. But Roosevelt, who had feared that his former Ambassador to Britain might lead the isolationist charge, was greatly relieved. He remained contemptuous of Kennedy himself, as is clear from a note he wrote to his son-in-law shortly after Kennedy testified:

> It is, I think, a little pathetic that he worries about being, with his family, social outcasts. . . . The truth of the matter is that Joe is and always has been a temperamental Irish boy, terrifically spoiled at an early age by huge financial success; thoroughly patriotic, thoroughly selfish and thoroughly obsessed with the idea that he must leave each of his nine children with a million dollars apiece when he dies (he has told me that often). He has a positive horror of any change in the present methods of life in America. To him, the future of a small capitalistic class is safer under a Hitler than under a Churchill. This is sub-conscious on his part and he does not admit it. . . . Sometimes I think I am 200 years older than he is!

In the days that followed Kennedy's statement, the opposition continued its attack against the lend-lease bill, culminating in a powerful warning from Charles Lindbergh that H.R. 1776 was, as the historian Richard Ketchum put it, "a step away from democracy, a step closer to war." Fully expecting this line of argument, the President had two weapons in reserve—Harry Hopkins and the defeated Republican Presidential nominee in 1940, Wendell Willkie.

In early January, Roosevelt had sent Hopkins to London to meet with Churchill and obtain a firsthand impression of Britain's resolve and Britain's needs. The journey to London had taken five days by a circuitous route. When Hopkins arrived, Churchill's Parliamentary Private Secretary, Brendan Bracken, observed, he was "sick and shrunken and too tired even to unfasten his safety belt." Years later, Churchill's daughter-in-law Pamela Churchill Harriman recalled her shock at her first sight of Hopkins, a dead cigarette in his mouth, wearing a large overcoat that he wouldn't take off. But the thrill of his mission served to revive Hopkins' health. At the welcoming dinner in his honor, the story is told, Churchill, knowing that Hopkins was a social worker with no military background, deliberately directed the conversation to issues of economic and social reform, emphasizing the point that after the war he planned to modernize Britain's slum cottages with electricity and plumbing. Hopkins interrupted him, saying, "Mr. Churchill, I don't give a damn about your cottagers. I've come over here to find out how we can help you beat this fellow Hitler." When Churchill heard that, his face lit up; he straightened his shoulders and got up from the table. "Mr. Hopkins, come with me," he said, and he led Hopkins to his study.

For the next three hours, Churchill confided the entire direction of his nation's affairs to the President's envoy. "And from this hour began a friendship between us which sailed serenely over all earthquakes and convulsions," Churchill wrote in his memoirs. "He was the most faithful and perfect channel of communication between the President and me. . . . There he sat, slim, frail, ill but absolutely glowing with refined comprehension of the Cause. It was to be the defeat, ruin, and slaughter of Hitler, to the exclusion of all other purposes, loyalties or aims." Hopkins, Churchill wrote, was "a crumbling lighthouse from which there shone the beam that led great fleets to harbor."

With their friendship sealed, Hopkins moved to elicit Churchill's help in the lend-lease debate. In early February, Churchill was working on a major speech to be broadcast throughout the world. At Roosevelt's request, Hopkins asked Churchill to skew the speech to American public opinion by promising that lend-lease was the best means to keep America out of the war. Though Roosevelt assumed that the United States would eventually have to enter the war, he was waiting to be pushed by events, rightly fearing that support for such action would quickly vanish if the American people felt that he, rather than a recognized threat to national security, compelled America's involvement. Churchill readily complied with Hopkins' request. Churchill began his speech by saying, "In the last war, the U.S. sent two million men across the Atlantic. But this is not a war of vast armies firing immense masses of shells at one another. We do not need the gallant armies which are forming throughout the American Union. . . . Give us the tools, and we will finish the job."

Roosevelt's second envoy, Wendell Willkie, visited Churchill shortly after Hopkins did. With shrewd insight, Roosevelt had invited Willkie to deliver a personal message to Churchill, knowing that the Prime Minister could do more than anyone else to make Willkie understand Britain's plight.

When Willkie returned to this country, on February 11th, he went directly to Capitol Hill to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on behalf of the lend-lease bill. It was the most important testimony in six weeks of hearings. In a blue suit rumpled from the plane ride, and with his hair drooping over one eye and his voice as hoarse as ever, Willkie declared that if the American people were to sit back and

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withdraw within there was no telling where "the madmen who are loose in the world" might strike next. With flashbulbs popping and hundreds of people crowded against the marble walls, Willkie predicted that "if the Republican party makes a blind opposition to this bill and allows itself to be presented to the American people as the isolationist party, it will never again gain control of the American government."

he had already begun work on a supplemental request for seven billion dollars to step up lend-lease.

That night, as Big Ben struck midnight, Churchill stood up in Parliament to voice the gratitude of his people to America for passing what he called "the most unsordid act in the history of any nation." With this act, he declared, "the most powerful democracy has, in effect, declared in a solemn statute that they

with documents and papers spilling off chairs and tables, he threw himself into one of the most massive undertakings in American history.

In the days that followed Hopkins' return, the President spent many hours with him, soaking up the information he had gathered while he was in England. Hopkins had talked with more than three hundred men and women, including all the important leaders of

Eleanor's favorites: Harry Hopkins and Lorena Hickok both lived in the White House. Harry was once Eleanor's closest protégé, but she came to feel that he had abandoned the New Deal goals for the war effort. Hick helped Eleanor forge her public identity, and fell in love with her, pursuing Eleanor in a way that she had never been pursued before.

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Eleanor, in her column that day, said she was "thankful beyond words" for Willkie's testimony. Her gratitude was not misplaced. Two days later, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee approved the bill, and the following month it sailed through both houses with substantial majorities. At ten minutes to four on the afternoon of March 11th, a smiling Roosevelt signed lend-lease into law. Three hours later, the President declared the defense of Britain vital to the United States and authorized the Navy to turn over to Britain thousands of naval guns, with ammunition; three thousand charges for bombs; and two dozen P.T. boats. Full of confidence, the President told reporters

will devote their overwhelming industrial and financial strength to insuring the defeat of Nazism." Putting the matter in simpler terms, a Londoner told the journalist Mollie Panter-Downes, who recounted the conversation in this magazine, "Thank God! The tanks are coming."

When Hopkins returned from England, a grateful Roosevelt appointed him the administrator of the lend-lease program, with a staff of thirty-five. While seventeen rooms were being hastily cleared for Hopkins and his staff in the Federal Reserve Building, Hopkins worked out of his big bedroom in the White House. There, from a card table set up in the middle of his room,

Britain; he had visited defenses, soldiers' camps, and airbases; he had seen Churchill in action with British crowds. He knew more about Britain's problems than any other American. And, with Hopkins, as with Eleanor, Roosevelt knew that he was receiving a straightforward picture of the situation, an honest and unbiased account, marked by insight, intuition, and human detail.

Reporters began comparing Hopkins to Woodrow Wilson's intimate envoy, Edward House, and, Marquis Childs noted in *The Saturday Evening Post*, "a spate of invitations fell upon him on his return—to write for syndicates at astronomical rates, to lecture, to talk on the record and off the record, to attend little

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intimate dinners of important people."

Eleanor's friend the journalist Martha Gellhorn observed that during the New Deal Hopkins had been Eleanor's protégé, and now he was F.D.R.'s. "He was much wittier and brighter in the second period and much nicer in the first period," she added.

For Roosevelt, the lend-lease triumph was not simply the passage of the bill but the successful education of the American public. "The decisions of our democracy may be slowly arrived at," Roosevelt remarked four days after the bill passed. "But when that decision is made, it is proclaimed not with the voice of any one man but with the voice of one hundred and thirty millions."

F.D.R.'s success with lend-lease did not take place without incurring criticism in the American press. Indeed, in every phase of Roosevelt's Presidency thoughtful critics lamented what they designated Roosevelt's deviousness, his lack of candor, his capricious experimentation, his tendency toward ingratitude. His character flaws were widely discussed—stubbornness, vanity, occasional vindictiveness, a habit of yessing callers just to be amiable. And some of these traits were not unknown in his personal relationships with those closest to him.

"Each imagines they are indispensable," Eleanor once remarked to Joe Lash. "All would be surprised at their dispensability. [The President] uses what suits his purpose. He makes up his own mind and discards people when they no longer fulfill a purpose of his."

By and large, however, the people surrounding Roosevelt remained intensely loyal to him throughout his Administrations. Churchill once said that encountering Franklin Roosevelt, with all his sparkle, his iridescent personality, and his inner élan, was like opening your first bottle of champagne. Roosevelt genuinely liked people; he enjoyed taking responsibility; and he loved being President. "Wouldn't you be President if you could?" he once naïvely asked a friend. "Wouldn't anybody?"

"He was one of the few statesmen in the twentieth or any other century who seemed to have no fear at all of the future," the British essayist Isaiah Berlin wrote. Frances Perkins said, "His capacity to inspire and encourage those who had to do tough, confused and practically impossible jobs was beyond dispute." Sam Rosenman agreed. The President, he observed, had a remarkable capacity to transmit his cheerful strength to others, to allow "those who hear it to begin to feel it and take part in it, to rejoice in it—and to return it tenfold by their own confidence."

WHEN the passage of lend-lease seemed imminent, the Führer, Goebbels recorded in his diary, finally gave his propagandists permission to attack America. "It was high time," he wrote. "Now we shall let rip. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt is shooting her mouth off around the country. If she were my wife, it would be a different story."

Despite similar scathing comments from some quarters in her own country on her demands for social justice, Eleanor Roosevelt continued "shooting her mouth off around the country," becoming increasingly involved in the emerging civil-rights struggle. Through her travels and her close ties with Negro leaders, Eleanor made Franklin more aware of the new spirit of militancy that was developing within the Negro community as blacks fought to break down the barriers to equality in both the armed forces and the war factories. Through Eleanor, Negro leaders had continuing access to the White House. The president of American Airlines, C. R. Smith, recalled that when he came to the White House one night "the place was running over with blacks." Smith said to Eleanor, "Looks like we're entertaining most of the blacks in the country tonight." She said, "Well, C.R., you must remember that the President is their President also." Such moments were all part of a bigger victory—making the federal government more relevant and more responsive to Negro Americans.

Because of her progressive views, many Southerners considered Eleanor the "most dangerous person" in America. Why couldn't she stay home with her husband, she was frequently asked, and tend to her knitting, as an example for other women to follow? "If you have any influence at all over the President," one woman complained to Missy LeHand, "will you please urge him to muzzle Eleanor Roosevelt, and it might not be a bad idea to chain her up—she talks too damn much." After visiting the White House, another woman gave Eleanor unsolicited advice: "Instead of tearing around the country, I think you should stay at home and personally see that the White House is clean. I soiled my white gloves yesterday morning on the stair-railing. It is disgraceful."

Rarely, however, did the President move to curb his wife's activities. In part, Franklin tolerated them because Eleanor represented the more generous, idealistic side of his own nature, the humanitarian values that he himself held but felt unable to act upon in the context of a Southern-dominated Congress. But the toleration was also good politics. While he kept the Party intact in the South, Eleanor was building new allies in the North among tens of thousands of migrating blacks, who were gaining access to the ballot in such urban areas as New York, Chicago, and Detroit. In the Northern precincts, the same photographs of Eleanor entertaining various black figures which had been circulating throughout the South as proof of White House treachery contributed to a historic shift in the political allegiance of Negroes.

Eleanor and Franklin made an exceptional team. She was more earnest, less devious, less patient, less fun, more uncompromisingly moral; he possessed the more trustworthy political talent, the more finely tuned sense of timing, the better feel for the citizenry, the smarter understanding of how to get things done. She could travel the country when he could not; she could speak her mind without the constraints of public office. She was the agitator; he was the politician. But they were linked by indissoluble bonds, and they drew strength from each other. "I only wish she wasn't so darned busy," Franklin once told his son Elliott. "I could have her with me so much more if she didn't have so many other engagements." After nearly forty years of marriage, Roosevelt still retained an intense admiration for his unusual wife, who, despite her stubbornness, her eccentricities, her moodiness, and her lack of understanding of him, remained, he told his son, "the most extraordinarily interesting woman" he had ever known.

On the walls of the President's study there hung a charming portrait of

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Eleanor painted when she was young. "You know, I've always liked that portrait," Franklin told Frances Perkins. "It's a beautiful portrait, don't you think so? . . . You know the hair's just right, isn't it? Lovely hair!" As Perkins listened, she was struck by the "light in his eye," which to her mind signalled "the light of affection." The White House aide Isador Lubin also witnessed frequent moments of affection when the President would kid Eleanor about something in a light way, and would "give her a whack on the fanny."

The fact that "certain parts of their marriage were not as happy as one would have hoped," Anna later said, did not mean that Eleanor didn't love Franklin. "She did love Father. There wasn't any doubt."

Eleanor's close friend Esther Lape agreed. "She never stopped loving him. That was why he always had the ability to hurt her."

"The truth of the matter is that a deep and unshakable affection and tenderness existed between them," James Roosevelt said. It set the tone for all those impassioned occupants of the White House who worked themselves to exhaustion for their leader: Hopkins, Missy LeHand, Lorena Hickok, and the other permanent and temporary guests. Their infatuations somehow never distracted them from the foremost legacy of their nineteenth-century childhoods: an uncynical sense of duty and moral purpose.

As for Franklin, Eleanor observed in her memoirs, "He might have been happier with a wife who was completely uncritical. That I was never able to be, and he had to find it in other people. Nevertheless, I think I sometimes acted as a spur, even though the spurring was not always wanted or welcome. I was one of those who served his purposes."

And so she was. But Franklin was also the instrument through which her own unusual qualities were able to find their widest stage. From the White House he had won, spurred by the goals they both shared, she was able to reach hundreds of millions, influence the life of an entire nation, and, in the process, find a large fulfillment of her own abilities and passions. In the most generous sense, they used each other to enrich themselves and the nation they led. ♦

Eleanor in 1960. She had redefined her sense of self—and her position in the world.

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STONES OF AGES *Mick Jagger, fifty-one; Ron Wood, forty-seven; Keith Richards, fifty; and Charlie Watts, fifty-three,*

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on tour in North America until December. They play New Jersey's Giants Stadium on August 12th, 14th, 15th, and 17th.

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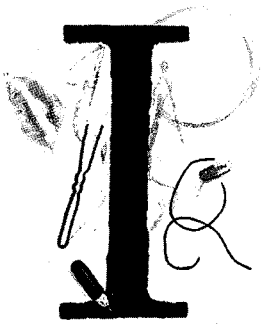
FICTION

THE THRILL IS GONE

BY JULIE HECHT



I HAD a headache. I was in my favorite place—Nantucket, Massachusetts—but my head ached anyway. I was glad to have the headache, because I'd read in a manual of natural remedies that a cure for a headache was one or two cups of black coffee. It would work only for those who were not consumers of caffeine on a regular basis, or on any basis. Having quit coffee fifteen years before, I tried the remedy this year and found that it worked. Not only did it work, but I rediscovered the fun of caffeine and often found myself wondering hopefully if any little twinge was a headache coming on.

On this day, I lay in bed for a while trying to decide whether to drink black coffee or to take three Tylenol tablets. It wasn't a good thing to wake up with a headache, but I'd read in a different manual that certain headaches were caused by natural progesterone occurring normally in the cycles of women of childbearing age. It was either the progesterone surge or the sudden progesterone drop-off, I couldn't remember which. I had asked the world-renowned reproductive surgeon, Dr. Arnold Loquesto, whom I'd consulted and photographed, and he said, "Ask Edwards. He published a whole paper about it."

"But what does it say is the cause?"

"How should I know? I don't even believe in it!" he yelled. Then he ran off to an operating room, or a conference in Australia.

As I lay in bed with a deep pounding in the right side of my head, I looked out at the garden of our rented house, a garden still in full bloom, even though it was August—the month that was often given as a reason gardens were no longer in bloom—and I remembered with self-loathing the character Oblomov. I compared my lying in bed and looking at the garden, the quince tree, bumblebees, white butterflies, and chirping birds while trying to decide between a caffeine fix and a pharmaceutical one, with the lying in bed of Oblomov. I felt myself to be a wastrel and my life to have been wasted. My adult life, anyway. In my childhood, I might have worked harder and been more worthwhile. Certainly, I looked better and was cuter. I tried to think of my contribution to society, family, or community. I compared myself with Hillary Clinton. Even though she was not as admired as Jacqueline Kennedy—I always compared myself unfavorably with her, too—I saw that Hillary had worked harder in college than I had. Then she worked hard in law school, and as a litigation partner at her law firm, and at looking so well-groomed and alert ever since that bus tour through the hot countryside. I bet she had some coffee every day.

Sometimes I compared myself with Princess Diana, and even there I didn't do well. Actually, I had the most in common with her, being a vegetarian, but—the lucky Princess—her husband was one, too, whereas mine liked to order little ducks and livers and eat them in front of me. That, and a fear of gaining weight—I'd read in *Star* that servants had found the Princess in the kitchen one night wolfing down an entire meat pie. I knew that this couldn't be entirely true, since she would have been wolfing down some other kind of pie, under the compulsion to do some midnight eating.

With these thoughts never far from my mind—these, plus the comparisons with women, couples, and happy families I saw on television commercials—I found it hard to get out of bed. Bed—what could be a more pleasant place to be? I got up. I opened the French doors to the garden and breathed the air, and I realized that outside would be a better place to be—right in the perennial border, deadheading lavender and rose blossoms, with the bees buzzing and the butterflies floating and the birds chirping all around me.

But before I could get out into that garden I had to get rid of the headache. I looked at my bottle of Tylenol and then thought of the cups of black coffee. Both choices seemed wrong. I had taken too much Tylenol in my life, for dental procedures and female complaints. It didn't work for either but was a necessary first step on the road to the hard stuff of codeine and ibuprofen. I pictured my liver—what it might look like from processing the number of medications it had been served up—and then I pictured my circulatory system, my blood vessels dilating and contracting from the caffeine they'd been forced to take in. Immediately, I saw that my liver looked worse. I'd go for the caffeine.

But I found that I didn't have any left because my last two headaches had used up the small amount of organically grown coffee beans I kept in the freezer for medicinal purposes. Most people don't know that coffee beans are one of the most heavily sprayed crops, just as the makers of Pepperidge Farm cookies and Cape Cod Potato Chips don't know that cottonseed oil has the most pesticide residue of any cooking oil, since the cotton bolls are not subject to food-crop rules and are sprayed heavily for the cotton crop. And I'd had such pleasant memories of the boll weevil since being forced to sing in sixth-grade assembly a cheerful song called "De Boll Weevil," after reciting the Lord's Prayer.

I took a shower and dressed myself just to the point of decency for being seen buying coffee beans. I wondered whether I should put on some mascara, after recently having heard Coco Chanel say in a filmed interview that women had to dress well, even when going to the grocery store, because they owed it to society, and also because any day, any time, might be their date with destiny—the moment they could meet that special man. The special-man part—screw that. But owing it to society made sense.

FILIP PAGOWSKI

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My cruelty-free cosmetics were in the upstairs bathroom. The downstairs bathrooms had been designed by an architect who specialized in designing prisons and were too small to keep any cosmetics in and too dark to see to put them on. I forced myself to go up the steep staircase at the other end of the house to the sweltering upstairs bathroom, which had no insulation and was too hot to stay in even to put on a small amount of makeup. I wet my face and quickly put some Vegelatum—a nonpetroleum jelly—on my skin, because I'd read in a fashion magazine a list of commandments which included "Never wash your face without moisturizing immediately." If only there were a way to put on a little makeup without having to see your face, I was thinking as I tried to gear up for the task.

My eyelids were still puffy, even though I'd given up taking Xanax for insomnia and switched over to valerian-root tincture. Maybe it was because I took twice the recommended dose after reading "ten to twenty drops, or as needed." This must have been what Marilyn Monroe's and Elvis Presley's lives were like: "Downers to sleep and uppers to wake," I'd read. At least I had never smoked marijuana, and this was always on my mind because of the last Presidential campaign.

I was planning to wear sunglasses with darker clip-ons on top of them, so why did I need the mascara, I asked myself. In case someone could see through the lenses when I removed the clip-ons in order to pay for the coffee beans. That special someone. The two specials I had ever hoped to meet—Elvis Presley and President Kennedy—were both dead, although I saw headlines about both being alive whenever I passed the magazine rack in the supermarket. It was more likely that I'd see Ted Kennedy, since sightings of him were reported at the farm where we bought tomatoes and corn every day. One afternoon, I'd heard the farmer tell his wife that he'd seen Ted at the pizzeria the night before and that he was barefoot.

So if Ted Kennedy was barefoot, overweight, and sun-damaged, not to mention the condition of his liver, why did I need to dress decently and put on mascara to buy coffee beans? Because of the failure of the feminist movement, I figured as I separated my lashes with a tiny steel comb. In fact, I wasn't dressed decently, since the hem on my skirt was coming down and I hadn't bothered even to pin it up. The week before, I'd put a paper clip on the hem, but on this hot morning I didn't have the energy to look for a paper clip. I didn't have the psychic energy to do anything anymore—I had to force myself to do my once favorite things, like going to Nantucket at all that summer. The thrill was gone.

I tried to remember which poem the line "My heart leaps up" came from, because I realized that my heart no longer leapt up. Instead I thought of my second-grade teacher, Miss Wagstaff, an overweight, elderly spinster with dyed red hair cut in a Buster Brown style, and a face like his dog, Tige, but powdered white, with pink rouge in the wrong places. She'd worn a gray jacket every day of the school week, and the elbows of the jacket were frayed away to nothing. One day, during rest period, when we were supposed to be resting or reading, I noticed her taking off her jacket. She went to a closet and took out a box. Then she spread the jacket across her desk and opened the box. She took out scissors and thread. We began to whisper to each other, "Miss Wagstaff is sewing her jacket!" Then she took out a roll of Scotch Tape and began to tape the worn part of the sleeve. (And this was the era before matte-finish tape was invented.) One piece this way, another that way—maybe four or five pieces until the job was done. When I told my parents what had happened, they didn't believe the story, and even though Miss Wagstaff was not a fit teacher in any other way, they allowed me to remain in that public school. I thought that my public-school background was one reason Hillary Clinton and Jacqueline Kennedy and Princess Diana had achieved more than I had and were better groomed than I was.

On the other hand, my loss of enthusiasm for everything could have been due to other factors. I'd recently heard David Letterman ask B. B. King to sing "The Thrill Is Gone." The discontented wit said that he personally understood what it meant. Perhaps the feeling had nothing to do with an inferior public-school background but with that other thing—the over-forty sense of various problems and disappointments people feel before getting into the next phase of life, where they're just glad to be alive after having accepted the loss of youth and the hope that any of their dreams for the world might come true. "Just look around at your own community—the overdevelopment of cities and land in the last ten years," I'd heard someone say in an environmental minute on television. Was it Robert Redford or Paul Newman speaking? I couldn't remember, but whoever it was, he didn't tell anything you could do about it. Maybe it was Paul Newman, since I remembered my husband giving the excuse for buying Paul Newman popcorn kernels, instead of Orville Redenbacher, "He gives away the money to charities you like."

I OPENED the front door. Outside, it was that time of hot, empty stillness I dreaded each day. No one was anywhere to be seen. All the normal, healthy people of this Nantucket neighborhood had done their early-morning errands and now were off doing something worthwhile and probably aerobic. This hot, lonely time lasted from noon to five each day. I would be the only one in the neighborhood stumbling out a rose-covered doorway into high noon, and it reminded me of high noon in that movie whenever I had to face a showdown with the sun.

I'd left the car windows open all night so that it wouldn't be too hot inside. I turned the air-conditioner on and pulled out of the crushed-seashell driveway. But I kept the windows open, and I recalled the scorn Dr. Loquesto had for driving with air-conditioning on and windows open. He said his mother used the same system in her house, and it made him really mad when he saw it. But on the one occasion I went to photograph her for my series of photographs of mothers of reproductive surgeons, I found that she had the heat on and the windows closed when the temperature outside was seventy-five degrees.

Anything could happen on the road to the coffee store. And whatever happened to me I would deserve for driving to a place I should have biked to before the sun was so high and so hot. But I put my seat belt on anyway, still having the will to live and also to avoid encounters with plastic surgeons in the Nantucket Cottage Hospital emergency room. I'd once seen a general surgeon in the Finast parking lot. He looked more

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like an eagle than a human except for his horn-rimmed eyeglass frames. His khaki trousers were rolled up to the knees, and in each hand he carried a ten-pound plastic bag of Italian plums. I remembered being told by a doctor that the normal uterus is the size of a small plum. When I asked Dr. Loquesto if this was correct, he said, "No, it's the size of an orange. A mandarin orange. Not a navel orange. A juice orange." "What about those round red plums?" I asked. "I don't know anything about plums," he said. So I never found out the answer. But even when teaching or trying to learn uterine surgery, the Nantucket surgeon couldn't have needed that many plums. Another time, I saw him standing on a floral-patterned hooked rug in the hospital lobby—this time in rolled-up pants, with gardening dirt all over the knees and bits of earth under his fingernails. When I asked some friends about his appearance—some friends who used his services as an obstetrician, since there was none on the island—they said that he liked to bake, and garden, too.

I'd also been told that a neighborhood man had no digestive system left and had to live on intravenous nourishment because one stormy, foggy winter night many years ago he couldn't be flown to Boston and was operated on in Nantucket, where a surgeon felt it best to remove several feet of everything. "You're right near Boston!" Dr. Loquesto would shout whenever I asked him what if this or that happened while I was under his care. He never had the fog on his mind. "Fog! Very romantic!" he'd yell if I tried to explain the weather conditions.

I knew the man without any digestive system from the time he'd walked around our corner one day and spoken to me for five minutes. There was nothing unusual-looking about him except his outfit—brand-new-looking bluejeans and bluejean jacket. A white-haired seventy-year-old man in a new bluejean outfit looked odd. Otherwise he was the picture of health. "He looks fine to me," I said to a seventy-five-year-old neighbor, who'd told me about the surgery. "That's because you didn't see him before," my neighbor said.

As I drove to the coffee-bean store that hot morning nearing noon, I thought of the other neighborhood men from that generation and of things they had said to me during other summers. One of these men also had white hair but more correct trousers, Nantucket reds—not correct-looking to me. They were more like pants a doll would wear. He was discussing the fine day with me when I had the courage to ask him where he'd purchased his eyeglass frames—the kind of clear plastic Socialist-style frames my husband was always breaking. "In New York—a place on Madison Avenue," he said. He suddenly became enlivened by the memory of his purchasing experience as he said, "A bouncy Jewish girl sold them to me." I tried to remove all expression from my face, to prevent him from telling more, but he continued. "I was planning on getting a pair like my old horn-rimmed ones when this bouncy Jewish salesgirl said she thought these would look good." (When I mentioned the incident to a friend who specializes in the interpretation of anti-Semitic slurs, she said that the man was probably in a state of sexual excitation at the time he bought the frames.) I remembered standing in the lane in the sun, listening to him and beginning to feel ill from his description and its implication of how much anti-Semitism there was in the world, in addition to all the other hatreds, evils, wars, and destruction. From that, and from the heat of the rays of the sun without the protection of the giant elms that the early settlers and whaling captains had cut down. After a while the man changed the adjective from "bouncy" to "vivacious," and went on his way.

He was quickly distracted by another neighborhood man, who waved to him from across the lane. I recognized this one from his small, round, horn-rimmed frames, his white hair—which he wore parted in the middle—and his clean yellow polo shirt and red-plaid Bermuda shorts. He had with him a small dog that looked just like him except for the hair and outfit. When he stopped, his little dog sat down and waited patiently while the man told me what a good year it was for beach plums and even told me his source of the plentiful crop. "It's a kind of sickness," he went on. "Whenever you see them you have to pick them." I agreed. He said that every day he brought some home and boiled them up until he had enough juice for jelly. I asked if he ever kept them in the refrigerator until he had one big batch, but he said, Hell no, he boiled up a batch each day. I thought of the many sacks of beach plums I kept in the refrigerator, dreading the "picking over" step of the jelly-making process. Then I had so many plums that it took me four hours to separate them, trying to discard the imperfect ones, as I'd seen in a fraudulent commercial about some corporate jelly-maker's method of making grape jelly. Every summer after that, as the refrigerator filled up with beach plums, I had the memory of this man's puritan jelly-making ethic to compare with my own method.

THE route to the coffee-bean store was tricky. If you weren't paying attention, you'd miss the correct street to turn down—the only one that didn't have a "One Way" sign. Then you'd find a maze where you'd be trapped into driving a few miles to find a two-way street. During this ride, my headache would be getting worse, with the sun beating in on all sides of the car. It was illegal to tint a windshield, and Dr. Loquesto's youngest son had advised me not to tint the windows too dark, because the car would look like a drug dealer's car. Even though I'd never seen a drug dealer in a Volvo station wagon, I took his advice.

In the tiny parking lot at the coffee-bean store I found a parking spot underneath a shady tree. I put on my sun hat for the trip from the tree across the lot and up the steps to the store. As usual, there was one college-age carpenter or another talking to the college-girl clerks. I didn't want to interrupt and ruin the fun and high expectations of their encounters. I looked over at the periodical rack. I hoped that I wouldn't see anything too interesting. Deliveries of new magazines were delayed by the early-morning fog, so I'd already read everything. But I wanted to avoid a repeat of the experience where I'd spent fifteen minutes standing in this store, with a headache, while reading an article about erotomania in *Star*. Dr. Loquesto had mentioned that he was being pursued by some erotomaniacs. A colleague of his told me, "He's the type who gets the erotomaniacs because of all his power." But I couldn't believe it, having once seen on the Discovery Channel a strange-looking bear that looked exactly

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like the powerful surgeon. Still, I had read the entire article with my head pounding and the sound of the background conversations: "I'm like, 'Should I go windsurfing or should I go rollerblading?' "

When the series of carpenters had left with their cups of coffee and unhealthful snacks—red cherry bread with blueberry cream cheese was one—the cashier told me that they were out of organically grown beans. I paid for the *Times*, and she directed me to the health-food store downtown. I could see that I would be spending most of the day on these coffee beans, because I knew that the health-food store had no grinder. That meant a trip to the gourmet store down the block to ask if they would mind grinding beans purchased elsewhere.

It took me an hour to get the beans and have them ground. A sixteen-year-old boy with an earring was the salesman at the health-food store. He was advising an eighteen-year-old boy with a backpack about which soy milk to buy. They were reading the labels carefully, with the older boy pointing out that his brand had only one per cent fat and ten fewer calories per glass than the others. Neither of them liked the nondairy beverage Rice Dream, even though it was made from brown rice.

On my way home I memorized the locations of some lanes with light-pink and light-peach hollyhocks, for my planned seed gathering in September. But after a while I saw so many hollyhocks, some planted in the wrong places, that I began to wonder whether they were a good idea after all.

I turned in to our lane. The car smelled from the ground-up, organically grown coffee beans. I took the bag of ground beans and the *Times* and stepped out into the sun. Then I heard my name being called. Who knew my name in the little neighborhood and would call it out in such a friendly way? I looked across the field and saw that it was a neighbor. She was descended from a branch of the English and Scotch-Irish aristocracy. I hadn't known we were back on speaking terms since the time she'd misinterpreted a complimentary remark I'd made about the renovation of her three-hundred-year-old house.

The truth was that people in the beautiful little neighborhood hated each other. They were on guard, as in a duel—the way we thought in childhood that duellers said to each other before drawing swords, "On guard!" "I just love this neighborhood," we'd all say to one another. The women would say that. Each man had a reason he'd just as soon live on the cliff, near the sea, or on the moors. I pointed out to my husband that most of the women had had a tiny bit of plastic surgery and looked much better because of it. It proved how prevalent the surgery was getting to be. The only one who'd had more than a bit was eighty-three—she'd had a great deal, plus some special vitamin-and-herb injections at clinics in Switzerland—and she looked best of all. Or maybe her face was just temporarily pinned up to her scalp with paper clips and Scotch Tape, since she always wore a wig, and who knew what went on under the wig? This was a use of wigs I'd read about in a fashion magazine.

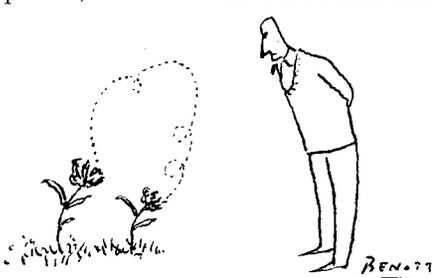
But it turned out that the neighbor was speaking to me only to inquire about another neighbor. She sure looked great—I couldn't help noticing, and I told her so.

"You do, too," she said.

"Oh, no," I said. "I'm losing the whole thing. But you'll always look good. You have bone structure."

She touched her bone structure and said, "I hope it holds up. It's all I have."

"Of course it will. Bones don't fall in." I'd never heard of osteoporosis of the jaw or cheekbones, and Freud was the only one I knew of who'd had a serious jawbone disease. This woman was into the decade after the forties but still looked better than I did. Her eyes were bluer than mine—they were that light, anti-Semitic blue—and her cheeks were that rosy, anti-Semitic pink. Probably she'd been playing tennis all morning. "I'm off for my swim," she said, explaining a heavy white towel around her neck, which I didn't see how she could bear in the hot sun. Her posture was perfect, and her teeth were white and perfect, too. I pictured her swimming hard back and forth. That must have been how she kept that excellent muscle tone and circulatory glow. When the conversation was over I was going to look at her legs. She was in her bathing suit, so it would be easy to do.



I was careful not to ask about her husband, because no one had informed me that summer whether he was still alive. "Where is he?" and "Is he still alive?" were two questions that occurred to people every year. To consider either question was to face the passage of time. I wanted to avoid that. Because when I had first spoken to the husband everything was more fun for all of us. I'd heard all about him and her. She was in her forties and he was in his seventies. He was a tall and handsome member of the landed gentry. "He had land deeded to him by the king of England in the sixteen-hundreds" was something people liked to say about him. He'd been married a few times. He had children in their forties. Then, at some point, he and the woman got married and had twin girls.

One year, before I'd ever seen the husband, I spoke to him on the phone about renting their guest cottage. In discussing the number of bedrooms, he asked, "Do you have children?" and I said, "No, I'm going to wait until I'm forty." "Oh, don't do that," he said. "You'll have to have your tubes blown and all. It's no fun." He went on to repeat his age and that of his blue-eyed wife, and to mention various medical procedures they'd gone through in attempting to have a child. And all I wanted was to rent their little guest cottage. The blowing of the tubes was something I was trying to get off my mind as he finished the story's happy ending.

Luckily, I never met the man after the conversation but just saw him from a distance. My husband would comment on the man's handsomeness, saying that he looked like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., or Howard Hughes.

It turned out that the man was still alive and was staying in their home in another historic part of Massachusetts, maybe on the land the king had deeded to him. He had around-the-clock care, but his wife had to be in Nantucket for the sake of the twin girls. As I was imagining the situation, my neighbor said, "But they miss their father." I remembered seeing the little girls tackling

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the man around his handsome head eight years before.

Now his condition was not that good, she said. She described his symptoms of confusion and memory loss. "Then there's the sleeping," she said.

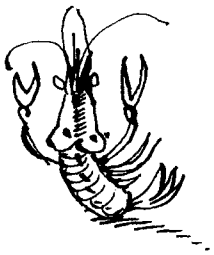
I thought of my father and his symptoms. The symptoms sounded the same. "Sleeping—is that a sign?" I asked.

"*Oh, yes.* You have to *watch* for *that. That's* a sign. That's what we had. *Sleep, sleep, sleep.* I'd find him sleeping in the garden."

It didn't sound that bad to me. Especially the way she said the words. She had so much expression in her voice as she explained the symptoms and repeated the word "sleep." She had a certain rhythm with the words—it sounded in between Dylan Thomas and James Joyce. Sometimes everything the Irish said sounded like a poem. I was thinking that it was too bad that the people we met on our lanes in our neighborhoods spoke with so much feeling in their voices, while a number of actresses who starred in films had no feeling at all in theirs.

"Yes, we'd find him lying down and sleeping in the garden. That was it. Yes—sleep, sleep, sleep in the garden."

I tried to imagine the garden. Did it have a rose-covered arbor? Was there wisteria growing over the garden gate? Were there peach and pink hollyhocks planted alongside the white fence? Or was it all green, just a big, all-green garden of grass, evergreens, moss, and ferns? An all-green garden sounded like a better place to sleep than one filled with flower beds, even if the flowers were light colors, or all white. The colors and shapes of the flowers might be a distraction from lying down and sleeping. You'd be wanting to keep your eyes open for one more look.



The man was tall. I pictured him lying down and folding himself up in the garden to sleep. He seemed happy there. But then I pictured my father, old and alone, folding himself into the same position and sleeping in his bed at night. This was something I thought about at night when I tried to fall asleep. It would keep me awake for a while or most of the night.

The sight of my neighbor standing in the hot sun with the heavy towel around her neck took my mind off my own problems and made me wish she'd leave for her long swim.

"You must come by and see the house when I've got it together," she said.

"I'm sure it's beautiful," I said. "It looks good from the outside."

I knew the house was crooked and had wide, crooked, seventeenth-century floorboards. I hoped they'd left it that way. I hoped it was as crooked as when I'd first been inside it.

Then she waved goodbye and took off. I remembered to look at her legs. They looked like the legs of a very young woman. Everything was in place, and I knew that there was no way to pull up leg skin and muscle with clips or tape under a bathing suit, even though I no longer read fashion magazines. It turned out that what I'd read in *Vogue* when I was thirteen—"The hours from noon to two are the best for suntanning"—was bad advice.

BACK in our little house, I sat on a Windsor chair in front of an electric fan and drank one cup of black coffee while looking at a photograph of the President in the *Times*. If he had such brilliant advisers, why didn't they advise him to stop blow-drying his hair? There was no mention of the subject in the newspaper.

After reading about his troubles and his diet I noticed that my headache was cured. I decided to look for Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" and see if I could find that poem about the heart leaping. I remembered no reference books in the entire house and only the Fannie Farmer cookbook to refer to for jelly-making techniques. It was too hot to go to the library in town, and most of my neighbors were illiterate, though fine neighbors in every other way. The only literate person I knew in Massachusetts, where the phone rates were low enough to call during the day, was Dr. Loquesto's twelve-year-old son. He'd recently called me and said, "I find Clinton's hair so disturbing." The two of them, father and son, had a big library and were always looking things up. Some of their books were in the surgeon's study and others were in the library. Would it be an imposition on the boy to ask him to look up a poem in a book?

He'd once showed me the system he'd used for separating his father's books into different rooms. "The medical books are in his study," the boy said. "How about this one?" I asked, pointing to a medical textbook in their library. "He doesn't do diseases—he'd only look at that once in five years," the boy said. "What about this one?" I asked, pointing to a psychology textbook. "I guess he'd never use it," I added. "He thinks he knows all he needs to about psychology," he said. Then he laughed.

If the boy was able to find the poem, he'd have to read it out loud on the phone. I knew he would read it in a cynical way. I remembered what the surgeon had said against Surrealism when he thought he'd seen some in my photographs. "I like Realism, I like Romanticism, I'm too busy for Surrealism!" he yelled. But if he liked Romanticism, why wouldn't he look out the window at the sky when the sun was setting? Even when he was passing right by a window he refused to look. The truth must have been that he hated Romanticism. Probably he didn't even know what the word meant when he yelled out that he liked it.

I decided to call the surgeon's son anyway. He usually came through with the information I needed. He seemed to be laughing when he answered the phone. When I asked what he was doing he said, "Looking through the medicine cabinet."

"What could be funny in there?" I asked.

"I found a bottle of hydrogen peroxide with the expiration date 1976," he said.

Immediately I thought better of asking him to look up the poem. One reason was that his heart didn't leap up for anything. If it did, he kept it hidden. This would cause him problems later on. Also, he hadn't completed the last assignment I'd tried to give him: when in Wellesley next, please find Anne Sexton's childhood home and report to me on what it looks like. I needed this information for my plan to photograph three of the poet's houses in Massachusetts. But he wasn't interested. "I know where Thoreau's house is," he said.

I decided to wait until dark and go to the bookstore to find the quote. I'd follow my usual plan for the middle of the day—until the light turned right for photographing the moors and ponds I

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was interested in. I would read the *Times*, checking for signs of hope and despair. I'd deadhead the perennials and the fairy roses. I'd go to the ocean beach at four. I'd sit under the umbrella and read the parts of the *Times* I'd missed. When most people left the beach, I'd go swimming, I'd work on removing the polo player from some bathing trunks I'd bought for my husband, I'd go to three farms to find the best corn. I thought about what I'd read in the obituary of the Nobel Prize geneticist Barbara McClintock: "She spent her life working on corn." Then I'd go home and take another shower and put on more mascara. I'd put my camera in my bicycle basket and go for a long ride. On the ride I'd stop and take the photographs I'd waited all day to take. On the way back from the sunset, it would be cool and dark enough to go to the bookstore.

THE reference section of the bookstore wasn't popular. No section was popular at that hour, because people were having their dinners—big platters of corn. I had the whole store to myself. If I found the quote I'd buy the book. I quickly found the word "Heart." On the way to "Heart" from the back of the book I saw "Wisdom," "Wish," "Sorrows," and "Soul," "Sigh," "Shudders," "Seas," and "Secure." "The Magic Flute" was playing on the stereo. I felt some hope and euphoria coming on. When I had more time, I'd read this whole book and everything quoted in it, even though the plan sounded like something a hostage in Iran might do to pass the hours. I was momentarily distracted by "Heartstrings are a lute." Why hadn't I read more poetry? Another way I had wasted my life occurred to me. "My heart is pure," "my heart is sick and sad," "my heart is heavy," "my heart is at rest," "I am sick at heart," and nothing about "my heart-rate target zone during aerobic activity"—the way I was accustomed to hearing the word used.

There it was. "My heart leaps up." My heart leapt up when I saw it. "My heart leaps up when I behold / A rainbow in the sky." But then my heart quickly fell back down when I remembered this famous poem and realized that my education was so poor that I had forgotten it.

I'd buy all of Wordsworth's poems. I'd buy some Keats, too, and a scholarly work on the Romantic poets. I would read Spenser's "Faerie Queene." If Keats liked it so much, it had to be good. I went to the Wordsworth shelf and found a book of poems. Right on the same page with "My Heart Leaps Up" was "To a Butterfly." With the headache and the blow-drying of the President's hair and the reading of the *Times* and the watching of "Crossfire," I'd forgotten about the Romantic poets.

Maybe my life as a wastrel in the garden looking at white butterflies wasn't a crime. I'd try to overlook the part of Wordsworth's life where "he finally set up house with his beloved sister." I wouldn't blame myself for forgetting the poem. Because when I'd phoned an English waiter from a Tuscan restaurant in Southampton to offer him a pear tree we were digging up, "Somewhere over the rainbow" was playing in the background on his answering machine.

I tried to picture a rainbow and remember the last time I'd seen one. It was a few years ago, right there on Nantucket, up near the cliff. I was riding my bike. A boy of about seven called to me, "Look!" as he pointed to the sky. Since I was still fresh from city life I thought he was pointing out something I should beware of. And as I looked around, I saw nothing menacing or anything at all. The boy kept pointing and called, "Don't you see it?"

"See what?" I said. "What is it?"

"A rainbow," the boy said.

And then I did see it. It was a faint rainbow separated in the middle by what was left of the blue of the sky.

I remembered that as a time when my heart leapt up. I was glad to be on an island where a child would point out a rainbow to a stranger, even though the grownups of the island resorted to plastic surgery, described reproductive surgery, straightened crooked floors, and admired George Bush. Except for the owners of our house, who were mad at the Pope and disgusted with Republicans. I'd read in an encyclopedia that "for Percy Bysshe Shelley there was no distinction between poetry and politics," whatever that meant. Maybe if I read the Romantic poets and worshipped nature along with Wordsworth, and the President became a vegetarian, my heart would leap up again. Probably not. Not as high up—I was sure of that. ♦

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THE CRITICS

A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE WOODSTOCK WARS

BY HAL ESPEN

ONE of the fondest myths of Woodstock is that not a single act of violence occurred there, not even a fistfight—that, in the famous words of Max Yasgur, the farmer who owned the festival site, it was three days of "fun and music, and nothing but fun and music." Well, he was more or less right, but it's a vision that omits the notorious onstage confrontation between Abbie Hoffman, the professional radical, and Pete Townshend, the guitarist of the Who.

Earlier, Hoffman had tried to shake down the Woodstock promoters by threatening to arrange a violent disruption of the festival by radicals if he wasn't given a large sum of money. The attempt failed, and he went on to play an important role in organizing emergency medical care at the concert. Still, Hoffman, then thirty-two and a leader of the Yippies, couldn't resist the temptation to rabble-rouse in front of such a large captive audience. John Sinclair, the leader of the White Panther Party, had recently been given a stiff prison sentence for passing along a couple of joints, and Hoffman took it into his head to scold the multitudes for partying while Sinclair was languishing in his cell. Unfortunately for Hoffman, he grabbed the microphone in the middle of the Who's set. (A recording of the incident appears on the new Who anthology, "Thirty Years of Maximum R & B.")

Hoffman began to holler, "I think it's a pile of shit, while John Sinclair rots in prison—"

Pete Townshend interrupted him, snarling, "Fuck off!"

Hoffman tried to resume: "I—"

"Fuck off my fucking stage!" Townshend shouted, and he rammed Hoffman in the back of the neck with his guitar, forcing him off the platform. The audience roared its approval.

Rolling Stone mentioned the incident in its Woodstock issue and added dryly, "That's the relationship of rock to politics." Still, what happened didn't discourage Hoffman from proceeding to invent "Woodstock Nation," a phrase he deployed adeptly and repeatedly. After the concert, he told reporters that it had marked "the birth of the Woodstock Nation and the death of the American dinosaur." Later that year, Hoffman continued his embrace of the festival by publishing a book-length screed called "Woodstock Nation." On trial with the Chicago Seven in December, Hoffman contrived to give the following testimony:

Q: Where do you reside?
A: I live in Woodstock Nation.
Q: Will you tell the Court and jury where it is?
A: Yes. It is a nation of alienated young people. We carry it around with us as a state of mind in the same way as the Sioux Indians carry the Sioux nation around with them. It is a nation dedicated to cooperation versus competition, to the idea that people should have better means of exchange than property or money, that there should be some other basis of human interactions.

No doubt this tale supplies an ironic provenance for that perennial catchphrase. Over the years, the term

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"Woodstock Nation," like many other Woodstock artifacts, has been wrapped in a golden haze that disguises a more complicated truth. But the tale also offers a glint of insight into how quickly the nostalgia took hold—how the actuality of the ecstatic, miserable, mud-soaked, beatific chaos of Woodstock was instantly turned into a consumable media image of itself.

Certainly it was as a media commodity that I experienced it. Even if I had known about Woodstock ahead of time, my parents would never have let me go to it. In 1969, I was fourteen and was growing up in a California suburb. Along with hordes of other kids, I learned about the festival from *Life's* de-luxe coverage of "The Big Woodstock Rock Trip." Like the movie and the triple album that were released the following spring, *Life's* spectacular color pictures served as an irresistibly seductive primer for us budding hippies. Those pictures spoke a thousand words: Swarm in awesome numbers! Swim naked with girls! Groove to gigantic stereo speakers! Writhe in ecstasy and wallow in ooze! My pursuit of further Woodstock indoctrination was interrupted when my father, a blue-collar square who frowned on nudity and pot-smoking, forbade me to see the Warner Bros. documentary film. I was later scolded for buying the best-selling soundtrack album during a family trip to New York (my cousins took me to an incense-choked record shop in the Village), but parental censorship broke down, and my copy was not confiscated. Thanks to the Atlantic Records Cotillion label, I was able to gaze dreamily at the skinny-dipping shot on the inside cover as I thrilled to the exciting stage announcements ("The brown acid that's been circulating around us is not specifically too good"), played Country Joe McDonald leading "The 'Fish' Cheer" ("What's that spell?" "*Fuck!*") for my friends, and blasted my neurons with Jimi Hendrix's immortal "Star-Spangled Banner." So what if most of the music was execrable? The album made Woodstock vicariously available to me and millions of others. It went gold within two weeks of its release and remained on the *Billboard* charts for sixteen months.

TWENTY-FIVE years later, the forces of remembrance are clashing with the armies of reënactment in an absurd little guerrilla war over the cultural legacy of Woodstock. For on the eve of a lavishly publicized sequel the freak flags are still flying, and the myth is still up for grabs. This makes sense, since Woodstock, as a historic event defined by capriciousness and serendipity, was always a peculiar candidate for generational significance.

In most respects, after all, Woodstock was a disaster. To begin with, it rained and rained for weeks before the festival, and then, of course, it rained during the festival. The promoters lost weeks of preparation time when the site had to be switched twice. They rented Yasgur's field less than a month before the concert. The stage wasn't finished, and the sound system was stitched together perilously close to the start of the show. As soon as the festival opened, the water- and food-delivery arrangements broke down, the gates and fences disintegrated, and tens of thousands of new bodies kept pouring in. (One powerful lure was the rumor that the revered and reclusive Bob Dylan was going to perform; he wasn't.) In response to an emergency appeal for volunteers, fifty doctors were flown in. The Air Force brought in food on Huey helicopters, and the Women's Group of the Jewish Community Center in Monticello sent thirty thousand sandwiches. One kid was killed when he was run over by a tractor, one died of appendicitis, and another died of a drug overdose.

Virtually everyone was high on drugs, and not just the audience. Carlos Santana, John Sebastian, and everybody in Jefferson Airplane were tripping during their performances. Janis Joplin was drunk, and Dallas Taylor, the drummer for Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, was coked out of his mind. A secure supply of water was delivered from a Red Cross helicopter to the first-aid tent to insure that the doctors and nurses would not be accidentally drugged. At least one of the helicopter pilots was dosed with LSD, and he hovered, awestruck, over the crowd for several minutes before flying safely out to civilization.

It was a glorious mess financially, too. Although about a hundred thousand tickets had been sold, most kids didn't pay a thing. The cost of food, helicopters, and medical services, along with other, unforeseen expenses, put the young promoters more than a million dollars in debt. Twenty-five years later, several of those promoters, no longer so young, are back in the Woodstock business, and they've clearly learned a thing or two about staging a concert. Only in the management of myth have their calculations failed them.

More than a hundred and fifty thousand rock fans are expected to attend a two-day concert called Woodstock '94 this weekend in upstate New York, in Saugerties, sixty miles from the site of the 1969 concert. (Plans to present a smaller, alternative festival, at the original site, fell apart last week.) For this event, Woodstock Ventures, a partnership that owns the original Woodstock dove-on-a-guitar-neck logo, and includes three of the four original promoters of Woodstock, has teamed up with PolyGram, the Dutch multinational entertainment conglomerate, to present a carefully planned and tightly managed thirty-million-dollar extravaganza featuring more than thirty acts, among them Aerosmith, Metallica, Peter Gabriel, and Bob Dylan. A vast legion of traffic cops will keep crashers at bay, and not only illegal drugs but alcohol, too, will be prohibited—a circumstance that suggests that Dionysus is considered a poor risk for liability insurance these days.

Rather more controversially, Woodstock Ventures is engaging in aggressive marketing and merchandising. Corporate sponsors, including Pepsi, Häagen-Dazs, and Nobody Beats the Wiz, will contribute to the event. Several commercials for the festival have been running on national television—including a version for MTV, whose slogan is "A Confluence of Generations"—and advertisements have appeared in several national newspapers, including *USA Today*. Merchandising licenses have been granted for dozens of items, including key chains, money clips, kaleidoscopes, dog tags, ban-

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dannas, rub-on tattoos, commemorative coins, leather jackets, and—farewell, free love—condoms. (Not even T-shirts were sold at the first Woodstock. "Who knew about ancillaries?" Michael Lang, one of the original promoters, says now.)

Woodstock '94 will also have a broadband tie-in to the Media Nation. The entire festival will be presented on pay-per-view television, and live coverage will be provided on MTV and on more than two hundred radio stations, which will broadcast MediaAmerica's syndicated Woodstock programming. Print and television journalists will be present in force, and scores of satellite dishes will beam reports from the site. Attempts to convey the aura of the first Woodstock often resorted to an existential formula: You had to be there. Woodstock '94 will be everywhere—a kind of nowhere.

THE denunciations have been as inescapable as the hype, and as ritualized. At times mournful, at times wrathfully indignant, the complaints are drawn from a common store of conventional wisdom. It is said that Woodstock '94, with its slick production values and corporate sponsors, stands for everything Woodstock '69 stood against; that the idealism of the original occasion has been corrupted, coöpted, besmirched by the proliferating greed of commercial culture; that an occasion of profound moral and political significance has been trivialized. To many, the news that the very name of the Woodstock festival is private property is felt as an injury; that its famous logo now appears on cans of Pepsi is felt as an insult. Besides, Woodstock, everyone knows, was *free*, a brilliant prank against American capitalism. How dare Woodstock Ventures charge a hundred and thirty-five dollars a ticket?

Frank Rich, in a column in the *Times*, sees the true meaning of Woodstock in its innocence of media hype and manipulation. An earnest letter writer replies, by way of amplification, that the "anticommercialism" of the 1969 event puts "the essence of Woodstock forever beyond the reach of capitalist enterprise." In a more activist vein, a leftist organization has been distributing leaflets seeking to remind us that Woodstock "represented a searching for alternatives based on love, respect, peace, and cooperation," and that, "for a whole generation of young people rejecting the values of a sick world, Woodstock was the defining countercultural event of the 1960's." The leaflets then urge:

> Let us all actively participate in these events in the spirit of a culture of resistance for today. Against the inevitable attempts to trivialize and mock the spirit of the 1960's, we must defend its vision and values. We encourage everyone to take up the call. "It was right then, and it's still right today!"

The avalanche of Woodstock sentimentalism has even spilled into cyberspace, the underground press of the nineties. This year, the On-line Nation has been discussing Woodstock on Prodigy, CompuServe, the WELL, and a service called Woodstock Online, operating from a cabin near Woodstock. A Woodstock festival newsgroup on the Internet has provided a forum for some forlorn electronic handwringing. "Sometimes it seems that the legacy of all that sharing, spirit of creation, and awe at who we discovered ourselves to be and who we could become has come to no more than greed and distance (no small thanks to the media giants)," one electronic correspondent ventured. In the view of another, "Woodstock represented a time of Sisterhood & Brotherhood. Now it seems that the Milkens have taken over." Woodstock, for many sixties loyalists, represented a glimpse of a beautiful future and, what was more, a lost cause whose failure cast a shadow on the temporizing compromises of their own adulthood and the course of national affairs.

YET, once a big concert was transmuted into an imaginary nation, this sort of mystification was surely inevitable. It's a cliché to speak of "the forging of a nation," but, as the historian Neal Ascherson once pointed out, the phrase has a certain aptness: all nations are, in a sense, forgeries. It is true that, as Frank Rich observed, the Woodstock festival came into being without the collusion of media hype and marketing. But the manufacture of Woodstock Nation was very much bound up with such things. After the fact, a team of hip journalists were ready to elaborate on the radical implications of the soggy cosmic bash. Thus, in *Rolling Stone's* Woodstock issue, Andrew Kopkind wrote that no one could mistake "the exhilaration of a generation's arrival." There had been problems and difficulties, but it had also been a kind of Eden: "No one in this country in this century had ever seen a 'society' so free of repression. Everyone swam nude in the lake, balling was easier than getting breakfast, and the 'pigs' just smiled and passed out the oats." Here was a counterculture that was destined to flourish in opposition to "institutions that carry all the insane and destructive values of privatism, competition, commercialism, profitability, and elitism." As it turned out, the hectoring politico who had been forced off the stage at Woodstock was a prophet, if one without honor. Abbie Hoffman's humiliation was cheered by the rock fans at Yasgur's farm, but he opened Woodstock for ideological development and reminded us that a glib phrasemaker could be the father of an invented tradition.

Which brings us to the cherished notion of Woodstock as a "free" concert—as a new and sweetly transcendent paradigm of postcapitalist enterprise. Needless to say, Woodstock wasn't a free concert for the hundred thousand-odd people who paid for their tickets ahead of time; only logistical problems kept the promoters from collecting money from the rest. Woodstock was no more intended to be free than it was intended to be rain-soaked and gargantuan. And yet there's something telling about the alacrity with which incompetence came to be represented as purity, and a foul-up raised to a principle, as if socialism were merely inept capitalism. John Roberts, one of the original Woodstock pro-

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moters who are now involved in putting on Woodstock '94, refers to the concept of the free concert as "an albatross." He says, "It just seems kind of obvious and self-evident to me, but it apparently strikes a lot of people as news that Woodstock was intended to make money; I think most people have some kind of notion we did this for eleemosynary reasons back in 1969." (Woodstock eventually did turn a profit, based on album sales and film rights, but it took eleven years.) This was one of many ways, Roberts said, in which "we came smack up against our own myth." To be sure, this widespread misapprehension that Woodstock was anticommercial rather than unsuccessfully commercial has, paradoxically, become one of the most appealing, and salable, aspects of the Woodstock mystique.

In general, the promoters of Woodstock '94 have been eager to associate their three-ring concert with an aura of progressive social awareness and sixties-style commitment; and yet Woodstock '69 was designed to repel anything that looked like real activism. Radical groups were mollified by being allowed to have tables but were marginalized by being stuck out in the hinterland. The organizers allowed no political speeches from the stage, and the musicians restricted themselves to occasional expressions of antiwar sentiment. The kind of rock-concert radicalism that Woodstock represented was the culmination of a powerful moderating force in sixties politics, in which political culture was overtaken by politics *as* culture, which is to say consumer culture.

It's a point that continues to elude those who rail against the theme-park-style merchandising of this summer's anniversary festival. ("I was at Woodstock and all I got was this lousy T-shirt.") Politics as cultural consumption meant that consumer preferences—tie-dyed shirts, love beads, dope, Janis Joplin LPs—didn't signal a political allegiance, exactly; they constituted it. The fervor of the era could mask the essential conservatism of this tendency; at the time of the original Woodstock concert, the rock critic Greil Marcus wrote, "Janis Joplin's new album is more important than landing on the moon." A faith based on vanguard consumption as a transformative act—on a free concert that wasn't free—helps to explain why the counterculture of the sixties so easily became the over-the-counter culture of the eighties and nineties.

THE sheer size of the crowd was also what lent credibility to Hoffman's manufacture of a Woodstock Nation, to the conversion of a rock concert into a political movement—a "whole new minority group," in Janis Joplin's words. The endless vistas of muddy communicants energized the Aquarian delusion that some pleasant Utopia was imminent, that disgust with Vietnam and a yearning for more relaxed social mores implied a sharp and abiding break with middle-class values. Plainly, there was a peculiar political arithmetic at work. A blissed-out kid listening to music on his lawn is a blissed-out kid listening to music on his lawn. But lots and lots of them listening to music on somebody else's lawn—well, that was a revolutionary nation.

By all accounts, the sense of community at Woodstock was real—so real that it was often described as love—but it was a wholly local and temporary condition, based on shared adversity. Today, John Roberts says, "My view of it is: if we can get rid of the things that were unpleasant about the first one—the traffic jams, the endless lines at the Port-O-Sans, not enough food, not enough water—and keep the music and the setting and the good times and the high spirits, then everyone is going to be happy with that." But the original Woodstock didn't succeed in spite of the hardships; it succeeded because of them. Scarce provisions, inadequate facilities, rotten weather—of such things is solidarity made.

Indeed, the benign togetherness of those three days of fun and music shares something with the collective experience of surviving an earthquake or a flood, including a curious paradox common to such collective events. What takes hold at the time is a humbling sense of togetherness—togetherness with those who shared the experience. What takes hold later is a privileged sense of apartness—apartness from those who didn't. To broaden the point, the thing that makes baby boomers so unappealing as a species is their abiding, if un-

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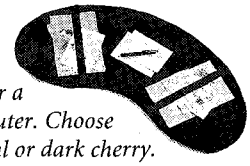

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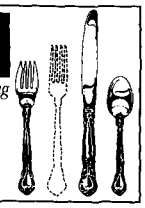

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stated, conviction that an epic and heroic youth culture, perhaps even youth itself, remains their unique property—the generational equivalent of a registered trademark.

Maybe that's why a younger generation is often deeply ambivalent about the Woodstock myth. While the on-line boomers were waxing nostalgic, many of their twenty-something counterparts were expressing a more jaundiced view of matters. "LSD—Let the Sixties Die," one participant in a "Gen X" on-line bulletin board pleaded recently. "Take Woodstock II, for example—please!" For such people, the problem with the current festival isn't that it is a betrayal of sixties culture but that it is yet another tiresome vestige of it. Many young people seem offended by the idea of dragging Woodstock out of mothballs for their benefit.

A FINAL irony: Even as the original Woodstock was being forged into a generational declaration of independence and a dress rehearsal for the coming of a quasi-revolutionary new age, its power as a rallying cry was evaporating. Part of the pathos that continues to surround the memory of Woodstock derives from its proximity to the strangely rapid wilting of commitment that brought the sixties to a close. The festival was felt in 1969 to be the beginning of an era; what it actually represented was the end of one.

Just a few months after Woodstock, the disaster at Altamont—in which Hell's Angels beat and stabbed to death a young fan at a free Rolling Stones concert—was immediately understood to be the death knell of the enormous rock festival. Rock was a popular art and a business, it turned out, rather than a social revolution. In the aftermath of Altamont, the concert impresario Bill Graham, always the pragmatist, said that the elimination of festivals "is one of the best things that can happen to rock and roll. . . . Who gains, other than the people in the fifty-foot perimeter of the stage? Two hundred and ninety thousand others can't see or hear anything." After Kent State and the other antiwar convulsions of the spring of 1970, the sixties quietly began to become the seventies. By the fall, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix were dead. By 1973, when six hundred thousand rock fans gathered for a one-day festival in Watkins Glen, New York, to see the Allman Brothers, the Band, and the Grateful Dead, it was just a huge rock concert.

The dream that pleasure could be a politics, that balling, smoking dope, and listening to loud music would shake capitalism to its foundations, that power was about feeling powerful—the dream died hard, but it died. Other aspects of Woodstock Nation have enjoyed more of an afterlife. Consider the way political spectacle seems to supplant political action, the way media reflection obscures the thing reflected, the way passive consumption becomes a form of social intercourse. Consider the cultural reign of nostalgia without memory, and the wistful embrace of the least challenging versions of our grand and crazy sixties adventures.

Consider, too, the fate of this year's anniversary observances. The promoters' dream of another snowballing mass phenomenon—this time, with a crowd of paying customers—has failed to materialize. Last week, in an effort to spur sales, Woodstock '94 announced that it was reducing the minimum ticket purchase from four to two, and would make it easier for casual concertgoers to find parking. A few weeks ago, John Roberts, of Woodstock Ventures, struck a note of humble caution when he told me, "I don't think any of us are presumptuous enough to think that this has to be some kind of watershed cultural event. If it turns out to be a great weekend in the country for a lot of people, that's just fine." Meanwhile, the cancellation of the Bethel '94 reënactment will make the field at Yasgur's farm a lonely place twenty-five years after its glory days. As the anniversary approaches, the press coverage has become ever more cynical. There seems to be much less interest in getting back to the garden than there does in being one of those who won't get fooled again.

Pete Townshend, with his distaste for humbug and his battering-ram guitar, may turn out to be the true presiding spirit of Woodstock. And what of the father of Woodstock Nation, Abbie Hoffman? The story about his unceremonious ejection from the Woodstock stage came to rankle him. "If this is such a big incident," Hoffman demanded shortly before his suicide in 1989, "where's the god-damned picture?" It was as if reality were conferred by the camera's eye, not the human eye: as if all that mattered were the sort of things—photographs and slogans, say, rather than experience and memories—that could be mass reproduced, and so enter the circuits of our media culture. He was still fighting the Woodstock war between image and reality, and so are we. ♦

In San Diego, Border Patrol officials hailed the addition of the new computer system as the dawn of a new era in local border enforcement.

"We've taken a great leap into the 20th century," said Border Patrol Supervisor David Kennedy, standing next to one of 63 new computers that the sector received last month.

—*San Diego Union-Tribune.*

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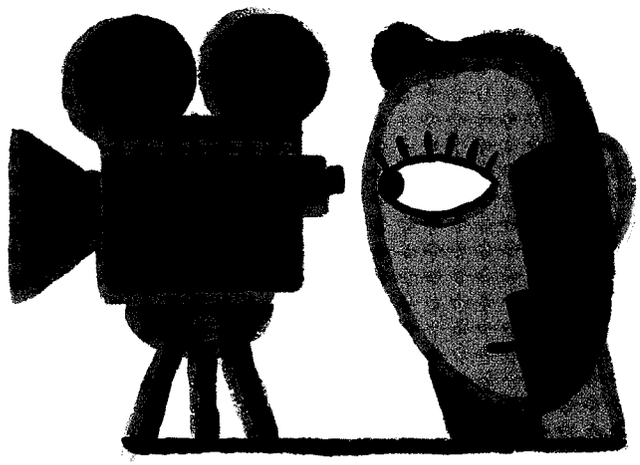
THE CURRENT CINEMA

REPEAT PERFORMANCES

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

It's not surprising that the movie versions of Tom Clancy's best-selling international thrillers are more bearable than the books themselves. Phillip Noyce's "Clear and Present Danger" is based on a Clancy novel (of the same name) that runs close to seven hundred pages; reducing this swollen narrative beast to the relatively lean form of a feature film necessarily makes the story look healthier. In Clancy's books, adventure-story skeletons are swaddled in huge, rippling expanses of verbal flab, composed mostly of patriotic rhetoric and fetishistically reverent descriptions of military hardware and intelligence-agency surveillance technology. Trying to read "Clear and Present Danger" is an excruciating experience: imagine watching Rush Limbaugh run a marathon. Noyce and his screenwriters—Donald Stewart, Steven Zaillian, and John Milius—have somehow taken this tub of prose and sweated it into a sleek, classically proportioned suspense picture. They haven't simply tamed the rogue elephant of Clancy's narrative; they've turned it into something that moves as gracefully and as powerfully as a gazelle.



JAMES STEINBERG

Noyce performed the same miracle a couple of years ago, in the Clancy-based "Patriot Games," which, like "Clear and Present Danger," starred Harrison Ford as a courageous and incorruptibly righteous C.I.A. analyst named Jack Ryan. That picture had a rather straightforward story, about a vengeful Irish terrorist threatening Ryan and his family: essentially, it was "Cape Fear" with light political overtones, and the director's craftsmanlike precision made it an unusually elegant meat-and-potatoes thriller. "Clear and Present Danger" is a sterner test. The plot is insanely intricate. The whole thing comes down to a kind of *mano a mano* combat between the United States government and Colombian drug lords, but it's a sloppy fight, in which both participants' effectiveness is diminished by intramural squabbling and muddled agendas. On the American side, the President (Donald Moffat) and his national-security adviser (Harris Yulin) have launched a covert, illegal military operation against the Colombian cocaine industry. Ritter (Henry Czerny), a sleazy C.I.A. ideologue, orders a field agent named Clark (Willem Dafoe) to assemble a band of soldiers for a serious, all-out offensive; Clark's little army creeps through the Colombian jungles, wiping out drug-processing factories and assassinating cartel big shots. Neither Ryan—who, owing to the illness of an agency superior (James Earl Jones), is acting as the C.I.A.'s Deputy Director of Intelligence—nor Congress knows what Clark and his guerrillas are up to.

There's a fair amount of disharmony on the Colombian team, too. A cool, wily operator named Cortez (Joaquim de Almeida) has cooked up an elaborate scheme for seizing control of the business from his hotheaded boss, Escobedo (Miguel Sandoval). This plan involves committing violent acts—such as the murder of an American official in Bogotá—that will look like the work of his boss and thereby convince the other

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drug lords that Escobedo is dangerously unstable, bad for business. The story piles deception upon deception, with dozens of characters all working at cross-purposes, yet the movie never bogs down in confusion. For the first half hour or so, the filmmakers seem almost too solicitous, laying out the plot's tricky premises for us with exaggerated care. They're right to start us off slowly, though. "Clear and Present Danger" brings us up to speed gradually and then just keeps accelerating, pushing us forward at a pace that would feel reckless if Noyce and company had not guided us so patiently at the outset; by the end, we're really moving, and we never even noticed when the training wheels came off.

The showpiece action sequences—scenes, that is, of the sort that most big-budget movies render as mind-blowing, barely coherent displays of special-effects pyrotechnics—are, like the movie as a whole, thrilling but absolutely lucid. Noyce's staging of an ambush in a narrow Bogotá street is a furious, brilliantly edited (by Neil Travis) study in controlled chaos. The movie puts Ryan and a few other American good guys in the middle of terrifyingly intense crossfire from rooftop snipers, and the sequence conveys a vivid sense of the targets' claustrophobic feelings of helplessness, because, even amid the smoke and the noise, the director keeps us aware of the inexorable geometry of the situation; the bullets' trajectories enforce, with painful clarity, a rigorous narrowing of the possibilities for escape, a deadly spatial logic. The climactic sequence, in which Ryan and Clark rescue prisoners and duke it out with bad guys, is made up of much more conventional action-movie elements, but it's so expertly engineered that it's tremendously exciting nonetheless. Noyce even manages to get away with having the hero dangle from a helicopter. After "True Lies"—whose final half hour seems to consist of nothing but people clinging precariously to various kinds of aircraft—you might think that this old suspense ploy could never look fresh again; Noyce, with no fuss, somehow gives it new life.

The movie's most spectacular scene is a quiet, nonviolent duel between Ryan and the dastardly Ritter; their weapons are computer terminals in adjoining offices. Ryan is trying to break into Ritter's secret files, while Ritter is frantically attempting to erase them; Noyce builds up a crosscutting rhythm that's both tense and very, very funny, and resolves the sequence with a hilariously vitriolic face-off between the battling bureaucrats. (Czerny is particularly inspired in this scene. It's the culmination of a splendidly conceived comic-villain performance. His Ritter is a merciless portrait of an all too recognizable type: the smug opportunist whose right-wing bravado serves as a cover for the most abject cowardice.) This computer-duel sequence is a classic of suspense-movie technique, and shows just how resourceful Noyce is; it takes a mighty ingenious filmmaker to transform a Tom Clancy technology exercise into a deft, sprightly bit of thriller gamesmanship.

Oddly, the weakest element of "Clear and Present Danger" is Harrison Ford, who was terrific in "Patriot Games." He gives virtually the same performance here, but this is a different sort of story, and effects that worked beautifully for him in the earlier film feel a little incongruous in this one. In "Patriot Games," the emphasis was on Ryan as the all-American regular guy, who used his military training and his intelligence-agency analytic skills almost reluctantly; he needed them to protect his family. But in this picture Ryan's family isn't a factor, and he has risen to a lofty position in the agency; his boyish modesty and his awkward, professorial air of preoccupation don't jibe with his professional stature. You suspect, in fact, that these Jimmy Stewart qualities are meant to separate Ryan not only from the bureaucratic jackals that surround him but also from whatever unpleasant associations the audience has with the agency he represents. This isn't a persuasive strategy: even audiences that believed "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" know that Mr. Smith wouldn't last a day in Langley. The writers also have the problem of trying to keep their hero—who is, after all, a high-ranking government desk jockey—at the center of the action; in desperation, they plop the acting Deputy Director of Intelligence of the C.I.A. into the Colombian jungle and have him run around as a trusty sidekick to the daring field agent Clark. Ford doesn't embarrass himself, and that's probably the best he, or anyone else, could do in this silly role.

"Clear and Present Danger" is so strong, though, that even the

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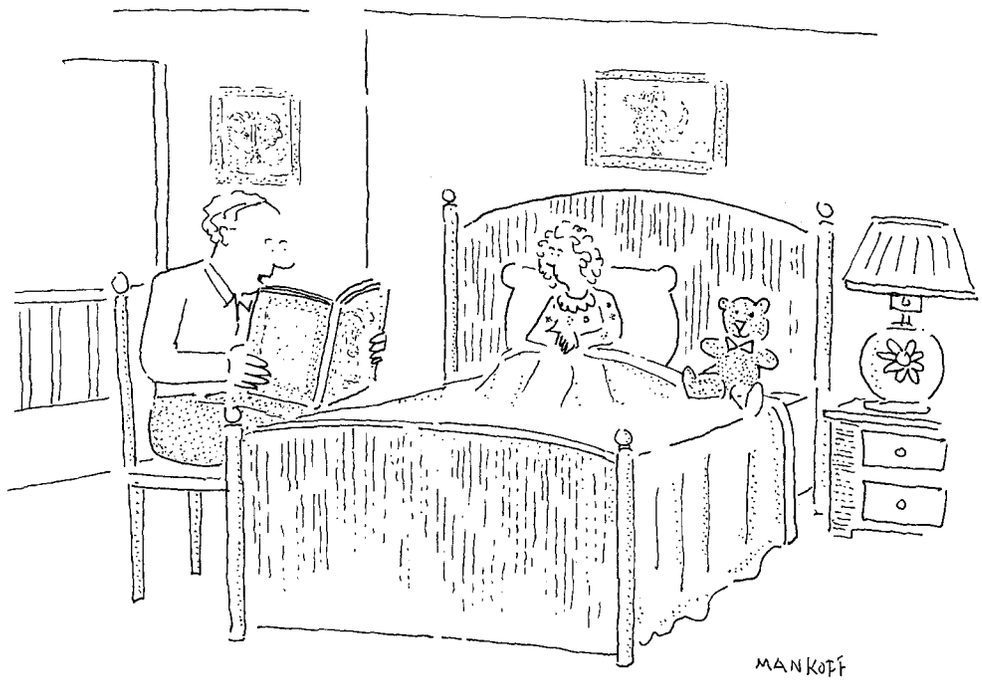
flawed conception of the hero doesn't seem to matter much. The movie's sweeping, exhilaratingly confident narrative style enables it to ride right over the bumpy spots—to flatten obstacles that might stop a less well-maintained vehicle dead in its tracks. The advertising slogan for "Clear and Present Danger" is "Truth needs a soldier," and, although Jack Ryan may not be plausible enough to live up to that grand slogan, the picture does embody a kind of heroism. Intelligent movie storytelling needs soldiers, too. Anyone who can make a fleet, handsome thriller from one of Tom Clancy's ungainly novels—and then charge back onto the field and do it again—deserves the Medal of Honor.



"Many, many news cycles ago. . ."

• •

FOUR years ago, the writer and director Whit Stillman made a splash with his first film, a low-budget comedy of manners called "Metropolitan." His new film, "Barcelona," isn't a carbon copy of his début feature, but it doesn't feel like much of an advance, either. In just two movies Stillman has found the sort of rut that most filmmakers take decades to settle into. His placid, prematurely gray style does suit his movies' subject matter and sensibility: in both pictures, the main characters are young people trying to cling to bygone social values, and the dominant tone is one of wistful longing for simpler, clearer times. In "Metropolitan," debs in party dresses and preppies in tuxes traded banter and light soul-searching in large Park Avenue apartments, and the picture's mild distinctiveness derived mostly from the novelty of the milieu. It wasn't like other independent American movies, which tended toward austere realism and liberal social agendas; here was a dialogue-heavy picture about articulate, well-dressed urban fiasps. "Metropolitan" begged to be praised as "civilized" and "literate," and it was. It was also pressed into service as a reproach to other kinds of movies: big, vulgar, pricey action pictures, teen sex comedies, dramas about foulmouthed people of the lower classes—anything, that is, that didn't speak directly to moviegoers who fancied themselves sophisticated.

Those audiences didn't seem to mind that "Metropolitan" played like a civilized, literate sitcom pilot. It had its share of tangy one-liners, but it wasn't exactly Jane Austen or F. Scott Fitzgerald—two artists with whom Stillman was frequently compared. Stillman's talent is more in the narrow range of, say, Philip Barry, the author of upper-crust comedies like "Holiday" and "The Philadelphia Story"; but Stillman would have to do a lot of work on dramatic structure before you could say that he was in Barry's league. Although "Barcelona" begins promisingly, its charm peters out fast: it's all attitude, no story. The main characters are a pair of young Americans in early-eighties Barcelona. Ted (Taylor Nichols), a sales rep for a Midwestern company, is a mild-mannered, rumpled bundle of conservative eccentricities: he reads the Bible and inspirational books on salesmanship while dancing—solo—to old Glenn Miller records. His cousin Fred (Chris Eigeman), who moves in with him, is more extroverted. Fred, a naval officer, is an unabashed defender of American values, and he's always ready to mix it up with left-leaning locals who believe that Yankees like him should go home; he wears his uniform everywhere, to provoke them. Ted and Fred both have pretty Spanish girlfriends (played by Tushka Bergen and Mira Sorvino), who don't understand them; these European women, it seems, have a more casual attitude toward sex than the romantic young Americans do.

After the first half hour, in which Stillman sets up his culture-clash premise with some dexterity, the movie goes nowhere. Things happen—there are even a few terrorist incidents, which briefly provide an illusion of eventfulness—but every scene seems to make the same not very interesting point: that Americans get a bum rap from foreigners. The movie keeps emphasizing what lovable zanies its young-Republican heroes are, and we're meant to think, How could anybody hate these disarming innocents? Granted, Ted and Fred aren't the ugliest of Americans. But they're such featherweights that they become awfully tiresome: Stillman doesn't consider the possibility that the Spaniards' animosity toward Ted and Fred might be more aesthetic than political—that these gibbering Yanks just bore them senseless. The filmmaker, like his characters, needs a new act. He's holding his rearguard position so tenaciously that he's actually undermining his genuine comic skills. It's hard to be light on your feet when your whole philosophy is based on staying stuck in the mud. ♦

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Cage
by Audrey Schulman
(Algonquin; $17.95)

IT is a pleasing promise, in these dog days of summer, that a book will "chill" you, or your money back, as the red band around Schulman's novel guarantees. This book's greatest pleasures, however, come from an ecological perspective that turns ordinary human activities into the peculiarities of adaptation that they really are. Beryl Findham, a young photographer who specializes in animal pictures for magazines, accepts an assignment to photograph polar bears at their hungriest and most ferocious, on an expedition to Arctic Manitoba with a cameraman, a nature writer, and a guide who has already lost bits of his body to frostbite. The most engaging character is a tough-talking woman from Atlanta whose job is to scout for marauding bears. She saves and is saved by Beryl in two of the *less* suspenseful episodes. Temperatures will rise very slightly during detours into Beryl's personal life, and the adventure of it all doesn't quite substitute for air-conditioning, but you won't want your money back.

Pulp
by Charles Bukowski
(Black Sparrow; $25 cloth, $13 paper)

PUBLISHED posthumously, this book makes you weep to realize that there will be no more from the grand old man of dirty old men. A giddy parody of hard-boiled detective novels, it's dedicated "to bad writing," but the voice of its narrator, a self-consciously seedy dick called Nicky Belane, owes as much to Groucho Marx and Samuel Beckett as to you know who. The clients willing to pay Belane's six-bucks-an-hour fee include Lady Death herself, who is miffed because Céline seems to have evaded her. Belane tracks him down, then loses him again, but not before Céline gratuitously insults this magazine. The implacable pursuit that follows, though—like the gumshoe's quest for the Red Sparrow or the attempt to nail the ass of one Cindy Bass—is undertaken for the sheer existential hell of it. Belane's path is entertainingly strewn with over-the-top sex (there's a shape-shifting seductress) and violence ("His face doubled over into my upcoming knee"). But what's best—and most Bukowskian—about this sordid story is its gleefully escalating bleakness.

A Map of the World
by Jane Hamilton
(Doubleday; $22)

"I USED to think if you fell from grace it was more likely than not the result of one stupendous error, or else an unfortunate accident." So says Alice, one of the narrators of this riveting yet oddly amorphous novel. In fact, she commits a stupendous act of inattention, which results in an extremely unfortunate accident: her best friend's two-year-old daughter drowns in Alice's pond. In the ensuing fall from grace, Alice and her family lose nearly everything they've worked to create, including their gorgeous farm. Their community turns against them; there are in-law troubles and money troubles; adultery is contemplated. This highly observant author articulates what is poetic in children, in the natural world, and in the rigors of farm life. But there are mixed signals and blurs in her depiction of character which finally rob this otherwise lovely story of its full impact.

GENERAL

Learned Hand
by Gerald Gunther
(Knopf; $35)

A GREAT biography of the man known in his time as the greatest living judge. Despite the esteem in which his adjudicatory style was held (and a name so appropriate that it might have been taken from "Pilgrim's Progress"), Hand was repeatedly passed over for nomination to the Supreme Court. But his opinions and ideas, on issues ranging from free speech to negligence, carried considerable weight. Hand idolized Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. Like

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Holmes, he conceived of judging as a Solomonic, intellectual task, to be accomplished with indifference to political consequences; and, after an early involvement with the Progessive movement, he cultivated a puritanical detachment from politics. This led him, near the end of his life, to criticize some of the decisions of the Warren Court—including Brown v. Board of Education—as illegitimate intrusions into policy questions, the proper sphere of legislatures. The story of Hand's legal career is in counterpoint to the equally compelling story of his private life, which was shadowed by an unsatisfactory marriage and by almost bottomless self-doubt. Gunther, who once clerked for Hand, is an unabashed admirer, but his approach is—as, given the occasion, it should be—balanced, forceful, judicious, and clear.

Ezra Pound and James Laughlin: Selected Letters
edited by David M. Gordon
(Norton; $30)

IN 1933, Laughlin, then an undergraduate at Harvard, wrote to Pound at his home in Rapallo, Italy, asking if he might come to see him and discuss certain literary matters. The daddy of the avant-garde, notoriously generous to the young, replied, "Visibility high," and so began a friendship that was to endure until the poet's death. Pound's advice to Laughlin was to forget about becoming a writer and instead, since he had money, go back to America and become a publisher, which he did. From these letters one gets an irreverent scan of mid-twentieth-century literature and often scurrilous appraisals of its eminent practitioners. (The letters also display the tensions that developed between the two men when Pound broadcast Axis propaganda during the Second World War.) Valuable though this correspondence is as literary history, the reader must be warned that Pound's epistolary style, a thing of cryptic neologisms, cracker-barrel wheezes, and unfunny illiteracies—"Waal / you axd fer advice"—is present in all its horror. Why a poet and linguist of world renown would elect to come across to posterity sounding like a latter-day Artemus Ward or Petroleum V. Nasby is just another piece of the jigsaw puzzle that was Ezra Pound.

The Way to Xanadu
by Caroline Alexander
(Knopf; $23)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE'S opium-drenched vision of Kubla Khan's fantastical kingdom so enchanted Alexander, a travel writer, that in 1990 she set out to visit the sites that may have inspired it, among them the ruins of a thirteenth-century summer palace in Inner Mongolia; a sacred pillar of ice in the Himalayas of Kashmir; and the fount of the Blue Nile, in Ethiopia. She was undeterred by wars or State Department advisories; nor was she daunted by the fact that, though Coleridge had read about these places, he'd never actually visited them. Inspired by what she freely admits was the futility of her quest, Alexander has written a spirited account of her journeys. Everything about them is spectacularly improbable, from the Mongolian delicacy of camel paws braised in bull's-penis liquor to a sunset, witnessed at the summer-palace ruins, that concluded with a perfect rainbow. ♦

RECOMMENDED

(Our choice of books recently reviewed on this page. The date of the note is given.)

The Summer House
by Alice Thomas Ellis
Penguin (7/18)

Headhunter
by Uwe Timm
New Directions (5/2)

The Sixteen Pleasures
by Robert Hellenga
Soho (8/1)

Selected Poems
by Derek Mahon
Penguin (5/23)

The Final Station: Umschlagplatz
by Jaroslaw M. Rymkiewicz
Farrar, Straus & Giroux (5/2)

The Ern Malley Affair
by Michael Heyward
Faber & Faber (6/20)

The Family Heart
by Robb Forman Dew
Addison-Wesley (6/13)

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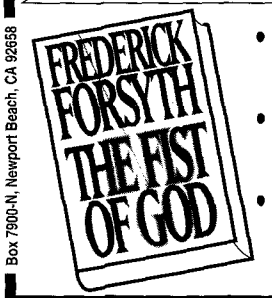

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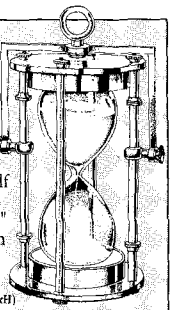
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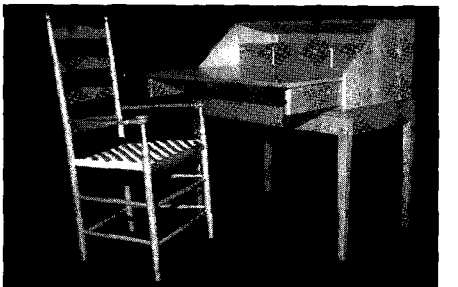
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SO, NU, DR. FREUD?

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

ACCORDING to a quotation carried recently in the New York *Observer*, Jorge Luis Borges, the Latin-American fantasist, was asked during a visit he once made to the New York Institute for the Humanities what he thought of Sigmund Freud. "Never liked him," Borges said. "Too *schmutzig*."

I was among the readers who found that response surprising. When I was growing up in Kansas City, the few references to Freud that drifted my way gave me the impression that what he wrote was *schmutzig*, or dirty, and this is the first evidence I've come across that in those days I was thinking along the same lines as Jorge Luis Borges on any subject at all. Also, the fact that Borges would use a homey Yiddish word like *schmutzig* required me to make some adjustments on the image of him that I had been carrying in my mind. It was as if I'd been informed that distinguished literary personages who called on Henry James in his London drawing room were customarily greeted with a cheery "Hey, goombah!"

I should say that, now that I'm grown up, I no longer associate Freud's writings with smut. These days, my views on Freudianism are virtually identical to my views on Presbyterianism: some people believe in it, I was brought up not to be disrespectful of other people's beliefs, and, for all anybody knows, it could turn out to be right on the money.

I was therefore not someone who took particular satisfaction in the discovery, made some years ago, that Freud had fudged the data in order to come up with his seduction theory, which is central to Freudian thought. I'll admit that I was interested in the controversy provoked by that discovery, in the way I'd be interested in what Presbyterians would have to say if it were discovered that their belief in predestination was the product of an unfortunate misunderstanding at the printer's in 1536.

Either case would bring up what I think of as the Davis Conundrum—how to deal with information that may call into question a tenet that is central to a system of belief. The Davis Conundrum takes its name from a wine-tasting test that I'm told is sometimes given at the highly regarded department of oenology at the University of California at Davis. It turns out that under blind-test circumstances the tasters, some of them professional wine connoisseurs, are often unable to tell red wine from white wine. That triggers the Davis Conundrum: does the failure to distinguish red from white undercut all the learned talk you hear about body and vintage and integrity and which side of the hill the grapes came from?

I assume that there have already been any number of seminars on the question of whether the seduction theory's being based on incorrect data invalidates the Freudian theories that followed. The recent publication of the first volume of "The Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Sándor Ferenczi" is likely to provoke even more seminars. In these letters to a trusted disciple, Freud, not surprisingly, has some critical words to say about his rival Carl Jung. You might expect him to write, "Jung, of course, is transferring to me his suppressed infantile homoerotic attraction for his Uncle Heinrich," or words to that effect. Not at all. According to what I read in the *Times Book Review*, here is what Freud wrote to Ferenczi about Jung: "Jung is *meshuga*."

Meshuga, of course, means crazy in Yiddish, and I must say that I was delighted to hear that Sigmund Freud as well as Jorge Luis Borges employed that dazzlingly expressive language, which many German-speaking Jewish bourgeois have scorned. This raises the possibility that Freud's grandson—the renowned artist Lucian Freud, whose paintings of not altogether beautiful people were such a hit not long ago at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—may as a child have called the great doctor *zayde*. For some reason, contemplating that possibility makes me feel better about both of them.

On the other hand, could this actually be Sigmund Freud's diagnosis of Carl Jung—"Jung is *meshuga*"? When the founder of psychoanalysis offered his opinions in a private letter rather than in a paper designed to be read by the profession at large, was this the way he talked? If that's the case, his frank personal opinion of any of his most celebrated analysands might have been (translated from his vernacular to ours) "The man's bonkers—off his squash, nutty as a fruitcake, a cuckoo bird." If so, what's all this talk about sublimation and Oedipus complexes and penis envy? As Borges might have put it, why did we need all that *schmutz*? ♦

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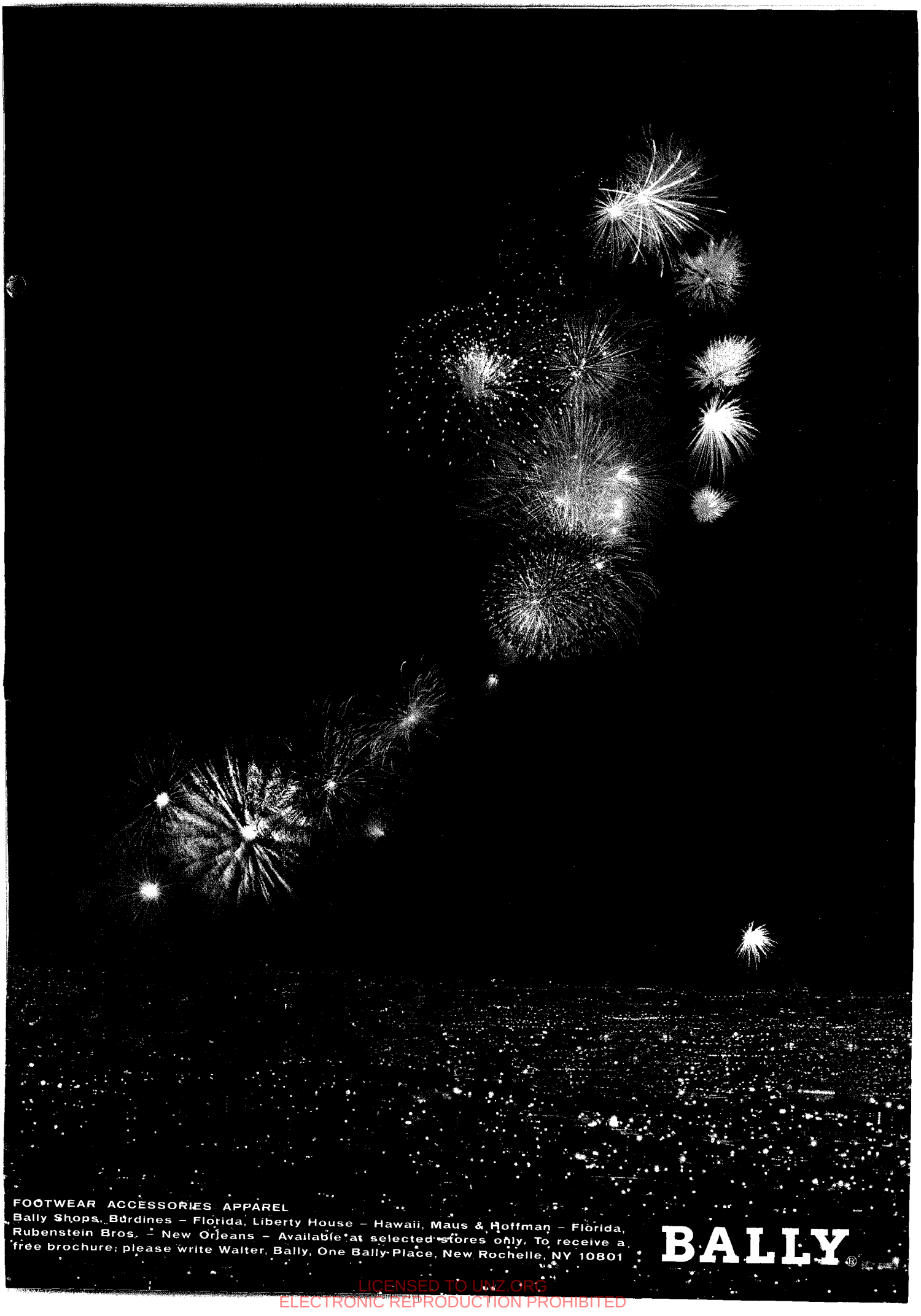
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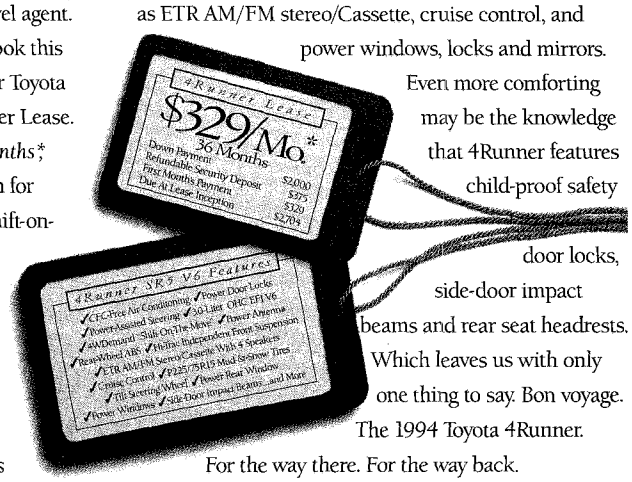

TOYOTA 4Runner

"I love what you do for me."

* '94 4Runner 4WD SR5 V6 5-speed manual transmission with All-Weather Guard Equipment Package, Deluxe ETR/Cassette with 4 speakers and power antenna, rear heater console box, cloth sport seats and an Extra Value Package. Closed-end lease. $21,463 capitalized cost based on $2,000 down and dealer participation. May vary by dealer. MSRP $25,044 including freight. Monthly payments total $11,844. Lease-end purchase option $13,524. Your payments may vary depending on final price. Taxes, license, title, insurance, regionally required equipment and dealer charges extra. Lessee pays maintenance, excess wear & tear and $0.10/mile over 15,000/yr. Disposition fee, not to exceed $150, may be due at lease end. To qualified lessees through Toyota Motor Credit Corporation. Similar lease in AL, FL, GA, NC and SC through World Omni Financial Corporation. **Payments higher in AR, CT, LA, MA, MS, MO, OK, RI, TX, VA and WV. This lease not available in Hawaii. Retail delivery by 9/2/94. See your participating dealer for details.** Shown with optional equipment at additional cost. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. ©1994 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

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